







BALFOUR, VIVIANI AND JOFFRE

Their Speeches and other public utterances in America,
and those of Italian, Belgian and Russian
Commissioners during the Great War

With an Account of the Arrival of our Warships and Soldiers
in England and France Under Admiral Sims
and General Pershing

April 21, 1917—July 4, 1917

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED, WITH DESCRIPTIVE MATTER,
AS COMPILED FROM CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS

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A PERSONAL NOTE

For the material from which this volume was prepared, the compiler has been particularly indebted to the following publications: *The Congressional Record* and the Canadian Parliamentary Reports; the New York *Times*, New York *Tribune*, New York *World*, New York *Evening Post*, New York *Sun* and New York *Evening Sun*; the Washington *Post*; the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*; the Chicago *Tribune* and Chicago *Herald*; the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*; the Kansas City *Star*; the Toronto *Globe*; the Montreal *Star*; the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*; the Columbia University *Quarterly*; Associated Press correspondence; the London *Times* and *Morning Post*; the Paris *Temps* and *La Victoire*; and the *Literary Digest*.

I

THE COMING OF THE FIVE COMMISSIONS

HOW AND WHY THEY CAME

The first of the five commissions to arrive were the British, headed by Mr. Balfour, and the French, headed by M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, the respective dates of arrival being April 21 and April 24, 1917. They had come in almost immediate response to the declaration by Congress on April 4 of "a state of war" with Germany. On April 2 Congress had met in special session to consider, with a view to grave action, our newly strained relations with Germany. Since the severing of diplomatic relations on February 3, conditions had steadily become more and more critical, in consequence of overt acts committed by German submarines in destroying American ships. The declaration that "a state of war" existed was passed in the Senate by a vote of 28 to 6; in the House by 373 to 50. Seventeen days later Mr. Balfour landed in America. Twenty days later M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre arrived.

It was obvious that British and French statesmen had promptly recognized the motive and the determination with which this country had entered the war. News of the action of Congress had caused among them profound rejoicing. America was declared to have acquired a pivotal position in the war. That she would become a dominant factor in it was generally believed. This was largely because she would come to the work fresh-handed, and because she had such enormous resources in men and money, in inventive

ability and in manufacturing facilities. Whether or not she desired to be in the limelight, that position would now be thrust upon her. On what she actually did in war activities within a few months would depend her position in world affairs for generations to come.

A great storm of applause was evoked in the British House of Commons when mention was first made of the American decision. All ranks believed that the President and Congress had given to the cause of democracy an impetus that would enable its supporters to shorten a war which was rapidly dragging the world to the brink of ruin. To the French our decision appeared as the third big Allied occurrence of the war, the Battle of the Marne being the first; the Russian revolution the second. Our action was regarded as an even greater factor in Allied success than the stand France had made at Verdun. The event caused a greater sensation in Rome than any other since the beginning of the war. Not even the fall of Gorizia had awakened such profound interest. Everybody felt that it meant the greatest moral defeat yet sustained by the Central Empires, and that it would soon be followed by a material defeat.

April 20, the day before Mr. Balfour arrived, had been set apart in London as "America Day." The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack on that day fluttered fraternally from the famous flagstaff at the top of the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, where no flag other than the British had ever before been unfurled. The British King and Queen, attended by an enormous crowd, went to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they listened to a sermon by an American Bishop who chose as his text Lincoln's saying that ballots, not bullets, are the true weapons of democracy. "A solemn service to Almighty God on the occasion of the entry of the United States of

America into the great war for freedom" was the official description of the function at St. Paul's. About 4,000 persons assembled there, among them leading British statesmen, great social leaders and eminent professional men. Besides Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador, a large number of other Americans were present, including several who, in Canadian ranks, had served at the western front. There were also official representatives of Canada and other British colonies, together with the diplomatic corps of most of the Entente Allies.

In Paris the Stars and Stripes were put out to wave side by side with Allied flags. Premier Ribot, in opening the Chamber of Deputies, read a formal salutation to America. Newspapers got out their largest type to express the general rejoicing. Great interest was expressed in the possibility of an American expeditionary force soon to be seen on the western front in France—and particularly as to an expected Roosevelt division. Genevieve Vix, a popular Paris singer, cabled to Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, asking him to accept an American flag to be stitched by women of France and carried as the standard of the first battalion raised under his command.

MR. BALFOUR

Within a fortnight after the declaration of "a state of war," newspapers in New York gave out rumors that eminent statesmen and soldiers were coming to this country on special missions from the Entente Allies—the first hint the public had of these historic visits. Among the names mentioned were the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, formerly Prime Minister of Great Britain, and then Secretary for Foreign Affairs; M. René Viviani, Prime Minister of France when the war began, and then Minister of Jus-

tice, and the hero of the Marne, Marshal Joffre. The rumors gave rise among Americans to the highest expectations, with predictions that the commissioners would receive a welcome the like of which had been unknown in this country, save, perhaps, in the case of Lafayette's second visit, in 1824-27. Within a few days the rumors were well authenticated, though nothing definite was for a time made known as to when or where the commissioners would arrive. The activity of German submarines, which about this time reached their highest point of intensified and unrestricted warfare, combined with the tragic fate of Lord Kitchener, off the Orkney Isles, in the spring of 1916, while on board ship bound for Russia on a mission from Great Britain, had led to the imposition of absolute secrecy as to details. It was not until April 21 that any member of the two commissions arrived on American soil. Mr. Balfour and his associates and staff, to the number of perhaps two score, landed in Halifax, where Mr. Balfour issued the following message to the Canadian people for publication, after his arrival in Washington:

I am glad that owing to the chances of war, a diplomatic mission from Great Britain to the United States has first set foot upon American soil in Canada, and that it should fall to me, a Scot by birth, as are so many thousands of your fellow-citizens, to bear witness to the heroism and the patient sacrifices of your sons and your daughters. The roll of honor of the British Empire has many names upon it which kindle our imagination, and in the mention have power to knit us all together. Upon that roll the names of Ypres and Vimy Ridge will bear witness to the world through history that when the cause was just and

the peril great, Canada would spare nothing of what in peace time men hold dear.

I know well that heroism and sacrifice are not confined within the limits of the battlefield. Sir Robert Borden has had a story to tell in Great Britain of effort, prodigally offered to the imperial cause in every township from ocean's coast to ocean's coast, of the prudent counsels of provinces and their statesmen in matters of administration and finance, of the contrivance of your men of business, of the munition work that your men and women have performed. Finally, but not least, I would not have forgotten in the empire the service of Canada to the work of the Red Cross.

You have combined to the utmost limits of your powers, energies, and money in your prosecution of the war. In times of reconstruction such as these, they form the only foundation upon which empires can be built that have any service to offer to mankind. I have been sent upon a mission to your neighboring State. I think of it as your mission as well as ours, and I trust that a representative from Canada will join me in Washington.

The ship which brought over the British Mission was guarded by torpedo boats for a short distance from the port of sailing, but no sign of submarines or hostile craft was seen anywhere during the voyage. The commissioners were met by American State Department officials at Vanceboro, Me. For five days before Mr. Balfour arrived in Halifax, a five-car Government train had been standing with steam up at a New England station. On receipt of

word that his ship had arrived, this train by a night run crossed the State of Maine, and at nine in the morning reached Vanceboro on the frontier. American officials, including representatives of the army and navy in uniform, here descended from their train in a dense fog to a dingy, deserted little station, there to wait for the arrival of Mr. Balfour from Halifax. Two hours later his special train brought him and his party across the bridge that spans the St. Croix River at Vanceboro, a bridge which in the early days of the war enemy plotters had laid plans to blow up.

As soon as Mr. Balfour's train had halted, Mr. Breckenridge Long, Third Assistant Secretary of State, mounted the rear platform of the observation car and proceeded inside, to welcome the commission formally to American soil. Ten minutes afterwards the train got under way for Washington by way of Portland and New York, and guarded as perhaps no other train had ever been guarded before in this country. At all bridges and tunnels double protection was provided. Every mile of track had been gone over within the previous twenty-four hours. No detail that could betray Vanceboro as the place of meeting, or the route of travel from Halifax to Washington, was allowed to become public. Boston was avoided and New York entered and left by tunnels.

There was no flaw in the welcome that Washington on April 22 extended officially and personally to Mr. Balfour and to those who came with him. At 3:10 o'clock that afternoon a great crowd had assembled at the Union Station, when at the open train gate appeared a tall, slender man of almost 70, with silver gray hair and drooping mustache, at his right Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador; at his left, Robert Lansing, Secretary of State. The crowd cheered with spontaneous enthusiasm as

Mr. Balfour passed through a long lane of police to the President's room at the opposite side of the station. No guest of the nation had ever received a more cordial or whole-hearted welcome at the American capital. It was all the more emphatic because of the lack of any formal preparations for it. As Mr. Balfour left the building, he was confronted by thousands of people assembled in the great plaza. Along Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street, extending to the Franklin McVeagh residence, which had been reserved for the use of Mr. Balfour and his personal staff, the streets were packed with people waiting to greet him. The Union Jack was flying with the Stars and Stripes from windows and from the hoods of motor cars at curbs along the whole route. Washington seldom gets excited over anything, but when Mr. Balfour came it was different. His welcome was attended by one continuous chorus of cheers.

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE

The French Commission, which reached Washington a few days later, was headed by M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, who, as the hero of the Marne and the defender of Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilization against Teutonic of the type known as Prussian militarism, was destined to be remembered, much as Charles Martel had been remembered for his victory at Tours. To M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre Washington gave a tumultuous welcome. They had landed at Hampton Roads on April 24, whence, on board the President's yacht *Mayflower*, they had gone up Chesapeake Bay to Washington, having had their first glimpse of the shores of America that morning at daylight. American naval officials, with a flotilla of destroyers, had met them about 100 miles at sea, a former French passenger

liner having brought them over. After signals were exchanged, the destroyers reversed their course and escorted the French ship to the Virginia Capes. Not a light was shown at night. The vessels knew of each other's presence only by the phosphorescence playing about their propellers. At dawn they fell in with an American cruiser which led the way to the harbor of Hampton Roads.

Shortly after five o'clock that morning all members of the commission appeared on the bridge with the French Admiral. The day was magnificent, with hardly a ripple on the water. As the Roads came into view Marshal Joffre turned to an American naval officer serving as pilot and said: "What a wonderful scene. I love this sunshine. It reminds me of my own country—the south of France." Once inside the harbor, the destroyers slipped away to anchorages, while every American ship in the harbor hoisted to its masthead the French tricolor, and a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Marshal Joffre and the military and naval members of the commission stood at salute and civilian members bared their heads. The French national anthem was played and saluted in similar manner.

The French visitors were at once made to see in Washington that our traditional affection for France had not waned. M. Viviani, the statesman, and Marshal Joffre, the soldier, realized before they went to bed that night that the cause of France had become America's cause also. It was a great day for Washington, surfeited as that city had been with spectacles. The day's incidents made a deep impression even on staid and seasoned veterans of public life, long used to patriotic or partizan demonstrations. From the moment when M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre stepped ashore from the *Mayflower* at one of the great naval workshops of the Government, where men in jeans were busily engaged in turning out huge guns for

the war, they found themselves among enthusiastic friends anxious to emphasize the stirring truth that America had gone into the struggle for the cause of democracy and with an intention of seeing it through.

Phlegmatic, unemotional Washington shouted, yelled and cheered with a fanaticism that before might have been equaled in America once, but only once—at the time of the second coming of Lafayette. Through crowded streets at midday the visitors went in motors, two troops of American cavalry galloping briskly as an escort. Secretary Lansing rode with M. Viviani and other French officials. Marshal Joffre, riding with Ambassador Jusserand, was in full dress uniform, easily recognizable because of the many pictures of him which had appeared in the American press. From the moment when they left the *Mayflower*, the demonstration was one of uninterrupted cheering. Pennsylvania Avenue was packed with people on sidewalks and in automobiles in every available space. People shouted, threw their hats in the air, waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands in a noisy enthusiasm which, with the blowing of whistles, the tooting of horns and the clanging of street-car gongs, merited description as a royal, an extraordinary, reception. It was a tribute not alone to the genius of Marshal Joffre—but a greeting to France, the country that had aided America when she was in need, a reflection of a national desire to repay in some measure an historic debt.¹

Perhaps the great decision of the whole war had been taken in the last days of August, 1914, when, with armies still unready, General Joffre, facing the Germans along the line of the Somme, the Oise and the Meuse, ordered a retreat which surrendered Rheims, St. Quentin, Amiens, Chalons and practically all of northern France, to the invader. Looking beyond the moment, General Joffre had

¹The New York Evening Post.

seen that, by making a temporary sacrifice, he might ultimately win. The story of how he led the German armies into fatal strategic positions between Paris and Verdun, and, having led them there—having led them beyond their bases, ahead of their supplies—how he struck them when they were exhausted with the strain of long marches, rolled them back and narrowly missed destroying them, is the story of probably the greatest feat in modern military history—the victory of a million men, ill-prepared and ill-organized, who had already been frequently defeated, who had fallen back for one hundred miles before a victorious army of more than a million and a half, long nourished in the tradition of their invincibility, and who had been heartened on their way across Belgium and northern France by victories unequalled in history since Napoleonic times. The Battle of the Marne was the victory of smaller numbers over greater, a triumph comparable with Valmy, or with Marathon, the one a victory of the spirit, the other a triumph of intelligence. There was lacking to Marshal Joffre the numbers and the resources to make immediately decisive his victory on the Marne, but what was now happening in France—in the spring of 1917—the ebb tide of German occupation—was an inevitable, if a delayed, consequence of his victory at the Marne in 1914. The German blow that was to crush France forever, the gigantic thrust that was to win Teutonic world power, was blocked by General Joffre between Meaux and Vitry-le-François. Maunoury, d'Esperey, Foch, able lieutenants of a supreme commander; Gallieni, the Governor of Paris; Sarraill, the defender of Verdun; de Castelnau, the savior of Nancy and later of Verdun—all these did their part and to them enduring fame is assured, but to Joffre belongs the first praise.¹

¹ Frank H. Simonds in the New York Tribune.

THE PRINCE OF UDINE

While all New York was devoting itself to the entertainment of the British and French envoys, a part of an Italian commission quietly slipped into New York unnoticed on May 11 on an American liner and was soon housed at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was composed of some of the most distinguished men in Italy. Enrico Arlotta, Minister of Maritime and Railway Transportation in the Italian Cabinet, headed it. Its quiet entrance was due to the fact that the State Department had not been definitely advised of its coming. It slipped off to Washington next day as quietly and as unexpectedly as it had arrived in New York. It had studiously avoided publicity, wishing to give out virtually nothing for publication until officially received in Washington.

Others of Italy's war mission reached Washington on May 23, headed by Ferdinando di Savoja, Prince of Udine. The Prince being a member of the Italian reigning house, the Italian mission in personnel outranked that of either Great Britain or France. Secretary Lansing and officials of the State Department met the visitors at the railroad station. Joseph Leiter's home, on Du Pont Circle, in the heart of the official residence district, was placed at their disposal. This house, as the home of the late Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, had been the scene of many notable social activities. Besides the Prince of Udine and Enrico Arlotta, the mission included Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor.

The choice of the Prince of Udine as head of the Commission had more significance than appeared in the fact that he was a member of the royal family. Though young—he had just turned 33—he was no merely decorative representative of the Italian throne. He was known as an able and dashing officer, and had come to this country after

stepping from the deck of a destroyer in the Adriatic, where his flotilla had been close on the trail of Austrian U-boats since the war began. The Prince had achieved his captaincy and the silver Cross of Valor for extricating his own craft from a pack of enemy U-boats and then, after summoning his flotilla, putting them to flight. He had been awarded the French Cross of War for coming to the rescue of and driving off the enemy from a French squadron of destroyers. He had scattered an attack from a fleet of aeroplanes, evading and dodging by swift use of the wheel twelve bombs dropped in the closest proximity to his vessel. When the war broke out, he was in command of a torpedo boat flotilla in the Adriatic, as a lieutenant, and for months he went along performing this duty with little prominence and less glory. It was a particularly difficult service, since the eastern Adriatic coast has many harbors, cities and islands, from which to launch attacks. The Italians had no advantages with which to meet these except skill and courage.

The Prince was the son of the Duke of Genoa, great-uncle of the King, and was now the civil regent of Italy. King Victor Emmanuel had left for the front as soon as his country entered the war, and had delegated his administrative functions to the Duke. The Prince's title typified the Italian objective in the war, since Udine is the capital of the province of Friuli, which Austria cut in two in 1866, keeping that part which was so long known as "Italia Irredenta." For "Italia Irredenta" primarily the people had made war. When created by the King the Prince of Udine, the title was meant to be a reminder to the Italian people that "Italia Irredenta" had not been forgotten. In effect (assuming that France had remained an empire) it was as if France had sent as the head of her war commission to this country a "prince of Alsace-Lorraine."¹

¹The New York Evening Sun.

The second man in rank in the commission was Enrico Arlotta, Minister of Transportation, a business man and director of the General Bank of Naples, one of the three most important banks of issue in Italy. He was vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, to which he had belonged since 1897. Next to Signor Arlotta in precedence was the Marquis Luigi Borsarelli di Rifreddo, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a banker of Piedmont, and one of Italy's wealthiest men. As Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he had been in daily contact with all questions of the war touching the relations of Italy and her Allies. The fourth member was the inventor, Guglielmo Marconi, a Senator of the Kingdom, and commander in the Royal Navy. He had been of much service to his country in further perfecting wireless telegraphy during the war. Signor Marconi was in America when the conflict began and returned to enter the Italian army as a lieutenant. With the increase in the submarine menace, he had been transferred to the navy, where he brought the wireless to greater effectiveness against U-boats.

BARON MONCHEUR

The Belgian Commission of five members arrived in New York on June 16 and next day went to Washington to present credentials and make official calls. They had had a pleasant, uneventful voyage, their steamship nowhere annoyed by submarines. The commission was headed by a distinguished diplomat formerly the Belgian Minister to this country, Baron Ludovic Moncheur, who married in 1902 Miss Charlotte Clayton, daughter of Gen. Powell Clayton, then the American Minister to Mexico. Another of the commission was Major Osterreith, a giant of six feet, and weighing upward of 300 pounds, who brought with him

a rat catcher from the trenches—a wire-haired fox terrier named Nellie, who had “done her bit” in that she had killed hundreds of big rats that had made the lives of trench fighters miserable and twice been wounded by shrapnel. At the pier in New York the commissioners were greeted by Assistant Secretary of State Breckenridge Long, and at the station in Washington by Secretary Lansing, Counsellor Polk and Assistant Secretary Phillips of the State Department. From the station they were escorted by two companies of cavalry to the home of Larz Anderson, a former Minister to Belgium, which was to be their headquarters.

It was understood that the Belgian commission expected to confine their inquiries largely to ultimate peace questions rather than to any immediate war needs, since the United States soon after its entrance into the war had taken over the entire cost of the relief in Belgium, the Treasury Department in May advancing \$7,500,000 per month for this purpose. The Belgians came, not to arrange for new armies, or munitions, or for vast war loans, but mainly to express the gratitude of their stricken country. Emotional and sympathetic interest was aroused in the country by their coming. They were the envoys of a brave little nation which had been first to withstand the invader, a dauntless people who had risen promptly in defense of their liberty, though the cost of their courage was the ruin of their land. Their presence enabled Americans to visualize vividly Liège and Namur, Louvain and Termonde.

AMBASSADOR BAKHMETIEFF

The Commissioners from Russia arrived by way of the Pacific, their train from the coast reaching Washington on June 19. They had been met at Chicago by Breckenridge

Long. In Washington they were met by Secretary Lansing and other officials, and taken to the home of David Hennen Jennings, on Sheridan Circle, escorted by two troops of United States cavalry, the route being by way of the Capitol grounds, Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixteenth Street. Washington opened its arms with warmth and enthusiasm to this mission, which was headed by the new Ambassador, Boris Bakhmetieff. They were escorted through streets lined with cheering people and honking automobiles. It was a welcome meant to be expressive of the country's response to the democratic upheaval that had taken place in Russia. The commissioners presented an impressive sight as they alighted from the train, several being in Russian uniform of khaki coat, blue trousers and black knee boots. Since the retirement of the former Ambassador George Bakhmetieff, who was not related to the head of the present mission, the Russian Embassy had been closed, but now open again, it was decorated with the Russian commercial flag of horizontal white, blue and red, and with the Stars and Stripes.

The coming of the Russian mission promised to have an important influence in bringing order and efficiency out of the rather chaotic state into which administrative affairs in Russia had been plunged by the Revolution, and which for weeks had caused great concern among the Entente Allies. Already the United States had taken steps to aid in righting matters, first by making Russia a large loan with which to meet pressing obligations, and then by sending a mission to Petrograd with Elihu Root at the head as Ambassador Extraordinary and with General Scott, Chief of Staff of our Army, as another member. While the Russian mission was on its way from the Pacific Coast to Washington, Mr. Root, whom it had passed somewhere on its journey of five weeks, had made in Petrograd an elo-

quent, if not historic, address to the Council of Ministers, as follows:

Mr. President and Members of the Council of Ministers: The mission for which I have the honor to speak is charged by the Government and people of the United States of America with a message to the Government and people of Russia. The mission comes from a democratic republic. Its members are commissioned and instructed by a President who holds his high office as Chief-Executive of more than 100,000,000 free people by virtue of popular election, in which more than 18,000,000 votes were freely cast and fairly counted pursuant to law, by universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage.

For 140 years our people have been struggling with the hard problems of self-government. With many shortcomings, many mistakes, many imperfections, we still have maintained order and respect for law, individual freedom and national independence. Under the security of our own laws we have grown in strength and prosperity. But we value our freedom more than wealth. We love liberty, and we cherish above all our possessions the ideals for which our fathers fought and suffered and sacrificed that America might be free.

We believe in the competence of the power of democracy and in our heart of hearts abides faith in the coming of a better world in which the humble and oppressed of all lands may be lifted up by freedom to a heritage of justice and equal opportunity.

The news of Russia's new found freedom brought

to America universal satisfaction and joy. From all the land sympathy and hope went out to the new sister in the circle of democracies. And the mission is sent to express that feeling.

The American democracy sends to the democracy of Russia a greeting of sympathy, friendship, brotherhood, Godspeed. Distant America knows little of the special conditions of Russian life which must give form to the government and laws which you are about to create. As we have developed our institutions to serve the needs of our national character and life, so we assume that you will develop your institutions to serve the needs of Russian character and life.

As we look across the sea we distinguish no party, no class. We see great Russia as a whole, as one mighty, striving, aspiring democracy. We know the self-control, essential kindliness, strong common sense, courage and noble idealism of the Russian character. We have faith in you all. We pray for God's blessing upon you all.

We believe you will solve your problems, that you will maintain your liberty, and that our two great nations will march side by side in the triumphant progress of democracy until the old order everywhere has passed away and the world is free.

One fearful danger threatens the liberty of both nations. The armed forces of a military autocracy are at the gates of Russia and the Allies. The triumph of German arms will mean the death of liberty in Russia. No enemy is at the gates of America, but

America has come to realize that the triumph of German arms means the death of liberty in the world; that we who love liberty and would keep it must fight for it, and fight for it now when the free democracies of the world may be strong in union, and not delay until they may be beaten down separately in succession.

So America sends another message to Russia—that we are going to fight, and have already begun to fight, for your freedom equally with our own, and we ask you to fight for our freedom equally with yours. We would make your cause ours and our cause yours, and with a common purpose and mutual helpfulness of a firm alliance make sure of victory over our common foe.

You will recognize your own sentiments and purposes in the words of President Wilson to the American Congress when on the second of April last he advised a declaration of war against Germany. He said:

“We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government (the German Government) following such methods we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.

“We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now

that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

“The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.”

And you will see the feeling toward Russia with which America has entered the great war in another clause of the same address. President Wilson further declared:

“Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew her best to have been always in fact democratic at heart in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was

the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character or purpose, and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their native majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a league of honor.”

That partnership of honor in the great struggle for human freedom, the oldest of the great democracies, now seeks in fraternal union with the youngest, practical and specific methods and the possibilities of our Allies’ cooperation, the members of the mission would be glad to discuss with the members of the Government of Russia.

That the conference held here, as well as the one which the Root commission was having at Petrograd, would remove all prospects of a separate peace between Russia and Germany was the earnest hope, not only of President Wilson and his advisers, but of authorities in all the Allied capitals.

Every arrangement was made in Washington to accord the visitors all possible honors. Officials hoped that during the conferences plans of cooperation could be worked out between the two governments that would make possible offensive military operations by the Russians sooner than hitherto anticipated. A general offensive on all fronts at this time, it was felt, would be of tremendous advantage to the Allies. The dethronement of King Constantine of Greece, and the military maneuvers which had apparently since then been carried out by the Entente forces in Mace-

donia, seemed to have paved the way for an allied drive into Serbia.

Under the original plans of the Allies such a movement was to have been started simultaneously with a drive through Transylvania by the Russians from the northeast, the combined movements having in view a nipping in two of the line of communications between Berlin and Constantinople. Plans of this sort, however, were frustrated late in 1916 by the collapse of the Rumanians and by pro-German intrigues in the Czar's court, which brought about a breakdown in the Russian supply system after General Brusiloff's brilliant offensive early in 1916.

FAMOUS FOREIGN VISITORS OF OTHER YEARS

The five commissions in coming here had made a new departure in the world's history. The subject about which they were to confer was not how to apportion among their own states conquered territory, but how to restore territory to its original owners and how to make mankind secure in a long spell of peace. In the history of the United States there had been no precedent for the visits, nothing that resembled them even remotely. Of all distinguished Europeans coming here, the most had come as tourists or sight-seers. One or two had come for political purposes, but none came vested with actual authority, or as officially representing a nation that had sent him. Two men, each of whom afterward became King of England, had been here, but they came under widely different circumstances. William IV, as a young man, yet uncrowned, came to help conquer us in the War of 1812, and narrowly escaped a longer stay, for sincere efforts were made to capture him. Edward VII came as a boy, but only to see the country as part of his education; he had a reception that is still

memorable in our annals. Eminent statesmen had been here, the most eminent of all, probably, Li Hung Chang. Of English statesmen, the most noted was probably Joseph Chamberlain, but he came on no errand of public significance. One who was afterwards to become King of the French came in Louis Philippe, but he made his visit as a political refugee, and so afterward did Jerome Bonaparte. A contemporary of both, and greater than either, was Talleyrand, but he came before he was famous, and merely as a refugee from the Reign of Terror. One who was destined for the French throne, but never ascended it, the Prince de Joinville, was in the country twice; once as a part of his education; twenty years later as an officer on McClellan's staff, where also served another royal Prince and possible King, the Comte de Paris. It was curious to remember that Count Zeppelin had been here as an observer of the Civil War, and that Garibaldi had fled to this country during an intermission between Italian defeat and victory, living in simplicity on Staten Island, where he made a livelihood by making candles.

Besides these were other old-world celebrities, famous or notorious, who came for safety, or to see the country, and some few on political errands. Louis Kossuth arrived in 1851 for the purpose of enlisting our aid for Hungary, but all he received was banquets and compliments. The visit of the Grand Duke Alexis had a political flavor, but it was only an incident in a rapprochement between us and Russia that had grown out of Russia's endeavor to secure this country against European intervention during the Civil War. When Prince Henry of Prussia came he was on an ostensibly social errand, but really on a faintly political one. The German Emperor had hoped that to honor us with a visit from his brother might make us well-disposed toward future German movements on the Conti-

ment, and was naturally annoyed to find his labor fruitless. We sought, in our uncouth way, to give the Prince a good time, but remained averse to the objects of his imperial brother. None of these visits, however, offered the least opportunity for a comparison with the visits of 1917—not even the visit of Lafayette in 1823-25, which to most American minds was recalled when M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre arrived. But there was no political significance in Lafayette's visit. It was merely personal and symbolical.¹

In the visits of 1917 was seen the burning away of old distrusts and hatreds among once hostile peoples, now banded together in a spiritual, as well as a military, alliance against the Central Powers. Great Britain and France had forgotten their ancient feuds, Great Britain and Russia their territorial jealousies, Russia and Japan their quarrels in Asia, while the United States, brushing aside old wrongs and recent suspicions, had stepped into line beside Great Britain and Japan in a great alliance whose dominant purpose was to make the world "safe for democracy." As visible symbols of this new spirit of international brotherhood among former foes had been seen for almost three years the flags of the Entente Allies flying side by side in foreign capitals, but now was seen the perhaps stranger sight of the Stars and Stripes flying beside the Union Jack above the Parliament Buildings at Westminster, and at Ottawa, in Canada, and beside the Tricolor on the Eiffel Tower, in Paris.² Some words Mr. Balfour had uttered twenty-one years before, were recalled to mind at this time and widely read. Addressing the British Parliament in 1896, on the tense situation then existing between Venezuela and British Guiana, he had uttered this startlingly prophetic sentence:

¹ The New York Times.

² The Literary Digest.

It cannot be but that those whose national roots go down into the same past as ours, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great—it cannot be but that a time will come when they will feel that we and they have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfill, among the nations of the world.

II

IN WASHINGTON, MT. VERNON AND RICHMOND

MR. BALFOUR IN WASHINGTON

Unable for diplomatic reasons to grant a regular interview with the press before presenting himself to President Wilson, Mr. Balfour, after reaching Washington, consented on April 22 to give out for publication a few words as to his general hopes for the conference and the fundamental purposes behind it, as follows:

All will agree that my first duty as head of a diplomatic mission is to pay my respects to the head of the State to which I have been sent, and no public expression of opinion on points of policy would, I think, be useful or even tolerable until I have had the honor of conferring with your President and learning his views. I have not come here to make speeches or indulge in interviews, but to do what I can to make cooperation easy and effective between those who are striving with all their power to bring about a lasting peace by the only means that can secure it, namely, a successful war.

Without, however, violating the rule I have just laid down, there are two things which I may permit myself to say: One on my own behalf, the other on behalf of my countrymen in general.

On my own behalf let me express the deep gratification I feel at being connected in any capacity whatever with events which associate our countries in a common effort for a great ideal.

On behalf of my countrymen, let me express our gratitude for all that the citizens of the United States of America have done to mitigate the lot of those who, in the allied countries, have suffered from the cruelties of the most deliberately cruel of all wars. To name no others, the efforts of Mr. Gerard to alleviate the condition of British and other prisoners of war in Germany and the administrative genius which Mr. Hoover has ungrudgingly devoted to the relief of the unhappy Belgians and French in the territories still in enemy occupation, will never be forgotten, while an inexhaustible stream of charitable effort has supplied medical and nursing skill to the service of the wounded and the sick.

These are the memorable doings of a beneficent neutrality. But the days of neutrality are, I rejoice to think, at an end, and the first page is being turned in a new chapter in the history of mankind.

Your President, in a most apt and vivid phrase, has proclaimed that the world must be made safe for democracy. Democracies, wherever they are to be found, and not least the democracies of the British Empire, will hail the pronouncement as a happy augury.

That self-governing communities are not to be treated as negligible simply because they are small, that the ruthless domination of one unscrupulous

power imperils the future of civilization and the liberties of mankind, are truths of political ethics which the bitter experiences of war are burning into the souls of all freedom-loving peoples. That this great people should have thrown themselves whole-heartedly into this mighty struggle, prepared for all the efforts and sacrifices that may be required to win success for this most righteous cause, is an event at once so happy and so momentous that only the historian of the future will be able, as I believe, to measure its true proportions.

After he had been formally presented to President Wilson, Mr. Balfour, on April 24, permitted the newspaper correspondents to be presented to him. When the introductions were completed, he made the following address:

Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for coming here to-day and giving me the opportunity of expressing to you personally, and through you to the great American public, how very deeply we, who belong to this mission sent from Britain, value the kindness, the enthusiasm, the warmth of welcome which we have received in this capital city of the United States. All our hearts are gratified and touched personally. We are even more deeply touch by it as being the outward and visible manifestation of sympathetic emotion in carrying out and responding to a great call, which is the real security for our success.

No man who has had the opportunity which I have enjoyed in the last few days of seeing, hearing, and talking to leading members of your State can for one

moment doubt the full determination of the American people to throw themselves into the greatest conflict which has ever been waged in this world. I do not suppose that it is possible for you—I am sure it would not be possible for me, were I in your place—to realize in detail, in concrete detail, all that the war means to those who have been engaged in it for now two years and a half. That is a feeling which comes, and can only come, by actual experience. We on the other side of the Atlantic have been living in an atmosphere of war since August, 1914, and you cannot move about the streets, you cannot go about your daily business, even if your affairs be disassociated with the war itself, without having evidences of the war brought to your notice every moment.

I arrived here on Sunday afternoon and went out in the evening after dark, and I was struck by a somewhat unusual feeling which at the first moment I did not analyze; and suddenly it came upon me that this was the first time for two years and a half or more when I had seen a properly lighted street. There is not a street in London, there is not a street in any city of the United Kingdom, in which after dark the whole community is not wrapped in a gloom exceeding that which must have existed before the invention of gas or electric lighting. But that is a small matter, and I only mention it because it happened to strike me as one of my earliest experiences in this city.

Of course, the more tragic side of war is never, and cannot ever be, absent from our minds. I saw with great regret this morning in the newspapers that the

son of Bonar Law, our Chancellor of the Exchequer, was wounded and missing in some of the operations now going on in Palestine, and I instinctively cast my mind back to the losses of this war in all circles, but as an illustration it seems to me impressive. I went over the melancholy list, and, if my memory serves me right, out of the small number of Cabinet Ministers, men of Cabinet rank who were serving the State when the war broke out in August, 1914, one has been killed in action, four at least have lost sons, and now Bonar Law's son is wounded and missing—not, I hope, lost to us, but still in a position from which he may not return to his friends. That is the sort of things that have happened in quite a small and narrowly restricted class of men, but it is characteristic of what is happening throughout the whole country.

The condition of France in that respect is evidently even more full of sorrow and tragedy than our own, because we had not a great army, we had but a small army when war broke out, whereas the French army was of the great continental type, was on a war footing, and was, from the very inception of military operations, engaged in sanguinary conflict with the common enemy.

We have to-day amongst us a mission from France. I doubt not—indeed, I am fully convinced—that they will receive a welcome not less warm, not less heartfelt, than that which you have so generously and encouragingly extended to us. That was and certainly will be increased by the reflection that one member of the mission is Marshal Joffre, who will go down

through all time as the general in command of the Allied forces at one of the most critical moments in the world's history. I remember when I was here before there was a book which was given out in the schools called "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." I do not know whether they all quite deserve that title, but there can be no doubt or question whatever that among the decisive battles of the world, the Battle of the Marne was the most decisive. It was a turning point in the history of mankind, and I rejoice that the hero of that event is to-day coming among us and will join us, the British nation, in laying before the people of the United States our gratitude for the sympathy which they have shown and are showing, and our warm confidence in the value of the assistance which they are affording the allied cause.

Gentlemen, I do not believe that the magnitude of that assistance can by any possibility be exaggerated. I am told that there are some doubting critics who seem to think that the object of the mission of France and Great Britain to this country is to inveigle the United States out of its traditional policy, and to entangle it in formal alliances, secret or public, with European powers. I cannot imagine any rumor with less foundation, nor can I imagine a policy so utterly unnecessary.

Our confidence in this assistance which we are going to get from this community is not based upon such shallow considerations as those which arise out of formal treaties. No treaty could increase the undoubted confidence with which we look to the United

States, who, having come into the war, are going to see the war through. If there is any certainty in human affairs, that is certain.

Two years and a half have gone since the war began, and the great public on this side of the Atlantic has been watching, with deepening interest, the blood-stained drama going on across the ocean, and I am well convinced that as each month has passed, so has the conviction grown among you that after all it is no small or petty interest that is involved in this war, it is no struggle for so many square miles of territory, for some acquisition, some satisfaction of small national ambition. It was nothing short of the full consciousness that the liberties of mankind are really involved in the issue of this struggle that was animating the allied countries.

With such a cause the American public has always been in full sympathy, and now, after watching it through all these months, you have found yourselves impelled to join in the great conflict. I feel perfectly certain that you will throw into it all your unequalled resources, all your powers of invention, of production, all your man power, all the resources of that country which has greater resources than any other country in the world, and already having come to the decision, nothing will turn you from it but success crowning our joint efforts.

This expresses the sentiments with which I have been animated ever since I came to this city—my sentiment of gratitude, my sentiment of hope.

Allow me to thank you most heartily again for hav-

ing come here for this brief interview, and to express my gratitude for what you have done, and my firm confidence that all of you will, wielding the great power you do, exercise it in the convincing cause of justice, truth, and peace.

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE IN WASHINGTON

M. Viviani on the following day made to the newspaper correspondents a statement on behalf of himself and the other members of the French mission, as follows:

I promised to receive you after having reserved, as elementary courtesy required, my first communication solely for the President. I have just had the honor, which I shared with the other members of the mission, of being received by him. I am indeed happy to have been chosen to present the greetings of the French Republic to the illustrious man whose name is in every French mouth to-day, whose incomparable message is at this very hour being read and commented upon in all our schools as the most perfect charter of human rights, and which so fully expresses the virtues of your race—long-suffering patience before appealing to force, and force to avenge that long-suffering patience when there can be no other means.

Since you are here to listen to me, I ask you to repeat a thousandfold the expression of our deep gratitude for the enthusiastic reception the American people has granted us in Washington. It is not to us, but to our beloved and heroic France that the reception was accorded. We were proud to be her children in

those unforgettable moments when we read in the radiance of the faces we saw the noble sincerity of your hearts, and I desire to thank also the press of the United States, represented by you. I fully realize the ardent and disinterested help you have given by your tireless propaganda in the cause of right; I know your action has been incalculable. Gentlemen, I thank you.

We have come to this land to salute the American people and its Government, to call to fresh vigor our life-long friendship, sweet and cordial in the ordinary course of our lives, and which these tragic hours have raised to all the ardor of brotherly love—a brotherly love which in these last years of suffering has multiplied its most touching expressions. You have given help, not only in treasure, in every act of kindness and good-will; for us your children have shed their blood and the names of your sacred dead are inscribed forever in our hearts. And it was with a full knowledge of the meaning of what you did that you acted. Your inexhaustible generosity was not the charity of the fortunate to the distressed; it was an affirmation of your conscience, a reasoned approval of your judgment.

Your fellow-countrymen knew that under the savage assault of a nation of prey which has made of war, to quote a famous saying, its national industry, we were upholding with our incomparable allies, faithful and valiant to the death, with all those who are fighting shoulder to shoulder with us on the firing line, the sons of indomitable England, a struggle for the

violated rights of man, for that democratic spirit which the forces of autocracy were attempting to crush throughout the world. We are ready to carry that struggle on to the end.

And now, as President Wilson has said, the Republic of the United States rises in its strength as a champion of right and rallies to the side of France and her allies. Only our descendants, when time has removed them sufficiently far from present events, will be able to measure the full significance, the grandeur of a historic act which has sent a thrill through the whole world. From to-day on all the forces of freedom are let loose. And not only victory, of which we were already assured, is certain; the true meaning of victory is made manifest; it can not be merely a fortunate military conclusion to this struggle, it will be the victory of morality and right, and will forever secure the existence of a world in which all our children shall draw free breath in full peace and undisturbed pursuit of their labors.

To accomplish this great work, which will be carried to completion, we are about to exchange views with the men in your Government best qualified to help. The cooperation of the Republic of the United States in this world conflict is now assured. We work together as freemen who are resolved to save the ideals of mankind.

Three days later Marshal Joffre met the Washington correspondents who by arrangement called on him at his residence. After they had assembled in the house, a door

at the end of the room farthest away from where the correspondents stood was opened, and the Marshal walked in, accompanied by Lieutenant Colonel Jean Fabry, "the Blue Devil of France," his Chief of Staff, and other officers of the commission. The famous soldier, wearing his uniform—a blue jacket, brilliant red trousers, and leather puttees—took a position at the head of the council table, while his callers crowded nearer. Each man's name and the name of his newspaper were repeated to the Marshal, after which there was a clasping of hands, and, in the case of correspondents who spoke French, a word or two of greeting. Then the Marshal took from the pocket of his jacket two typewritten sheets of paper and began to read from them in French, with his head bowed a little, and the sheets held where the light from a window behind would strike them best. His voice was even and soft, and yet such was its quality that persons standing in the far corners of the room were able to hear every word he uttered. American and French officers stood just behind him at attention.

When the Marshal had concluded and the correspondents had applauded vigorously, a military aid read an English version of the speech. As the last word was heard, and the correspondents realized the importance of the Marshal's statement, there was a burst of applause so loud that it reached the ears of a crowd of men and women who were waiting outside the grounds to catch a glimpse of the French hero who was soon to start for Mount Vernon. A translation of Marshal Joffre's remarks, as supplied, follows:

The very cordial welcome given me by the City of Washington, and the expressions of sympathy which reached me from states and cities throughout the United States have moved me deeply, since they

are an homage paid to the whole French army which I represent here.

The heroism and resolution of the soldiers of France indeed deserve all the affection the United States has shown them. After having in a supreme effort defeated and thrown back the barbarous enemy, the French Army has untiringly labored to increase and perfect its efficiency. And now in the third year of the war it is attacking the enemy with greater vigor and material force than ever before.

Side by side with it and animated by a no less heroic spirit stands the British Army, whose formation and development will ever remain the admiration of the world. The Germans have realized its wonderful growth. Every encounter has made them feel the increasing menace of its strength. The contempt they pretended to feel for it in the early days of the war has gradually become a dread more openly avowed each day.

Led by its illustrious President, the United States has entered into this war. By the side of France in the defense of the ideals of mankind, the place of America is marked. France, which has long recognized the valor of the American soldier, cherishes the confident hope that the flag of the United States will soon be unfurled on our fighting line. This is what Germany dreads. France and America will see with pride and joy the day when their sons are once more fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defense of liberty. The victories which they will certainly win will hasten the end of the war and will tighten the links of affec-

tion and esteem which have ever united France and the United States.

When the cheering died away, M. Hovelaque, a member of the Commission, invited the correspondents to ask questions. There was some hesitation for a moment while the Marshal, his countenance wreathed in smiles, leaned forward expectantly, rubbing a heavy fist into the palm of his other hand. When the questions began, M. Hovelaque, or one of the aids, translated them, and the Marshal replied in French. Only once did the Marshal say he could not discuss in detail the matter asked about, since that matter was still under consideration by members of the French mission and representatives of the American Government. One or two of the questions puzzled the Marshal for a moment, causing him to draw his bushy gray eyebrows together as if greatly perplexed. He used his hands most expressively at these times, occasionally shrugged his shoulders, and, once, raising himself on his toes, drove his clinched fist sharply into the open palm of his other hand to emphasize a point he was making. Many of the questions were prompted by knowledge that the Marshal favored the sending of an American expeditionary force to France as soon as possible. The correspondents were informed that it was the desire of the French mission that the conversation should not be published until it had been submitted to the State Department and that the approved text of the questions and answers would be given out later. Some hours afterward a statement, covering the questions and answers, was issued:

Q.—Is it advisable to withdraw Americans now on the field of battle and form an independent American corps? A.—Marshal Joffre said he did not think it

would be wise to withdraw Americans who were already at the front. It would be better to use them with any units which might be sent to France. He thought it of the greatest importance that the American flag should be seen in France; every one would then feel that America was there. But this did not apply to certain specialists in war who might be found more useful in training American soldiers. In his opinion Americans who were already there should stay there. He thought now when battles were raging every energy should be added to the forces already on the French front. That was why Americans now in France were needed there.

Q.—Would the Marshal prefer to have our regulars serving there? A.—Marshal Joffre considered this problem far too difficult to be solved without mature consideration.

Q.—The Marshal was asked how long a period of training was necessary to form a new army. A.—He replied that no definite answer to such a question was possible. The War Office alone really knew exact conditions. The example of England would throw some light on the probable time it would take. Staff officers necessarily are slowly prepared. But subordinate officers can be trained with considerable speed when one has such fine material as the English make. An American Army would probably develop even faster, as it would profit by the experiences of the British and French. If a large army, completely equipped, had to be transported at one time, the transportation would be a tremendous problem. He would

therefore consider it better to send unit by unit over one at a time.

Q.—Marshal Joffre was asked if he would speak of such experiences as he had had with Americans at the front. A.—He said it would be invidious to single out any particular instances of valor where valor was so general. He had congratulated all Americans in France, and notably the whole corps of aviators who had been most successful. One fact that might interest Americans was that President Wilson's message had caused a thrill to all soldiers who read it. The German Government did not give to its people the full and correct text of the message. It was translated into German, however, and Allied aviators threw it into the German lines and thereby gave German soldiers an opportunity of reading the full text of the speech. This was of importance, as German officials took particular pains to keep all important war news from soldiers in the trenches.

Q.—Marshal Joffre was asked if the troops which were to be sent over would be trained by French soldiers. A.—In reply he said that there was no reason to doubt the capacity of the officers of the American Army to train fully their own men, in spite of their distance from the field of action. It did not take so very long a time to train subordinate officers to lead men into battle. For example, the British had a very considerable number of divisions on the front, with fine officers, who before the war were lawyers, merchants, etc. The same men in America would certainly show themselves as capable.

Q.—The Marshal was asked if the troops we were to send would serve as an American unit. A.—He replied that this could not be answered, because it was a matter to be dealt with by the Secretary of War.

Q.—When asked to tell of the devotion of French women in order to give an idea of what American women might be expected to do, the Marshal said the influence of women could be enormous in giving moral support and in writing to the soldiers cheerfully and encouraging them to bear with all the hardships and perils of war. They could help them materially in all sorts of ways. When the first winter came upon the French Army it had been impossible to make sufficient provision for the men. The Marshal appealed to the women to help their husbands, brothers and sons. All through France women set to knitting sweaters and socks. And not only the French, but American women helped, too, in the same way. Their help was deeply appreciated, and the Marshal wished the newspapermen to say how warm this appreciation was. He also wished to thank American women for their great interest in the ambulance work. They had never slacked in their efforts.

There soon began in Washington a series of interchanges of information and helpful discussion which, in importance and value, probably constituted the most memorable international conference ever held in America. Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre became the central figures of a large group of experts in war and government, British, French and American. What they said publicly put stress on their desire to help America to avoid pitfalls and errors

which their own countries had experienced; to show us how to work wisely and effectively for the common end; and expressed appreciation of American support and world patriotism, or, as Mr. Balfour phrased it, "a common effort for a great ideal." Mr. Balfour, having heard that some critics believed that the object of this mission was to "inveigle the United States out of its traditional policy and to entangle it in formal alliances, either secret or public, with European Powers," took occasion to say in public that he could imagine no rumor "having less foundation" or any policy "more utterly unnecessary or futile." Confidence in the assistance the Allies were going to get from America was not based on such shallow considerations as those which arise out of formal treaties. No treaty could increase the Entente's undoubted confidence in the people of the United States, who, having come into the war, were going to see it through. If anything was certain in this war, that was certain.

THE BRITISH AND FRENCH IN MT. VERNON

On April 29 the British and French commissions visited Mount Vernon, where the flags of Great Britain, France and the United States floated over the tomb of Washington. Nature was in her most bounteous garb. The evergreens before the tomb stood out boldly in the new life just blossoming. About five hundred persons stood with bared heads in a semi-circle before the tomb when, without formality, Secretary Daniels motioned to M. Viviani, who advanced slowly into the center and delivered an address. Spectators, though most of them could not understand French, caught the suppressed fire of the orator, and followed his words spellbound. Apart from M. Viviani's voice not a sound could be heard. He said:

We could not remain longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot is the modest abode where Washington rested after the tremendous labor of achieving for a nation its emancipation.

In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France led by Rochambeau and Lafayette, a descendant of the latter, my friend, M. de Chambrun, accompanies us.

And I esteem it a supreme honor as well as a satisfaction for my conscience to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend, Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do.

When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington, in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln, when we respectfully salute President Wilson, the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people.

It is because the American people proclaimed and won for the nation the right to govern itself, it is because it proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by fate has been enabled with commanding force to carry

its action beyond the seas ; it is because it was resolved to extend its action still further that Congress was enabled to obtain within the space of a few days the vote of conscription and to proclaim the necessity for a national army in the full splendor of civil peace. In the name of France I salute the young army which will share in our common glory.

While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thoughts to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you before this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all the fervor of piety before all the soldiers of the allied nations, who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for the same ideal.

I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes—born to live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labors, in the enjoyment of all human affections—who went into battle with virile cheerfulness and gave themselves up, not to death alone, but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains unnamed, in the full knowledge that save for those who loved them their names would disappear with their bodies. Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here ; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I send to the Republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic.

Then stepped forward Mr. Balfour, who for a moment stood in silence, a tall, erect, kindly figure. Abandoning his previous decision not to speak, he gave expression to a few poignant sentences that evidently came straight from the heart:

M. Viviani has expressed in most eloquent words the feelings which grip us all here to-day. He has not only paid a fitting tribute to a great statesman, but he has brought our thoughts most vividly down to the present. The thousands who have given their lives—French, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Serbian, Montenegrin, Roumanian, Japanese, and British—were fighting for what they believed to be the cause of liberty. There is no place in the world where a speech for the cause of liberty would be better placed than here at the tomb of Washington. But as that work has been so adequately done by a master of oratory, perhaps you will permit me to read a few words prepared by the British mission for the wreath we are to leave here to-day:

“Dedicated by the British mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country which his genius called into existence, fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism.”

Governor Stuart, of Virginia, then spoke for Virginia. “Washington,” he said, “originally belonged to Virginia, but his priceless memory has now become a common heritage of the world. We consecrate here to-day a struggle

bearing the supreme test of the issues for which he lived, fought and died." Marshal Joffre then came forward and spoke in French two brief sentences:

In the French Army all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer to our soldiers who have died for their country.

Two French officers advanced with a bronze wreath for the tomb, the highest mark of honor which the French accord dead soldiers. Bending over, the Marshal passed through the low narrow entrance, solemnly placed the wreath upon the stone coffin and stood there silently at salute. Here was the general who had saved France doing homage to the general who had won liberty for the United States.

As Marshal Joffre passed back among the spectators, Mr. Balfour stepped forward with a wreath of lilies and oak leaves, tied with the colors of the three allied nations. He, too, entered the tomb, and placed the British token beside the French, while Lieut. Gen. Bridges stood outside at salute. There was neither music nor applause. Except for the brief words of the speakers, the silence and peace of the place were not broken. The little gathering looked on with emotions too varied and profound for expression.

The visiting statesmen afterwards passed in and out of several rooms at the old mansion, examining heirlooms and looking curiously at the key of the Bastille, which Lafayette had presented to Washington. Mr. Balfour was the last to leave.

Seldom, it seemed to the small group of men and women who gathered at Mount Vernon, had there been a more impressive scene on American soil, the more notable because of its simplicity. In the assemblage were members of

the French and British missions, the French and British Ambassadors, American Cabinet officers, and high officers of the United States army and navy. The party had gone down the Potomac as the guests of Secretary Daniels, on the *Mayflower*. It was the second time that the memory of Washington had thus been honored by a Briton. The first was in 1860, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited Mount Vernon. But it was the first time that a British flag had been raised over Washington's tomb. M. Viviani's eloquent speech made a deep impression, not only on the company gathered at the tomb, but on the whole country, as widely printed in the newspapers.¹

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE IN THE SENATE

On May 1 the ceiling of the Senate chamber at the Capitol reechoed to shouts of welcome for M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, who went there by prearrangement. Rules forbade applause; technically, they forbade Joffre's admission to the floor, but no one thought of challenging either him or any of the visitors, including several foreign journalists, who entered the chamber with the guests. The admission of Marshal Joffre, alone, had been sanctioned in advance by unanimous consent, but this consent seemed to carry with it everything that would make the welcome informal and complete.¹ M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre reached Vice-President Marshall's room shortly before 12:30 o'clock. The Vice-President named Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska, and Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, to usher the guests into the chamber. M. Viviani entered with Mr. Hitchcock, Marshal Joffre with Mr. Lodge, M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, with Admiral Chocheprat. M. Viviani's speech, loudly called for, was as follows:

¹The Washington Post.

Mr. President and Senators: Since I have been granted the supreme honor of speaking before the representatives of the American people, may I ask them first to allow me to thank this magnificent capital for the welcome it has accorded us? Accustomed as we are in our own free land to popular manifestations, and though we had been warned by your fellow countrymen who live in Paris of the enthusiasm burning in your hearts, we are still full of the emotion raised by the sights that awaited us. I shall never cease to see the proud and stalwart men who saluted our passage; your women, whose grace adds fresh beauty to your city, their arms outstretched, full of flowers; and your children hurrying to meet us as if our coming were looked upon as a lesson for them, all with one accord acclaiming in our perishable persons immortal France. And I predict there will be a yet grander manifestation on the day when your illustrious President, relieved from the burden of power, will come among us bearing the salute of the Republic of the United States to a free Europe, whose foundations from end to end shall be based on right.

It is with unspeakable emotion that we crossed the threshold of this legislative palace, where prudence and boldness meet, and that I for the first time in the annals of America, though a foreigner, speak in this Hall which only a few days since resounded with the words of virile force. You have set all the democracies of the world the most magnificent example. So soon as the common peril was made manifest to you, with simplicity and within a few short

days, you voted a formidable war credit and proclaimed that a formidable army was to be raised. President Wilson's commentary on his acts, which you made yours, remains in the history of free peoples the weightiest of lessons. Doubtless you were resolved to avenge the insults offered your flag, which the whole world respected; doubtless through the thickness of these massive walls the mournful cry of all the victims that criminal hands hurled into the depths of the sea has reached and stirred your souls, but it will be your honor in history that you also heard the cry of humanity and invoked against autocracy the rights of democracies. And I can only wonder as I speak what, if they still have any power to think, are the thoughts of the autocrats who three years ago against us, three months ago against you, unchained this conflict.

Ah! doubtless they said among themselves that a democracy is an ideal government, that it showers reforms on mankind, that it can in the domain of labor quicken all economic activities. And yet now we see the French Republic fighting in defense of its territory and the liberty of nations and opposing to the avalanche let loose by Prussian militarism the union of all its children who are still capable of striking many a weighty blow. And now we see England, far removed like you from conscription, who has also, by virtue of a discipline all accept, raised from her soil millions of fighting men. And we see other nations accomplishing the same act; and that liberty not only inflames all hearts but coordinates

and brings into being all needed efforts. And now we see all America rise and sharpen her weapons in the midst of peace for the common struggle. Together we will carry on that struggle, and when by force we have at last imposed military victory our labors will not be concluded. Our task will be, I quote the noble words of President Wilson, to organize the society of nations. I well know that our enemies, who have never seen before them anything but horizons of carnage, will never cease to jeer at so noble a design. Such has always been the fate of great ideas at their birth; and if thinkers and men of action had allowed themselves to be discouraged by skeptics mankind would still be in its infancy, and we should still be slaves. After material victory we will win this moral victory. We will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism; we will establish guaranties for peace; and then we can disappear from the world's stage, since we shall leave at the cost of our common immolation the noblest heritage future generations can possess.

Shouts of "Joffre! Joffre! Joffre!" which Senators started, and which were taken up by the topmost tiers of the gallery, induced the hero of the Marne to turn as he was leaving the chamber and make the shortest speech ever heard in that home of unlimited debate. "I do not speak English," he said, with a benignant smile, and then raising his great right hand, called out "Vivent les Etats-Unis!" After a military salute he was gone. The shout that rose and fell and rose again as he went away became the climax of the visit. Senators La Follette and Stone led in these

cheers. The Senate forgot its august rules and yelled like college boys at a football game. Marshal Joffre had fairly shot himself down from the rostrum like an abashed boy who had just spoken his piece on the last day of school. Half a dozen strides took him to the door. He went directly from the Senate Chamber to the office of Vice-President Marshal and there spent a few minutes chatting with Senators in French. Dozens of men and women, unable to crowd into the galleries and waiting in the corridors, pressed forward to shake his hand. Over the hand of a little old woman with gray hair, who came forward, he bowed low. To an aged doorkeeper he raised his hand in a military salute.

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE IN THE HOUSE

On May 2, while standing on the Speaker's rostrum in the House, behind which hang large portraits of Washington and Lafayette, M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre received another remarkable ovation. The entire membership of the House and the crowded galleries alike rose and applauded them. When M. Viviani spoke the House displayed high enthusiasm. When Marshal Joffre, apparently averse to talking in French, rose and saluted the House, members gave him an ovation probably never excelled in the history of the lower House of Congress. Ambassador Jusserand was likewise enthusiastically received. M. Viviani's speech was translated for the press by Representative McCormick, who stood by the official reporters' tables for the purpose, as follows:

Gentlemen: Once more my fellow-countrymen and I are admitted to the honor of being present at a sitting in a legislative chamber. May I be permitted

to express our emotion at this solemn derogation against rules more than a century old, and so far as I am concerned, may I say as a member of Parliament accustomed for twenty years to the passions and storms which sweep through political assemblies that I appreciate more than any one at this moment the supreme joy of being near this chair, which is in such a commanding position that however feeble may be the voice that speaks thence, it is heard over the whole world.

Gentlemen, I will not thank you, not because our gratitude fails, but because words to express it fail. We feel that your sympathy and enthusiasm come not only from your hearts, but from the jealousy which you have for your own honor. We have all felt that you were not merely fulfilling the obligation of international courtesy. Suddenly, in all its charming intimacy, the complexity of the American soul has been revealed to us. When one meets an American, one is supposed to meet a practical man, merely a practical man, caring only for business, only interested in business. But when at certain hours in private life one studies the American soul, one discovers at the same time how fresh and delicate it is, and when at certain moments of public life one considers the soul of the nation, then one sees all the force of the ideals that rise from it is so that this American people, in its perfect balance, is at once practical and sentimental, a realizer and a dreamer, and is always ready to place its practical qualities at the disposal of its puissant thoughts.

Intrusted with a mandate from a free people, we come among freemen to compare our ideas, exchange our views, to measure the whole extent of the problems raised by this war and all the allied nations, simply because they repose on Democratic institutions, through their Governments, meet in the same lofty region on equal terms, in full liberty.

I well know that at this very hour in the Central Empires there is an absolute monarchy which binds other peoples to its will by vassal links of steel. It has been said that this was a sign of strength; it is only an appearance of strength. In truth, only a few weeks ago, on the eve of the day when outraged America was about to rise in its force, on the morrow of the day when the Russian revolution, faithful to its alliance, called at once its soldiers to arms and its people to independence, this absolute monarch was seen to totter on the steps of his throne as he felt the first breath of the tempest pass over his crown. He bent toward his people in humiliation, and, in order to win their sympathy, borrowed from free peoples their highest institutions and promised his subjects universal suffrage.

Here, in the crucial hours of our history as in those of yours, it is liberty which clears the way for our soldiers. We are all now united in our common effort for civilization, for right.

The day before yesterday in a public meeting at which I was present I heard one of your greatest orators say with deep emotion: "It has been sworn on the tomb of Washington." And then I understood

the full import of those words. If Washington could rise from his tomb, if from his sacred mound he could view the world as it now is—shrunk to smaller proportions by the lessening of material and moral distances and the mingling of every kind of communication between men—he would feel his labors were not yet concluded; and that, just as a man of superior and powerful mind owes a debt to all other men, so a superior and powerful nation owes a debt to other nations, and after establishing its own independence must aid others to maintain their independence or to conquer it. It is the mysterious logic of history which President Wilson so marvelously understood, thanks to a mind as vigorous as it is subtle, as capable of analysis as it is of synthesis, of minute observation followed by swift action.

It has been sworn on the tomb of Washington. It has been sworn on the tomb of our allied soldiers, fallen in a sacred cause. It has been sworn by the bedside of our wounded men. It has been sworn on the heads of our orphan children. It has been sworn on cradles and on tombs. It has been sworn!

MR. BALFOUR IN THE HOUSE

On May 4, to the surprise of the House, President Wilson appeared in the gallery to join in a demonstration accorded to Mr. Balfour. Precedents of a century and a half were broken. It was the first time in American history when a British official had been invited to address the House, and the first time that a President of the United States had sat in the gallery. The welcome to Mr. Balfour

and his associates equaled, if it did not surpass, the demonstration which had greeted M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre a few days earlier. With Mr. Balfour were General Bridges, Major Spender-Clay, Admiral de Chair, Fleet Paymaster-General Lawford, Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England, and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador. Unannounced, the President had slipped into the executive gallery. Ambassador Jusserand, who was sitting in the diplomatic gallery, apparently was the only man who had noticed him, and rose to his feet in recognition of his presence. For several minutes no one else on the floor saw Mr. Wilson, although he was sitting in the front row, with Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. McAdoo. Then suddenly a member on the floor discovered him, and a group of members rose and applauded. The whole House followed, and for several minutes the floor and galleries joined in hearty cheers. The President rose and acknowledged the greeting three times before the demonstration subsided.

It was a few minutes after 12:30 o'clock when the British commission appeared. The whole House rose to greet them. Applause swept the floor and galleries for several minutes, subsiding only to start with a new outburst when the Speaker introduced Mr. Balfour. Two or three times Mr. Balfour hesitated for a word, which seemed to emphasize the sincerity of his address and the cordiality and sympathy with which his audience listened. Through all the cheering the President joined vigorously. When Mr. Balfour had finished and was standing below the rostrum with General Bridges, Admiral de Chair, and the British Ambassador, and shaking hands with members as they filed past, Mr. Wilson again surprised every one by slipping downstairs quietly and taking his place in the line with the Congressmen, to greet Mr. Balfour. The galleries were packed, and a large crowd was waiting outside. Chief

Justice White, Secretary McAdoo, Attorney General Gregory, and Justices McReynolds and Pitney of the Supreme Court were on the floor. In the diplomatic gallery, besides Ambassador Jusserand, were Lady Spring-Rice, Colville Barclay, Counselor of the British Embassy, the Haitian Minister, and Frank Polk, Counselor of the State Department. Following is Mr. Balfour's speech:

Mr. Speaker, ladies, and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, will you permit me, on behalf of my friends and myself, to offer you my deepest and sincerest thanks for the rare and valued honor which you have done us by receiving us here to-day? We all feel the greatness of this honor, but I think to none of us can it come home so closely as to one who, like myself, has been for 43 years in the service of a free assembly like your own. I rejoice to think that a member—a very old member, I am sorry to say—of the British House of Commons has been received here to-day by this great sister assembly with such kindness as you have shown to me and to my friends.

Ladies and gentlemen, these two assemblies are the greatest and the oldest of the free assemblies now governing great nations in the world. The history indeed of the two is very different. The beginnings of the British House of Commons go back to a dim historic past, and its full rights and status have only been conquered and permanently secured after centuries of political struggle. Your fate has been a happier one. You were called into existence at a much later stage of social development. You came into being complete and perfected and all your powers

determined, and your place in the Constitution secured beyond chance of revolution; but, though the history of these two great assemblies is different, each of them represents the great democratic principle to which we look forward as the security for the future peace of the world. All of the free assemblies now to be found governing the great nations of the earth have been modeled either upon your practise or upon ours, or upon both combined.

Mr. Speaker, the compliment paid to the mission from Great Britain by such an assembly and upon such an occasion is one not one of us is ever likely to forget, but there is something, after all, even deeper and more significant in the circumstances under which I now have the honor to address you, than any which arise out of the interchange of courtesies, however sincere, between two great and friendly nations. We all, I think, feel instinctively that this is one of the great moments in the history of the world and that what is now happening on both sides of the Atlantic represents the drawing together of great and free peoples for mutual protection against the aggression of military despotism.

I am not one of those and none of you are among those who are such bad democrats as to say that democracies make no mistakes. All free assemblies have made blunders; sometimes they have committed crimes. Why is it, then, that we look forward to the spread of free institutions throughout the world, and especially among our present enemies, as one of the greatest guaranties of the future peace of the world?

I will tell you, gentlemen, how it seems to me. It is quite true that the people and the representatives of the people may be betrayed by some momentary gust of passion into a policy which they ultimately deplore, but it is only a military despotism of the German type which can, through generations if need be, pursue steadily, remorselessly, unscrupulously, the appalling object of dominating the civilization of mankind. And mark you, this evil, this menace under which we are now suffering, is not one which diminishes with the growth of the knowledge and the progress of material civilization, but on the contrary it increases with them. When I was young we used to flatter ourselves that progress inevitably meant peace, and that growth of knowledge was always accompanied, as its natural fruit, by the growth of good will among the nations of the earth. Unhappily we know better now, and we know there is such a thing in the world as a power which can with unvarying persistency focus all the resources of knowledge and of civilization into the one great task of making itself the moral and material master of the world. It is against that danger that we, the free peoples of western civilization, have banded ourselves together. It is in that great cause that we are going to fight and are now fighting this very moment side by side. In that cause we shall surely conquer, and our children will look back to this fateful date as the one day from which democracies can feel secure that their progress, their civilization, their rivalry, if need be, will be conducted, not on German lines, but in that friendly and

Christian spirit which really befits the age in which we live.

Mr. Speaker, ladies, and gentlemen, I beg most sincerely to repeat again how heartily I thank you for the cordial welcome which you have given us to-day, and to repeat my profound sense of the significance of this unique meeting.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE SENATE

On May 8 Mr. Balfour, and his colleagues of the British mission, paid a visit to the Senate. They were received with an enthusiasm which, with the welcome accorded by the same body to the French mission, stood out in high relief above the ordinarily staid proceedings of the Senate. Mr. Balfour's speech lasted almost twenty-five minutes and promised to be remembered as one of the great official utterances of the war. His simple statement of unshaken confidence in what the end would be heartened the Senators and a thousand other auditors, who stopped their breathless listening only to applaud. Through everything he said ran a note of new confidence that victory for the Allies would come because of the whole-hearted assistance the United States would give. Even the most casual reference to this cooperation of the United States brought thundering cheers. Following is the speech:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Senate: You, Mr. President, have in graceful and pregnant sentences brought to our recollection the common origin of those liberties which, whether in France, in Britain, or in the United States of America, we all rejoice in and are all determined to defend. You have also in

warm words of welcome spoken kindly of the mission of which I have the honor to be the head and to which you are now paying the rare, the very rare, honor of welcoming within your walls. Gentlemen, on their behalf not less than on my own I most sincerely thank you for your welcome. I know well that it is not a welcome to individuals. The kindness which each one of us as individuals has received since we came to this great city will never be forgotten by any one of us. It has been kindness, abundant, overflowing, generous, unlimited; but, gentlemen, behind that kindness paid by individuals to individuals, behind the expression of a hospitable and generous feeling to guests within your gates, there is, after all, something much deeper, something much more important, something which is, after all, the animating spirit which brings this great assembly here to-day.

The original object of our mission, if I may so express it, was mainly a purely business one. We came here to discuss matters of the deepest moment for the conduct of that great war in which both our nations are involved. We came here to explain to your leaders and statesmen what were the needs from which the Allies mainly suffered, and to lay freely at the disposal of those responsible for the conduct of your affairs the results of our own experience, the consequences, perhaps I ought to say, in some cases of our own errors and blunders during two years and a half of strenuous and sanguinary fighting. That was the original object; that was the business side of our mission. But the reception which you have given us

here, the treatment which we have received from the President, from the Cabinet, from the House of Representatives, from the Senate—that treatment raises the whole level of our mission from a purely business operation to a great incident in the common life of two great and free peoples.

Gentlemen, I do not think the importance of that is easy to overrate. I believe that the consequences will not be measured by any mere record of the transactions that may take place between our various Governments, nor will the effects of it vanish when we ourselves, in consequence of the calls of duty elsewhere, leave your hospitable city. No, gentlemen, this mission and the French mission, which is associated with it, mark a new epoch in the relations of our three countries, and I believe that in the alliance thus cemented lie secure some of the greatest hopes, some of the proudest expectations, which we dare to entertain about the future of civilization.

Gentlemen, it is not, however, your kindness of heart alone which has given this significance to contemporary events. That significance is forced upon our notice whether we be citizens of America or citizens of France or citizens of Britain; but I speak especially at this moment of citizens of America and citizens of Britain. It is forced upon our notice by the unwearied efforts of an unconscionable German propaganda. Whether we live on the other side of the Atlantic or on this side of the Atlantic, we English-speaking peoples have never organized ourselves for military purposes; we have never been military

States; and, when the war broke out, undoubtedly the Germans looked around the world, estimated the value (from their point of view) of the nations with whom they might be concerned, and, profoundly contemptuous of our views of civilization, whether they were British or American views, they decided that neither Britain nor America counted in the struggle by which they hoped to obtain the domination of the world. They found us unprepared; they found us unmilitary; and because we were unprepared and because we were unmilitary, they jumped rashly to the conclusion, first, that we were afraid to fight, and, second, that if we fought we would be wholly negligible quantities. I think they are beginning, possibly, to find out their mistake.

How, gentlemen, did that mistake ever arise? It arose from the utter incapacity of the German ruling class—and it is only of the German ruling class that I speak to-day—to estimate value except in terms of drilled men and military preparation. They saw that England and America were prosperous, were unwarlike, were immersed in the arts of peace and involved in the industrial interests incident to a peaceful civilization, and they drew from that two conclusions: They drew from it, in the first place, the conclusion that because we were commercial we were therefore material; that we were incapable of high ideals or great sacrifices; and the further conclusion that even if we determined late in the day to pursue those high ideas and to make those great sacrifices we should be so utterly incompetent in the arts to which they

had devoted so much of their attention that our interference in the war would be a thing which they could leave wholly on one side. On that miscalculation have been wrecked, and will be wrecked, all their hopes. It was their fatal blunder, a blunder from which they will never recover, but a blunder which has saved civilization.

Gentlemen, I speak with confidence about the issue of this great struggle, a confidence which is redoubled since you have thrown in your lot with those who have been fighting since 1914. I see, indeed, suggestions that Germany, incapable of winning by arms, is going to win through the illegitimate weapon of submarine warfare. I believe it not. I do not at all minimize, I do not wish to minimize, the gravity of the submarine menace. After all, in the two years and a half during which the war has been going on, more than one difficulty of like magnitude has met us and more than one difficulty of like magnitude has been overcome.

The question of munitions is a case in point. I do not wish to detain you on such an occasion with details, but at the beginning of the war it became evident that Germany had recognized the importance of the munitions question, had been preparing for this war through years of peace by having at her disposal a supply of ammunition greater than all the rest of the world put together, and at one time it almost looked as if the cause of civilization and liberty were to be crushed under the multitude of shells and

the weight of artillery. We have surmounted that difficulty. It was a very great one.

I do not deny that the submarine difficulty is a very great one. I do not deny that it will require every effort made, either in Britain or here, successfully to overcome it; but that those efforts will be made, that this menace will be overcome, that the United States of America, like Great Britain and her dominions, will throw themselves into the task with ungrudging efforts, and that those efforts will be crowned with success, I do not doubt for a moment. This war is not going to be settled by the sinking of helpless neutrals or by sending women and children to the bottom by torpedoes or gunfire. It is to be settled by hard fighting; and when it comes to hard fighting, neither America nor Britain nor France need fear measuring themselves at any moment against those who have risen up against all that we hold dear for the future.

I therefore, gentlemen, look forward—not, of course, in a spirit of light and easy and unthinking confidence, but with firm faith—to the future of this war. It requires every man and woman on this side of the Atlantic, as on the other side of the Atlantic, to throw their united efforts into the scale of right. That effort unquestionably will be made, is being made, will be made yet further, and, being made, I doubt not that it will be crowned with success and that posterity will look back upon the union of these peoples, symbolized by such meetings as that which I am now addressing, as marking a new epoch in the

history of the world; an epoch in which all the civilized nations roused themselves in unity to deal with one of their number which has forgotten its responsibilities, forgotten its duties, and which, in unscrupulous lust for universal domination, has brought the greatest of known calamities upon the world.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long. but I was led away by my subject. On my own behalf and on behalf of my friends around me, I beg to thank you for the unique honor which you have paid to us, and, through us, to our country, to our cause, which is your cause, and to the future of civilization, which is yours as much as ours. I thank you.

MR. BALFOUR IN RICHMOND

On May 19 Mr. Balfour, who had then returned to Washington after his New York visit, went with others of the British mission to Richmond, and received a most hospitable welcome. The old Confederate capital made memorable this brief call of courtesy on the South. As the special train entered the station, a salute of nineteen guns was fired, and a band played "God Save the King," the party being welcomed by Governor Stuart and Mayor Ainslee, while several companies of the Virginia Military Institute cadet corps stood at salute. Automobiles first took the party through crowded, cheering, flag-decked lines of people, and then to the Governor's mansion for luncheon. The house was decorated with the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Tricolor. A brilliant assemblage of Virginians greeted Mr. Balfour. Governor Stuart, in his toast to the King, holding a glass of water, said:

In this glass I hold that which by the sovereign will of the people of Virginia is to-day the wine of the country, clear as the principles of liberty and justice in which we make common cause, pure as the union of heart and purpose typified by the three flags entwined before us, strong in that it supplies in this hour the most vital needs of both statesman and soldier, distilled in the hills overlooking the noble James, on whose banks the first permanent English settlement in the Western world was established; spontaneous as the good will towards our distinguished guests which springs from our hearts and our lips—in this and by these tokens I propose the health of His Majesty, King George.

Mr. Balfour, responding for the British mission, said:

I cannot rival the eloquence with which our host to-day has eulogized and described the legal wine of the country, but I can with enthusiasm no less sincere than his own, propose a toast which has always been dear to the heart of all Englishmen, but never so dear as now—the President of the United States.

After the luncheon, Lieutenant-General Bridges placed wreaths for the British army at the statues of Robert E. Lee and “Stonewall” Jackson. The card on the first read:

To the memory of Robert E. Lee, whose military genius and chivalrous personality have given him a high place among the great captains of the world’s history, this tribute is paid on behalf of the British army.

Especially interesting were the simple ceremonies at the statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, in Capitol Square, a gift of admiration from Englishmen to the South. Taking a magnolia wreath in his hands, General Bridges walked to the statue, reverently laid the wreath at its base, stepped back, removed his hat, and silently read the inscription, which tells from whom the statue came, and why it was sent. Then stepping rapidly back, he came to a halt, assumed the rigid attitude of the soldier at attention, and saluted the figure of the chieftain. General Jackson's wreath bore these words:

To the memory of T. J. Jackson, a God-fearing man, and a great soldier, whose example has been an inspiration to many a British officer, this tribute is dedicated on behalf of the British army.

With a great roar of cheers and the waving of innumerable British flags, 5,000 people in the auditorium at 4:00 in the afternoon rose unanimously to their feet when Mr. Balfour stepped into the hall, accompanied by Governor Stuart. Mayor Ainslee, in delivering a short address, welcomed the British commission to Richmond. He referred to blood being thicker than water, whereupon Mr. Balfour leaned forward and earnestly pounded the table before him, nodding approval at the same time. What had been an enthusiastic crowd before, now turned almost into pandemonium when Mr. Balfour arose to speak. Every hand seemed to wave a flag and every voice to cry out, while tears fell unnoticed from many eyes. The band struggled to interpret the strong feeling of the moment by starting "Dixie."¹ When order was secured, Mr. Balfour said:

¹The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

There was a moment when I feared that public engagements would make it impossible to visit Richmond. Such a loss would have been a bitter disappointment to myself and to the other members of the British war commission. How great a loss it would have been, neither they nor I had any conception of until we arrived in the city, were welcomed by your Governor and your Mayor, and had received the continuous welcome given in street after street, the whole culminating in this magnificent meeting.

You, Mr. Mayor, have doubled the value of the welcome by your speech, in which, with words concise and admirably chosen, you have shown how the great country we are visiting and the great country from which we are sent are one in fundamental characteristics of all great free peoples, one in history, one in ideals, with a unity that is never again to be disturbed by the chances of political life.

The consciousness of this unity has never been absent from our minds, I believe, but recent events have brought a renewed realization of its tremendous worth, and made us feel how small and petty were the slight differences which may have divided us compared with the vital agreements that now bind us. We have common objects, common efforts and common determinations, and are prepared to make common sacrifices until our ends are obtained.

The cooperation between the Allies who have been fighting for two years and a half and the great, great republic which has now joined itself to the cause is already felt in the sphere of active war. American

warships are working side by side with British warships in the zone of danger. They have not to meet open foes in fair fight, they have not to carry out great operations as did Nelson and Farragut. There are different dangers now and different measures to be employed. I rejoice to think that ships of your gallant navy are patrolling like brothers with those on the other side of the Atlantic, defending our homes and your homes from the invader.

It is not only on the sea that immediate action is being taken. I observe in to-day's papers the announced determination of your government to send over without delay a disciplined force of the American army to join with our allies, the French, and with our own troops in the western theater of the war. The moment that the first troops from the United States land on French or British soil will be memorable in the history of mankind. It is said truly that the force sent immediately will be small in numbers compared with the colossal force required in modern warfare. I do not think, however, and I do not believe that the enemy thinks that the first increment of the American army will be insignificant.

You may remember that in the early days of the war Britain sent to France all the soldiers she had at her disposal, admirable in training and equipment, but in numbers so petty that the German Emperor was led to speak of "the contemptible British army." I rather think that whatever lesson the first British expeditionary force has taught him, it has at least taught him to be more cautious in the use of epigram-

matic attacks. He has learned that, though a free people may be peculiarly subject to the disease of unpreparedness, a democracy yields to no form of government in steady determination to carry through a business which it has once taken in hand.

Our contemptible little army has grown to a great fighting force. I entertain no doubt, nor do I think that our enemies do, that what we have done you can do. The lessons we have taught you will better in practise. There is no question but that out of your manhood, the best fighting material in the world, you will fill every gap caused by death in the ranks of the Allies. The only limit will be on the numbers that can be transported and equipped. There will be no moral difficulty. Your men, when trained, as born fighters, will lift high the flag of the United States with the flags of the Allies, sharing a common heritage of glory, the memory of battles waged for no unselfish object, for the common freedom of mankind.

There is not a moment of life in England when the people are not reminded of the changed conditions brought on by this war. America is too far from the scene of immediate action for the parallel ever to be carried out in detail in this country. The distance does not lessen the effort that will be required, however, nor does it decrease the obligations of the citizens of this great country. I am confident that you have come into the war with a clear vision of what it means, and that every effort you will gladly undertake.

You are unprepared, but you have resources for

modern warfare greater than any nation in the world. War is not merely an affair of numbers; but if it were, where in the world can be found a civilized, united community of 100,000,000 contented citizens? Numbers, if alone, are nothing; they are mere food for modern weapons of butchery. You have additional qualities, however. There is wealth, there is courage, there is resolution, there are natural material resources, there is the inventive mind, there is the organizing power to turn all these great gifts to account and to insist that no collateral object divert from the supreme effort.

Those are the qualities that make a nation great in war or peace. Those none can deny that the United States possesses in abundance. Therefore, though unprepared as we were, you are prepared in spirit. The results can be fully assured, as encouraging to your friends and as startling to your enemies as was the creation of the great British army.

I wonder, however, whether it is possible for you or any man adequately to measure all that this war means to the world at large. It beggars description, the imagination staggers under the load. The attention of the majority of us is concentrated upon the western front, with a glance now and then toward Russia and Turkey. To take in all this war means requires historical knowledge and imagination not given to every man.

Upon the fate of the war depends whether the Arabs shall be able to shake off the oppressive rule of the Turk. Upon it depends Asia Minor. Upon

it depends whether the great wrong once done by three monarchies to Poland shall be redressed. Upon it depends whether the Balkan states, too long dominated by Turkish misrule, shall be allowed to develop their own national characteristics, ideals and traditions. I might continue this imaginary circumnavigation of the globe until I came to China, further to the republics of South America, which are now uneasily watching the progress of the war, calculating on the prospect of their own future hopelessly compromised unless the cause for which we are fighting is triumphant in the end.

No such war was dreamed of in the annals of history. No such war was possible until the development of science, industry and transportation had rendered it possible for a knot of men in Potsdam to threaten the liberties of the remote corners of the world. They will not succeed.

Their plans have long been laid, their preparations were carefully matured and cruelly applied. Nothing stood in the way. Morals, humanity, the law of nations, the law of love, the law of pity, all were set aside for success. Success will never be obtained along those lines.

How soon peace will come none can prophesy. It may be soon, it may be far in the future. It may come gradually or suddenly. Sometimes I think that when peace comes, it will be as the summer in this country, succeeding in a day the cold, cheerless winter. When the time comes, all nations will have risen to protect ideals more valuable than wealth or life.

I rejoice that every man of English speech, whether he dwell in the British Isles, in Canada, in Australia, in India, in Africa or in the United States, may feel that he has thrown in his lot for no selfish object, no gain of territory, no vulgar ambition, but for the purest, noblest purpose on earth.

During his return to Washington Mr. Balfour stopped at Ashland, Virginia, to greet the students of Randolph-Macon College, the alma mater of Walter H. Page, the American ambassador to Great Britain. On the campus many students were presented to him.

THE PRINCE OF UDINE IN WASHINGTON

The scope of the work outlined for the Italian envoys, while in general similar to that which called to America the French and British missions, was to take into account some peculiar problems which confronted the Government at Rome. For one thing, Italy's transportation needs were regarded as much greater than those of her northern allies, because she was heavily dependent upon the outside world, particularly America, for raw materials. She needed thousands of tons of American coal to keep her factories in operation, and great quantities of iron and steel for war manufactures. Lumber and selected hardwoods were also needed from America for war construction work. In the matter of food, Italy was perhaps better off than the other Allies, but she still was in want of quantities of grain. Unlike the French and British, who eat only small grain such as wheat and rye, the Italians are fond of Indian corn, which is the basis of the famous national dish, "polenta." Italy's financial problems resembled those of the other Entente Allies. Already she had felt the great bene-

fit of American aid in reduced exchange rates and in the moral encouragement given to her population. With these bases for discussion, the mission expected to be busied in Washington for at least a month. The head of the mission, the Prince of Udine, the eldest son of the Duke of Genoa, and then Regent of Italy, in the absence from Rome of King Victor Emmanuel at the front, said in a statement to the press:

Italy, which for many centuries has been divided and harassed by the oppression of foreign rulers and which has furnished a long list of illustrious defenders of human rights and of the laws which should regulate warfare; Italy, which in the middle of the last century succeeded at last in freeing herself and becoming a united nation, which drew its power from the principle of nationality and independence, has acclaimed with great enthusiasm the generous intervention of the American people, who have joined the Allies to bring about the triumph of the principles upon which alone can be founded steadfastly peace and human progress.

On May 24 the Italian Commission was received by President Wilson at the White House, that day being the second anniversary of Italy's entrance into the war. The Prince, as the official spokesman, handed to the President a personal letter from King Victor Emmanuel, and made, himself, a brief address, as follows:

I am proud, indeed, Mr. President, belonging as I do to a house which has never conceived royal power otherwise than associated with the most complete

liberty of the people, to have been chosen, together with the gentlemen of this commission, to greet you on behalf of my King and cousin. You will read the message which the King of Italy, a faithful interpreter of our country's thought, has addressed to you. Permit me, however, to express the great sympathy and deep admiration which I feel for this great and noble country. As an Italian, a sailor, and a Prince, I consider it a happy omen that I and my colleagues, who have been chosen by the Government from among the worthiest, should be the symbols of the fulfilment of a sincere aspiration of ours. I rejoice that Italy is now united in a brotherhood of arms with the American people and that it will always in the future be united with them by common ideals for the carrying out of the work of liberty and of civilization.

THE PRINCE IN MOUNT VERNON

On May 27 the Italian mission made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and laid on the tomb of Washington a bronze wreath. It was the first time that any member of the Italian royal house had ever visited Mount Vernon, indeed, the first time in many years that any European prince had visited the place. As the *Mayflower* approached the landing at Mount Vernon and a bugler sounded taps, the party stood respectfully along the rail, the prince and other military or naval officers saluting. The bronze wreath, which had been made in Italy, specially for the occasion, was carried into the tomb by four Italian bluejackets and laid near the bronze wreath which Marshal Joffre had placed there a few weeks before. The Prince entered the

tomb, his head uncovered, stood at salute as the wreath was deposited, and then addressed the party in English, as follows:

To-day at the tomb of George Washington, while we reaffirm our promise never to hesitate in war and to offer to your just cause our fortunes and our persons, we affirm solemnly that we look upon war as the necessary *Via Dolorosa* which leads to universal justice and peace.

I desire to make myself the interpreter of those sentiments from which the House of Savoy has always derived its strength and which to-day form its prestige. In the name of my august cousin, the King of Italy, and in the name of all the people of Italy, I wish solemnly to declare, in this place sacred to the American nation, that we shall never lay down our arms until our liberty and the liberties of the peoples who are suffering with us shall be rendered safe against all surprises and all violence, and, at the same time, I affirm once more that our victory must be that of progress and of justice.

Guglielmo Marconi followed the Prince, speaking also in English:

The fellowship of America in the struggle is dear and welcome to all the Allies, but particularly to Italy. Italians and Americans both have had to fight and fight hard for their rights and their independence. Millions of Italians have enjoyed the hospitality of America, have contributed by their labor

to its development, and have been able to appreciate its freedom.

THE PRINCE IN THE SENATE

On May 31 the Prince of Udine on the floor of the Senate, delivered, in the name of King Victor Emmanuel, a message to the American people, welcoming the entrance of the United States into the war as the final moral justification of the cause for which the Allies were fighting. He was received with great enthusiasm by the Senate, to whom he was introduced by Vice President Marshall. He appeared in the full dress uniform of a naval captain and was accompanied by the other leading members of the mission. The Senators, many members of the House and officials, followed his slow English with deep interest. He said:

Italy wants the safety of her boundaries and her coast, and she wants to secure herself against new aggressions. But Italy has not been and never will be an element of discord in Europe, and as she willed her own free national existence at the cost of any sacrifice, so she will contribute with all her strength to the free existence and development of other nations. Europe has been plunged into the war without any justifying motives, perhaps without any motive at all beyond the will of a small oligarchy, and that little, guiltless nations, with masterpieces of art and treasuries of industry within their territories, had been barbarously sacrificed.

You bring us the sacred recognition of our right; you bring us moral confidence, and the conviction

that our cause is holy and that the great free democracy shares our feeling, our spirit and our hope.

In this hour of danger, in which military absolutism is threatening every one, there are nations that have forgotten old and new competitions and have united to defeat this menace to the common safety. We are in a more fortunate position. Between the United States of America and Italy there has never been any cause of conflict. This new and closer union means for us a greater bond of sympathy and solidarity, added to those which already linked us.

This long friendship without strife, this union without mistrust, this cloudless future, are enhanced by the fact that both our peoples are at war to defend the same ideas of humanity and justice.

You bring all the enthusiasm of your national youth to science and to labor. Our enemies are aware that you will bring into the war, which is flooding Europe with blood and making the earth barren, the invaluable strength of your men and of your wealth. For this most noble adherence to our cause, given without any thought of conquest or of material wealth, we shall always be grateful to you.

By proclaiming that right is more precious than peace; that autocratic governments, supported by the force of arms, are a menace to civilization; by affirming the necessity of guaranteeing the safety of the world's democracies; by proclaiming the right of small nations to live and to prosper, America has now, through the action of her President, acquired a title of merit which history will never forget.

With our united efforts we shall vanquish all these difficulties, and that which the force of arms, secretly prepared and unexpectedly employed, was not able to accomplish, will not be accomplished by disloyal means on land and water. We shall triumph over all these difficulties if we continue our efforts in brotherly agreement, united by the great duty which we now have voluntarily taken upon us for a cause which is superior to all worldly interests and which partakes an almost divine nobility.

THE PRINCE AND SIGNOR MARCONI IN THE HOUSE

On June 2 the House gave an enthusiastic reception to the Prince of Udine, Guglielmo Marconi, and other members of the Italian commission. They were escorted to the Speaker's rostrum amid prolonged applause, the Prince being seated on the right of the Speaker, who introduced him. The Prince said:

Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, no one could appreciate the honor of your invitation more than myself and my colleagues.

To address the Representatives of the greatest among new democracies at a time when the destinies of humanity are awaiting decision, at a time when our destiny and yours depend on the issue of the war, to bring you the greeting of distant brothers who are fighting for the same ideals at the foot of the snowy Alps or in the deadly trenches, to express to you our feelings and our sympathy for your feelings—all those are for me so many reasons for legitimate pride.

During our brief stay among you we have found everywhere the most joyous welcome and the most friendly cordiality. Everywhere it was not only friendly words that greeted us but also friendly souls who welcomed us.

We have felt deeply moved by this.

We know, gentlemen, that such cordial sentiments, such hearty friendship, are meant not so much for our persons as for our beautiful and distant country; our country, of which every foot is sacred to us because of its century-old greatness and sufferings and because of the noble share which it has always had in human thought and history.

But your great Republic, when it grants us such courteous hospitality, honors still more that which at the present moment is dearest to us—the efforts of Italy's soldiers, the noble sacrifice of so many young lives freely given for their country and for civilization and in defense of ideas which you have made your own and which we all love.

In the name of the soldiers of Italy, one of whom I am proud to be; in the name of all those who are fighting on the mountains, on the plains, and on the treacherous seas; in the name of those to whom your words of friendship have brought a message of hope and faith across the ocean, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

The aims of the war for the allied nations were pointed out by President Wilson in his magnificent message, which will not only remain in the minds of our descendants as a historic event, but which has al-

ready aroused, because of its moral force, intense admiration among all civilized peoples. We shall be satisfied, whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to make, when the rights of humanity are assured, when the guaranties of peace are effectual, and when free nations are able to work for their own prosperity and elevation.

President Wilson has proclaimed that to the Americans right is more precious than peace and that the people of the United States are ready to shed their blood in defense of those principles in the name of which they became a nation.

For the sake of the same principles we are ready to face every sacrifice and every sorrow.

We are fighting a terrible war. Our enemies were long since prepared for it, while we were content to live, trusting in peace, and only sought to contribute to the development of our people and to the progress of our country, almost unconscious of the clouds which so suddenly grew dark over our heads.

We came into the war when we realized that there was no room for neutrals and that neutrality was neither possible nor desirable, when the freedom of all democratic nations was threatened and the very existence of free peoples was at stake.

Ever since that day we have not hesitated before any danger or any suffering. Our wide fighting front presents conditions of exceptional difficulty. The enemy is, or has been until now, in possession of the best positions. He has dug deep trenches; he has concealed his guns among the mountains. We are

even compelled to fight at altitudes of eight and ten thousand feet in spots where it seemed impossible that any fighting should ever take place. We are alone on our wide and treacherous front, and every step forward that we take, every progress that we accomplish, costs us great efforts and many lives. The enthusiasm of our soldiers has often helped them among the glaciers of the Alps and the many snares of the Carso to triumph over difficulties which seemed to defy every human effort. But the deep faith which burns in them kept their strength alive.

We must, we will, triumph over other difficulties and other insidious devices.

Nature, which gave us our pure skies, our mild climate, has denied us almost entirely the two great necessities of modern industry—coal and iron. Therefore, with industries still in course of formation, Italy has had ever since their inception to overcome obstacles which appeared insuperable. Italy occupies one of the first places in Europe as regards the number and power of her waterfalls; but this wealth, which constitutes the great reserve of the future, has only been partly exploited until now. The treacherous enemy, who has long since prepared the weapons of aggression, not having obtained victory on the field, is now trying by means of submarine warfare to endanger our existence, to cause a scarcity of food, and, above all, a scarcity of the coal which Italy needs for her ammunition factories, for her railways, and for her industries.

We have reduced our consumption of all necessi-

ties, and we are ready to reduce it still further within the limits of possibility. We do not complain of the privations that we have to endure. Wealth itself has no value if life and liberty are endangered. And when millions of soldiers offer their young lives for their country there is not one among the civil population who is not ready to make any sacrifice.

But to overcome the dangers of the submarines, which, in defiance of every law of humanity, are not only destroying wealth but endangering the lives of peaceful travelers, sinking hospital ships, and murdering women and children, we must all make a great effort.

We must unite all our forces to oppose the strongest resistance to the insidious devices of the enemy. You possess a great and magnificent industrial organization. You, more than any one, are in a position to put an end to the enemy's barbarous dream and to create with your energy much more than he can destroy.

This great and terrible trial can only make us better men. They who know how to offer to the fatherland their wealth and their lives; they who give themselves unto death and, more than themselves, that which is sweetest and most sacred, their children; they who are ready to suffer and to die; they will know when the morrow dawns how to contribute to civilization new elements of moral nobility and of strength.

We must not grieve over our sorrows. When we

fight for the rights of humanity we are conscious that we are elevating ourselves morally.

When America proclaimed herself one with us a great joy ran through every city and every little village of Italy. We knew the full value of your co-operation, and at the same time we appreciated the nobility of your sentiments.

The families of 3,000,000 Italians who dwell in the United States under the protection of your hospitable and just laws felt a deep sense of joy.

Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, the words which His Majesty the King of Italy, first among our soldiers, wrote to your President expressed his feelings and those of all his people.

To-morrow when the news reaches Italy that this Congress, which represents the will of the American Nation, has desired to give to our mission the supreme honor of welcoming it in its midst your friendly words will reach the farthestmost points where men are fighting and suffering. And in the trenches, at the foot of the majestic Alps, there where the struggle is bitterest and where death is ever present, a thrill of joy and of hope will be felt—the joy of a sincere union, the hope of certain victory.

At the conclusion of the Prince's address, the Speaker said he was "certain that every member of the House would be delighted to see and hear the man who invented wireless telegraphy, Signor Marconi." Prolonged applause greeted the inventor when he rose to reply:

Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, I appre-

ciate very highly the honor and the privilege of being allowed to say a word to you in this assembly. Up to two minutes ago I did not know that I would have the honor of being called upon to say a few words here, and I sincerely thank the Speaker for the privilege. I have had the pleasure of listening to the words spoken by the chief of our mission, his royal highness the Prince of Udine, and there is very little that I could add to his expressions or to his feelings, which are the feelings of the whole of Italy, which are feelings of friendship for this country and of appreciation for the great step which it has taken in joining us and our allies in Europe in this great war.

There is one thing that I can add, however. It is that it was my privilege to live for many years in America and I think I know America and Americans fairly well. I flatter myself that I know them very well. No one more than myself rejoices in the fact that we in Italy have America with us. I have worked in America and America has always been, in a large way, in my plans, for without America my work could not have succeeded. I have learned to appreciate in America two things that I can express in two words—justice and fair play. You are ready to back anything that you think may be of good to the world, and you are ready to encourage any honest endeavor to advance science or the applications of science; and although you are the greatest industrial Nation in the world, although there is healthy competition—and it is only by that healthy competition there can be such progress—what you do here is always fair.

I can say that with absolute conviction from the bottom of my heart.

Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House, I thank you very much for the way in which you have received this mission, for the way in which you have received the utterances of His Royal Highness, the president of our mission, and for the way in which you have received the very few remarks I have been able to improvise.

BARON MONCHEUR IN WASHINGTON

On June 20 Baron Moncheur, of the Belgian mission, expressed to the American people, through the Washington correspondents, Belgium's gratitude for America's "generous outpouring of material assistance and sympathy," and paid a special tribute to Herbert C. Hoover for his Belgian relief work, as follows:

The purpose of our visit to this country is to express to your Government and people the heartfelt gratitude of Belgium for the generous outpouring of material assistance and sympathy which have gone so far to save my stricken countrymen from the horrors of famine and to maintain their unshaken courage in this hour of trial.

Our warm gratitude to you for this help will never cool, but you are now adding still more to our great debt. Our people, saved from famine, still groan under the yoke of a merciless invader. Of all the peoples of the world none have ever had a more flaming love of liberty than those of Belgium, and

this makes their suffering the more acute. Your entry into the war not only brings to us the satisfaction of finding in an old friend a new ally, but fires us with complete confidence in an early and victorious issue of the great struggle which has brought to my country so much of misery and suffering.

Our admiration for your decision in entering the war is all the greater because we know that you did so in full knowledge of all its horrors, and realized fully the sacrifices you will be called upon to make, the tears that will flow, the inevitable heartache and sorrow that will darken your homes. This shows us, as nothing else could, the determination of your country to see that when peace comes it shall be an honest peace, one that can last, and one that will bring freedom and happiness to all nations.

In voicing my country's gratitude I am happy to be able to pay a tribute of admiration and affection to Mr. Hoover, under whose able and untiring direction the great work of feeding Belgium was carried on. We rejoice for you that a man so eminently fitted by ability and experience should be at your service in handling the great food problems that confront you.

From being one of the foremost industrial nations of the world, ranking fourth among exporting countries, Belgium for the time being has been ruthlessly wiped out. Her factories are closed. With cold calculation for the ruin of the country, the invader has even removed the machinery from our factories and shipped it to Germany as part of a far-sighted and

cynical program of economic annihilation. And, worst of all, a part of Belgium's unoffending laboring class has been torn from their families and sent to toil in Germany under a system that would have offended the moral sense of the Middle Ages.

But this is only a passing phase. Belgian confidence and courage have never wavered. On the day of deliverance sounds of industry will again be heard. And on that final day of victory the friendship of our two peoples, purified in the fire of suffering, will emerge greater and stronger than ever and unite us in even stronger bonds that shall, God willing, never be broken.

On June 17 the Belgian Commissioners called at the White House and handed President Wilson an autograph letter from King Albert, which read as follows:

I commend to Your Excellency's kindly reception the mission which bears this letter. This mission will express to the President the feelings of understanding and enthusiastic admiration with which my government and people have received the decision reached by him in his wisdom. The mission will also tell you how greatly the important and glorious rôle enacted by the United States has confirmed the confidence which the Belgian nation has always had in free America's spirit of justice.

The great American nation was particularly moved by the unwarranted and violent attacks made upon Belgium. It has sorrowed over the distress of my subjects, subjected to the yoke of the enemy. It has suc-

cored them with incomparable generosity. I am happy to have an opportunity again to express to Your Excellency the gratitude which my country owes you and the firm hope entertained by Belgium that on the day of reparation, toward which America will contribute so bountifully, full and entire justice will be rendered to my country.

My government has chosen to express its sentiments to Your Excellency through two distinguished men, whose services will command credence for what they have to say—Baron Moncheur, who for eight years was my representative at Washington, and Lieutenant General Leclercq, who has earned high appreciation during a long military career.

I venture to hope, Mr. President, that you will accord full faith and credence to everything that they say, especially when they assure you of the hopes I entertain for the happiness and prosperity of the United States of America and of my faithful and very sincere friendship.

ALBERT.

In presenting the King's letter, Baron Moncheur said:

Since the first days of the greatest tragedy which has ever befallen humanity, Belgium has contracted an immense debt of gratitude to the generous American nation. In a magnificent outburst of sympathy for the little country which had chosen to delay a powerful and pitiless enemy rather than to tarnish its honor or forswear its plighted word, the initiative of American citizens gave to the unfortunate victims

of German cruelty in Belgium the most splendid evidences of generosity.

But the chivalrous sentiments which animate the people of the United States went further than this when President Wilson, giving an admirable example of disinterested power, uttered the words well fitted to make us tremble with hope and to cause us to fix our eyes confidently upon the starry banner which has become more than ever the symbol of strength placed at the service of the highest and most pure principles.

Yes, Belgium will again take her place among the nations. The enemy brought us massacre and devastation, but there still remains to the Belgian people their soil, made fertile by the toil of their ancestors; there still remains to Belgium an industrious population of unconquerable energy.

Leaning upon the young, strong, and generous hand which the American people holds out to her, Belgium, once she is delivered from the oppression of the enemy, will arise, and, throwing aside the odious weight of foreign occupation, will, courageously and proudly, resume the path of progress in the light of the sun of liberty.

President Wilson, in thanking Baron Moncheur, and through him King Albert, said:

Your Excellency is good enough to express the thanks of the Belgian people for the participation of America in feeding the people of your stricken country. This work in which so many Americans have

been enthusiastically engaged since the beginning of the war is one which has brought as much benefit to them as to the innocent civilian population whom it was intended to aid.

America engaged upon this work as being the only means, however inadequate, of expressing our deep and sincere admiration for the valiant nation that has gone forth unhesitatingly to meet the onslaughts of a ruthless enemy rather than sacrifice her honor and her self-respect.

The American people have been able to understand and glory in the unflinching heroism of the Belgian people and their sovereign, and there is not one among us who does not to-day welcome the opportunity of expressing to you our heartfelt sympathy and friendship, and our solemn determination that on the inevitable day of victory Belgium shall be restored to the place she has so richly won among the self-respecting and respected nations of the earth.

BARON MONCHEUR IN THE SENATE

On June 22, the Belgian Mission was received in the Senate Chamber with a great demonstration. Baron Moncheur made an address and at its conclusion all the Senators were presented to him and to the other members of the commission. His address was as follows:

You all know the unspeakable evils which have befallen my unfortunate country—the unprovoked invasion, accompanied by a deliberate system of terror, the burning of many of our thriving cities, and of

innumerable villages, the massacre of thousands of our peaceful citizens, the pillage and devastation of our country.

Then followed the iron hand of foreign domination, enormous war contributions exacted from all the nine provinces of Belgium, ruinous requisitions of all sorts from our people, the seizure of the raw material of industry, and even the theft of our machinery which was sent into the country of our enemy for his own use, so that now the silence of death reigns in our industrial centers which before had been the most active in Europe.

You also know, gentlemen, the way in which this régime of oppression has been carried out—eighty thousand Belgians condemned in the space of one year to various penalties for having displeased the invader, as, for example, the noble Burgomaster of Brussels, who has been in imprisonment for the past two years for trying to uphold the principle of civic liberty which for centuries has been so dear to all Belgians.

You have learned also of the deportation of our workmen into Germany—a crime the horrors of which, according to the opinion of one of our countrymen, should cause more indignation throughout the entire world than all the previous outrages against the sacred principles of justice and of humanity.

But Belgium, even in the midst of the terrible misfortunes which have been brought upon her by her fidelity to treaties and by respect for her plighted word, does not regret her decision, and there is not

a single Belgian worthy of the name who does not now, as on the first day of war, approve the judgment of our Government that it is better to die, if need be, rather than to live without honor. Like Patrick Henry, all Belgians say, "Give me liberty or give me death."

This sentiment will be shared by all the citizens of the great American nation, who responded with such enthusiasm and with such unanimity to the noble words of your President, when, in terms which held the world spellbound, he proclaimed the imprescriptible right of justice over force.

The courage of my fellow-countrymen has been strengthened, also, by the sympathy for our misfortunes which has been manifested throughout your great land. American initiative has bestowed most generous help upon our starving population, and in offering from this tribune the expression of gratitude of every Belgian heart, I wish, also, to render special homage to that admirable organization, the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which has done so much to save our people from starvation.

Yes, gentlemen, the sympathy of America gives us new courage, and while King Albert, who since the fateful day when our territory was violated, has remained steadfastly at the front, continues the struggle with indomitable energy at the head of our army intrenched upon the last strip of our soil that remains to us, while the Queen, that worthy companion of a great sovereign, expends her unceasing efforts to comfort and relieve the victims of battle, exciting

enthusiasm by her contempt for the danger to which she exposes herself day by day, on the other side of the enemy's lines of steel stand the Belgian people, bowed between the yoke but never conquered, maintaining their unshaken patriotism in spite of the enemy as well as in spite of his iron rule. The Belgian population, a martyr whose courage is upheld by our great Cardinal Mercier, awaits silently in the sacred union of all parties the final hour of deliverance.

That hour, gentlemen, will, I am convinced, be materially hastened by the powerful aid of the United States, and the time approaches when Belgium, restored to full and complete independence, both politically and economically, will be able to thank in a fitting manner all those who have aided her to emerge from the darkness of the tomb into the glorious light of a new life.

BARON MONCHEUR IN THE HOUSE

On June 27 the Belgian Mission, headed by Baron Moncheur, was received in the House, the galleries crowded, and the floor filled with members, who gave them a cordial reception. Baron Moncheur spoke, in part, as follows:

If, years ago, I admired your country in the fulness of prosperity, and wondered at your industrial genius and the marvelous activity of your citizens, it is with even greater admiration that I now see your entire nation rise as one man to answer the voice of your President calling upon you to put forth all your efforts and devotion for the defense of freedom and

the rights of mankind. All the sons of America, without distinction of race or of party, have rallied to your flag. They think only of their duty to their country. They are ever ready to sacrifice their private and personal interests and, leaving behind them their dear ones, who will be plunged in grief and tears on account of their absence, they rally to the Star-Spangled Banner, which for the first time in your history has crossed the ocean to float over the battlefields of the Old World.

As in the Middle Ages the knights were accustomed to hold a vigil, watching their armor in the chapel, so you to-day are making the same holy and prayerful preparation for the battle to come. Everywhere you are carrying on work which day by day brings nearer the moment of supreme victory. While the flower of American youth is preparing itself in your splendid training camps, your shipyards, your factories, and your munition plants sound with the hum of feverish work providing your soldiers with the implements of war. American aviation, that marvelous product of the New World, is making ready to lend its powerful aid, also, to support our armies. Is it not natural indeed that the American Eagle should from the skies strike the death blow to the enemy?

After your great stroke for liberty in 1776 you formed a society which you called the Order of the Cincinnati to indicate that when war was finished you knew how to beat your swords into plowshares; and now, when war has been forced upon you, you have given proof that you know equally well how to turn

your plowshares into swords. Some twenty years ago Prince Albert, of Belgium, heir to a throne which seemed to be safely sheltered from the blast of war, came to America, where he studied with the deepest interest your marvelous country and the wonderful works of industry and commerce which you had developed in the quietude of peace. And now how can I express the sentiment which fills his heroic soul when, fighting at the head of his troops in the last trench on Belgian soil, he sees the sons of that same industrious America land upon the coast of Europe, brave champions of the most noble principles, and ready to lay down their lives in defense of right and justice.

On a certain occasion a mighty sovereign declared, "the Pyrenees exist no more," and to-day we can say with even more truth, "there is no longer any ocean"—for endless friendship, cemented by gratitude and joint effort and suffering in the cause of justice and liberty, will forever obliterate the barrier of the seas and unite the children of old Belgium to the sons of the young and powerful republic of the New World.

MR. BAKHMETIEFF IN WASHINGTON

On June 21 the determination of Russia to war with German autocracy to the end was avowed in Washington by Special Ambassador Boris A. Bakhmetieff, head of the Russian mission, in a statement to the American people. Only through victory, he said, could a stable world-peace and the fruits of the Russian revolution be secured. This statement read:

In behalf of the Russian Provisional Government

and in behalf of all the people of new Russia, I have been first of all sent here to express their gratitude to the Government of the United States for the prompt recognition of the new political order in Russia.

This noble action of the world's greatest democracy has afforded us strong moral support and has created among the people a general feeling of profound appreciation. Close and active relationship between the two nations based upon complete and sincere understanding encountered inevitable obstacles during the old régime because of its very nature. The situation is now radically changed with free Russia starting a new era in her national life. The natural and deep feeling of sympathy which always existed between the people of the two great nations will grow now by the force of events into a stable friendship, into permanent and active cooperation.

I have been in this country heretofore on several occasions. I have here many friends and have always looked forward to a close union and friendship between the United States and Russia. The United States, with its enormous natural resources and its wonderful genius for organization, can now greatly aid in the work of reconstruction which is taking place in Russia.

Another object of our mission is to establish the most effective means by which the American and Russian democracies can work hand in hand in the common task of successfully carrying on the war. The

friendly assistance which the United States has already rendered has been of the highest value.

The Provisional Government is actually mobilizing all its resources and is making great efforts to organize the country and the army for the purpose of conducting the war. We hope to establish a very close and active cooperation with the United States in order to secure the most successful and intensive accomplishments of all work necessary for our common end. For the purpose of discussing all matters relating to military affairs, munitions and supplies, railways and transportations, finance and agriculture, our mission includes eminent and distinguished specialists.

On the other hand, I hope that the result of our stay and work in America will bring about a clear understanding on the part of your public of what has happened in Russia, and also of the present situation and the end for which our people are most earnestly striving. There have been many and various narratives of what has been and is taking place in Russia, but there seems to be lack of exact and true comprehension. Our commission will make every endeavor to throw light upon the very great and world important events of the Russian Revolution.

The achievements of the revolution are to be formally set forth in fundamental laws enacted by a Constitutional Assembly, which is to be convoked as soon as possible. In the meanwhile the Provisional Government is confronted with the task of bringing into life the democratic principles which were promulgated during the revolution. It is actively en-

gaged in reconstructing the very life of the entire country along democratic lines, introducing freedom, equality and self-government.

New Russia received from the old Government a burdensome heritage of economic and technical disorganization, which affected all branches of the life of the State, a disorganization which weighs yet heavily on the whole country. The Provisional Government is doing everything in its power to relieve the difficult situation. It has adopted many measures for supplying plants with raw material and fuel, for regulating the transportation of the food supply for the army and for the country and for relieving the financial difficulties.

In this energetic work of reconstruction, essential for Russia's active participation in the war, the Provisional Government is steadily gaining in strength and activity. The latest reports demonstrate that the new Government has the capacity to carry on its work with vigor along practical lines, and is exercising real power which is daily increasing. Such power is based on the general confidence and full and wholehearted support accorded to the new coalition Ministry.

The participation in the new Government by new members who are active and prominent leaders in the Council of Workmen and Soldiers has secured full support from the democratic masses. The esteem in which such leaders as Mr. Kerensky and others are held among the working classes and soldiers is con-

tributing to the strength and stability of the new Government.

The Constitutional-Democratic Party, the Labor Party, the Socialist-Populists, and excepting a small group of extremists, the Social Democrats—all these parties, embracing the vast majority of the people, are represented by strong leaders in the new Government, thereby securing for it authority. Firmly convinced that unity of power is essential and casting aside class and special interests, all social and political elements have joined in the national program which the new Government proclaimed and which it is striving to fulfil. This program follows:

“The Provisional Government, rejecting, in accord with the whole people of Russia, all thought of separate peace, puts it openly as its deliberate purpose the promptest achievement of universal peace, such peace to presume no dominion over other nations, no seizure of their national property nor any forced usurpation of foreign territory; peace with no annexations or contributions, based upon the free determination by each nation of its destinies.

“Being fully convinced that the establishment of democratic principles in its internal and external policy has created a new factor in the striving of allied democracies for durable peace and fraternity of all nations, the Provisional Government will take preparatory steps for an agreement with the Allies founded on its declaration of March 27. The Provisional Government is conscious that the defeat of Russia and her Allies would be the source of the

greatest misery and would not only postpone but even make impossible the establishment of universal peace on a firm basis.

“The Provisional Government is convinced that the revolutionary army of Russia will not allow the German troops to destroy our Allies on the western front and then fall upon us with the whole might of their weapons. The chief aim of the Provisional Government will be to fortify the democratic foundations of the army and organize and consolidate the army’s fighting power for its defensive as well as offensive purposes.”

The last decision of the Russian Congress of the Workingmen’s and Soldiers’ Delegates, the decision of the All-Russian Peasant Congress, the decision of the Duma, the voice of the country as expressed from day to day by almost the entire Russian press, in resolutions adopted at different conferences and congresses—all these confirm their full support to this national program and leave not the slightest doubt that Russia is decided as to the necessity to fight the German autocracy until the conditions for a general and stable peace in Europe are established.

Such decision is becoming more and more evident each day by practical work and results and shows itself in the pressing and rapid reorganization of the army which is now being fulfilled under the firm and efficient measures adopted by Minister Kerensky.

The Russian people thoroughly understand and are fully convinced that it is absolutely necessary to root out the autocratic principles which underlie and are

represented by German militarism and which threaten the peace, the freedom and the happiness of the world. The Russian people feel most keenly that no stable peace can be secured until the German autocratic principles are destroyed, and that otherwise the revolution will have been in vain and its achievements will perish.

New Russia, in full accord with the motives which impelled the United States to enter the war, is striving to destroy tyranny, to establish peace on a secure and permanent foundation and to make the world safe for democracy. We are representing here the political unity which has been crystallized in Russia and around which a national program has been developed. To our host of friends in the United States we appeal and without distinction of party or class we will work hand in hand for the common cause.

The Russian mission was entertained the same evening by President Wilson at a state dinner at the White House with members of the Cabinet, Congressional leaders and high officials of the army and navy present.

MR. BAKHMETIEFF IN THE HOUSE

Professor Boris Bakhmetieff and other members of the Russian Commission received a tumultuous reception in the House of Representatives on June 23, when they gave assurance of their country's earnest purpose to continue the war. The event was perhaps the most hearty and spontaneous of all the receptions given to special commissioners of foreign powers. Half a dozen times members rose and applauded. It was sometimes necessary for the Speaker to

bang his gavel to stop the uproar. Members who on previous visits of missions had merely applauded or remained quietly in their seats, now cheered loudly. Men, women, and children in the galleries caught the wave of enthusiasm, shouting and waving handkerchiefs. Professor Bakhmetieff, who spoke in excellent English and with much fervor, said:

When addressing you on behalf of the Government and the people of new Russia, when conveying to you the greetings of the new-born Russian democracy, you will conceive how impressed I am by the historical significance of this moment.

Does not one feel occasionally that the very greatness and significance of events are not fully appreciated, due to the facility and spontaneity with which the great change has been completed? Does one realize what it really means to humanity that a nation of 180,000,000, a country boundless in expanse, has been suddenly set free from the worst of oppression, has been given the joy of a free, self-conscious existence?

Instead of the old forms there are now being firmly established and deeply embedded in the minds of the nation principles that power is reposed and springs from and only from the people. To effectuate these principles and to enact appropriate fundamental laws is going to be the main function of the constitutional assembly which is to be convoked as promptly as possible.

This assembly, elected on a democratic basis, is to represent the will and constructive power of the na-

tion. It will inaugurate the forms of future political existence as well as establish the fundamental basis of economic structure of future Russia. Eventually all main questions of national being will be brought before and will be decided by the constitutional assembly, constitution, civil and criminal law, administration, nationalities, religion, reorganization of finance, land problem, conditionment of labor, annihilation of all restrictive legislation, encouragement of intense and fruitful development of the country. These are the tasks of the assembly, the aspirations and hopes of the nation.

Gentlemen of the House, do you not really feel that the assembly is expected to bring into life once more the grand principle which your illustrious President so aptly expressed in the sublime words, "Government by consent of the governed"? It is the Provisional Government that is governing Russia at present. It is the task of the Provisional Government to conduct Russia safely to the constitutional assembly.

Guided by democratic precepts, the Provisional Government meanwhile is reorganizing the country on the basis of freedom, equality, and self-government, rebuilding its economic and financial structure.

The outstanding feature of the present Government is its recognition as fundamental and all important of the principles of legality. It is manifestly understood in Russia that the law, having its origin in the people's will, is the substance of the very existence of the State.

Reposing confidence in such rule, the Russian peo-

ple are rendering to the new authorities their support. The people are realizing more and more that for the very sake of further freedom law must be maintained and manifestation of anarchy suppressed.

In this respect local life has exemplified wonderful exertion of spontaneous public spirit which has contributed to the most effective process of self-organization of the nation. On many occasions, following the removal of the old authorities, a new elected administration has naturally arisen, conscious of national interest and often developing in its spontaneity amazing examples of practical statesmanship.

It is these conditions, which provide that the Provisional Government is gaining every day in importance and power; is gaining capacity to check elements of disorder, derived either from attempts at reaction or extremism. At the present time the Provisional Government has started to take most decisive measures in that respect, employing force when necessary, although always striving for peaceful solution.

The last resolutions, which have been framed by the Council of Workingmen, the Congress of Peasants, and other democratic organizations, render the best proof of the general understanding of the necessity of creating strong power. The coalitionary character of the new cabinet, which includes eminent Socialist leaders, and represents all the vital elements of the nation, therefore enjoying its full support, is most effectively securing the unity and power of the Central Government, the lack of which was so keenly felt during the first two months after the revolution.

Realizing the grandeur and complexity of the present events and conscious of the danger which is threatening the very achievements of the revolution, the Russian people are gathering around the new Government, united on a "national program." It is this program of "national salvation" which has united the middle classes, as well as the Populists, the labor elements, and Socialists. Deep political wisdom has been exhibited by subordinating class interests and differences to national welfare. In this way this Government is supported by an immense majority of the nation, and outside of reactionaries only, is being opposed by comparatively small groups of extremists and internationalists.

As to foreign policy, Russia's national program has been clearly set forth in the statement of the Provisional Government of March 27, and more explicitly in the declaration of the new Government of May 18.

With all emphasis may I state that Russia rejects any idea of separate peace. I am aware that rumors were circulated in this country that a separate peace seemed probable. I am happy to affirm that such rumors are wholly without foundation in fact. What Russia is aiming for is the establishment of a firm and lasting peace between democratic nations. The triumph of German autocracy would render such peace impossible. It would be the source of the greatest misery and besides that a threatening menace to Russia's freedom. The Provisional Government is making all endeavors to reorganize and fortify the army for action in common with its allies.

Gentlemen of the House, I will close my address by saying Russia will not fail to be a worthy partner in the "league of honor."

After this address, members of the mission stood in a receiving line while members of the House passed by. Every one warmly congratulated Ambassador Bakhmetieff on his address. "You see how we feel about it," Secretary McAdoo said, as he warmly pressed Mr. Bakhmetieff's hand. "I came up especially to hear you. It was a very fine address." Such expressions as, "You touched the point," "You've hit the bull's-eye," "You're a dandy," "You're a crackerjack," "You gave us a lot of reassurance we wanted to hear," accompanied handclasps as the members filed by.

THE BELGIANS AND RUSSIANS IN MOUNT VERNON

Again, on a Sunday—June 24—Mount Vernon was visited by European envoys. Those of Belgium and Russia united on that day in a visit. The two missions, accompanied by members of the Cabinet and other high Government officials, were taken down the Potomac in the *Mayflower*. The predominance of military uniforms and white civilian dress made an impressive sight as the gathering formed in a semi-circle about the tomb, over which flew the Belgian, Russian and American flags. Baron Moncheur, aided by Lieutenant General Leclercq, and Ambassador Bakhmetieff, aided by Lieutenant General Roop, placed floral wreaths in the tomb beside similar wreaths that had been laid there by Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani, Marshal Joffre, and the Prince of Udine. Baron Moncheur spoke earnestly and slowly:

In this solemn hour, when freedom is locked in

a death struggle with the powers of darkness, we come to pay homage to the great founder of American liberty.

Although his body lies here, his work survives, and his spirit still lives in the American people. I know of nothing which typifies that spirit better than the words of Washington, when, in bequeathing his sword to his nephew, he added the injunction that it should never be drawn except in defense of liberty and justice, and that, when once drawn, it should never be sheathed before the complete victory of right over wrong.

It is that spirit which animates your nation in the present as in the past. You looked across the sea and saw liberty struggling in the grasp of autocracy, that hideous monster, the enemy of mankind. You came to her aid, and by throwing your mighty sword into the scales you have insured that right will prevail, and that the world will be made safe for all honest nations—the small as well as the great.

You have done what Washington would have done. And therefore, in paying homage to the father of your country, I offer a tribute of devotion and gratitude to the whole American people.

Secretary Daniels then presented Ambassador Bakhmetieff, who said:

With a feeling of deepest veneration have we approached this sacred tomb. In the life of nations there happen to be times when the trivial every-day facts of existence, with all their common interests and

petty strife, shallow feeling and routine activity are replaced by epochs of blazing and impetuous development, unrestrained displays of creative genius; epochs when customs, habits and national interests are swept away in the irresistible flow of events; epochs when the days count for ages; epochs of historical cataclysm, turning points of history for mankind. Such epochs carry the greatest calamities and the greatest blessings. Bloodshed, slaughter, all the horrors of war and civil strife, all the miseries, sorrows, all the suffering of expiatory sacrifice, are characteristic of them.

But great is the burning idealism of individuals and nations, luminous the display of human nature in its primordial beauty, splendid the stately progress of victorious humanity, majestic the great sonorous footsteps of history. Such epochs breed their own men, heroes and symbols of grand feats. George Washington lived at such an epoch, he was the hero and spokesman of his time. Fate has bestowed on us the blessing to be witnesses and partakers of such an epoch from the smoking ruins of heroic Belgium and Poland, ruins soaked by blood of nameless martyrs.

From the cries of sorrow and misery of innocent victims there is rising the dawn of a new life, life of peaceful prosperity, justice and humanity, growing out of the conquered and smashed remnants of militant autocracy. To us Russians this epoch has brought emancipation, has set oppressed nations free, has abolished the injustice of racial prejudice. Nearly

two hundred million human beings have got the blessing of freedom which more than one hundred years ago George Washington had consecrated in this country. With a feeling of solemn veneration and overwhelming emotion I bestow on this immortal tomb this wreath as a tribute to the hero, to the knight of liberty and democracy, from the messengers of Russia's freedom.

MR. BAKHMETIEFF IN THE SENATE

On June 26 the Russian Mission was received in the Senate. Mr. Bakhmetieff's address was greeted with a demonstration equaling that made for him in the House. He spoke, in part, as follows:

At this moment all eyes are turned on Russia. Many hopes and doubts are raised by the tide of events in the greatest of revolutions at an epoch in the world's greatest war. The fate of nations, the fate of the world, is at stake. The revolution called for the reconstruction of the very foundation of our national life. The creation anew of a country of boundless expanse on distinctly new principles will, of course, take time, and impatience should not be shown in the consummation of so grand an event as Russia's entry into the ranks of free nations.

We should not forget that in this immense transformation various interests will seek to assert themselves, and, until the work of settlement is completed, a struggle among opposing currents is inevitable, and exaggerations cannot be avoided. Attempts on the part of disorganizing elements to take advantage of

this moment of transition must be expected and met with calmness and confidence.

Two considerations make me feel that Russia has passed the stage of the world when the future appeared vague and uncertain. In the first place is the firm conviction of the necessity of legality which is widely developing and firmly establishing itself through the country. This principle is based on the doctrine that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, and hence a strong government must be created by the will of the people. My latest advices give joyful confirmation of the establishment of a firm power, strong in its democratic precepts and activity, strong in the trust reposed in it by the people in its ability to enforce law and order.

In the second place and no less important is the growing conviction that the issues of the revolution and the future of Russia's freedom are closely connected with the fighting might of the country. It is such power, it is the force of arms which alone can define and make certain the achievements of the revolution against autocratic aggression. There has been a period closely following the revolution of almost total suspension of all military activity, a period of what appeared to be disintegration of the army, a period which gave rise to serious doubts and to gloomy forebodings. At the same time there ensued unlimited freedom of speech and of the press, which afforded opportunities for expression of the most extreme and anti-national views, from all of which resulted widespread rumors throughout the world that Russia

would abandon the war and conclude a separate peace with the Central Powers.

With all emphasis and with the deepest conviction, may I reiterate the statement that such rumors were wholly without foundation in fact. Russia rejects with indignation any idea of separate peace. What my country is striving for is the establishment of a firm and lasting peace between democratic nations. Russia is firmly convinced that a separate peace would mean the triumph of German autocracy, would render lasting peace impossible, create the greatest danger for democracy and liberty, and ever be a threatening menace to the new-born freedom of Russia.

Conscious of its enormous task, the Provisional Government is taking measures to promptly restore throughout the country conditions of life so deeply disorganized by the inefficiency of the previous rulers, and to provide for whatever is necessary for military success.

Russia wants the world to be safe for democracy. To make it safe means to have democracy rule the world.

RUMANIAN COMMISSIONERS IN WASHINGTON

A mission from Rumania reached Washington on June 29 and sought quarters at a hotel. Dr. Vasile Lucaci, the head of the party, was accompanied by Johan Mota and Lieut. V. Stocia. They called at the State Department next day, and, in the absence of a Rumanian diplomatic representative in Washington, introduced themselves. It was

the main purpose of this mission to stimulate recruiting for the Rumanian army among their countrymen in America. It was the second mission that had come to this country from a small nation, the Belgian being the first. When the United States entered the war, Premier Bratiano, of Rumania, had sent by cable a welcome to us, in which he said:

Rumania is happy and proud to be by the side of the United States in the fight against those who imagined they could violate and warp, as their strength and selfish interests might dictate, the normal and democratic development of the great human family.

Rumania entered the war in the autumn of 1916, to liberate Rumanians who had long been kept in Austrian bondage, and reunite them with their own people. Her army, as reorganized, was now believed to be ready to take the field again. Though defeated badly—the country being more than half overrun—she had not been put out of action. Her army remained practically intact, owing to its successful retreat. In this war, as in some other wars, it was not the taking of territory, but the destruction or capture of armies that counted. To Rumania's defeat two things had contributed—Rumania's own inadequate conception of the size of her task when Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians were all her enemies, and the failure of the Russian Government now under German influence to give her the support she expected. Both factors had disappeared from the situation by the summer of 1917. Rumania had no reason longer to fear high-placed Russian treachery, and she now had no illusions about the size of her task. She was counted on for good work whenever General Brusiloff should be able to give the signal.

III

IN THE WEST AND SOUTH

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE IN CHICAGO

The French mission, including M. Viviani, Marshal Joffre, and Admiral Chocheprat, left Washington by special train on May 3 for a tour of Middle Western States, extending over 3,200 miles. A great crowd gathered at the Union Station to see them off. On three tall flagstuffs were seen the flags of the United States, France, and Great Britain. Officials representing the State, Navy, and War Departments, Ambassador Jusserand, and other diplomats, followed the Frenchmen to their train. At 3:30 o'clock the train started, with the crowd cheering and the Frenchmen on the observation platform waving their hats until their car disappeared in the distance. M. Viviani had that day issued the following statement to Washington newspaper correspondents:

Gentlemen: Allow me to express my sincere regret if circumstances prevent my bidding you good-by in person this morning. But to-day every moment is taken up, and unfortunately I cannot shake hands with you individually. But I desire not to leave Washington without thanking you for the help you have so kindly extended to us, and the cordial and sympathetic way in which you have always spoken of our mission. Thanks to you, we have been enabled

to convey to every one our feelings of warm gratitude for the magnificent welcome we have received in Washington.

The mission will always retain a grateful recollection of the most charming hospitality which has been extended to it, and of all the delicate attentions by which it has been surrounded in this beautiful city Major L'Enfant so admirably designed. Our regrets are diminished by the thought that after the most interesting trip we are about to take we shall return to this city, where we can find no better conclusions to the journey we have so pleasantly begun. Consequently I bid you *au revoir*, not *adieu*.

In Chicago the half-day that followed the arrival was crowded with patriotic outbursts, beginning with a motor ride from the station through deep-canyoned city streets overhung with the tri-color of France, the Stars and Stripes, and the British flag. Women, equally with men, formed the vast crowds. Children not infrequently saluted the hero of the Marne with a shrill, "Vive la France," which brought always a smile and a salute from the great soldier. At a meeting in the Auditorium pandemonium for a time reigned. It was with great difficulty that the crowd could be subdued. M. Viviani said:

I was deeply touched with the applause which rang through the hall as the national air of France was played, and also that of America. I have also been very deeply impressed with the talks given by Mr. Bancroft, the Mayor of Chicago and the Governor of your State of Illinois.

In 1871 Fate was against us, and we suffered heavy losses. They took from us our Alsace and Lorraine. But we will have it—to-morrow! Our country has been very patient, in spite of many provocations, of which I might mention Tangier, Casa Blanca and others, but it was not until 1914 that it became imperative for us to defend our rights.

Germany, who had been preparing herself for this war for a period of forty-five years, then came forward, expecting to conquer in a few hours, a few days, or a few months. But all of our children answered the call as they would that of their own mother. While the enemy were temporarily successful as Fate was again against us, we withdrew until our general had completed his plans of defense; he then gave us the order, "En avant!" Then our soldiers, with blood in their eyes and determination in their hearts, responded bravely. Within a few days fifty kilometers of France had been retaken.

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I can recall that part your country played right from the opening of the war. As I recall seeing the first fifty-four American ambulances entered in the service I also remember the beautiful sight of your American women leaning over the beds of both our wounded and dying soldiers, and also recall the beautiful work done right from the start by your American doctors.

While you were a considerable distance from the seat of war, and while owing to the censor the true history of the battle of the Marne never reached you, it is impossible that you did not have some idea of the

battles of the Marne, Yser, Somme and Verdun. You should have seen the French army as it really was.

We could see our own sons bleeding and dying by the roadside, and notwithstanding this sight our army kept up its courage. Inspired by the feelings of democracy, the grand armies of France proceeded on their victorious way in keeping with the spirit of patriotism and democracy which has animated the hearts of their brethren in responding from this side of the Atlantic. It is this spirit which will lead us to the abolition of autocracy.

That is the reason the people of this country responded so freely to the call of your President Wilson for the freedom of the world.

In closing I am glad to extend the thanks of the commission to you, who have received us as brothers.

And may heaven's blessings fall upon each and all of you.

When M. Viviani referred to the first onrush of the German army almost to the doors of Paris, and the order of General Joffre to the army to take the historic offensive that drove them back thirty miles from the Marne, the hero of that battle brushed tears away with his clenched fist and rose impulsively to embrace the orator. Marshal Joffre, urged by repeated and vociferous demands, then made his first, though a very brief, speech in America, and brought cheering throngs to their feet amid waving flags.

In the evening a dinner was given to the visitors in the gold room of the Congress Hotel, the decorations French and American colors. Near the end of the dinner the main lights were flashed off and a French flag thrown up in red,

white and blue on the west wall, as all faced it and saluted, while the orchestra played the "Marseillaise." A set of incandescent lights representing the Stars and Stripes was then switched on, and all turned and saluted America's colors as the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung. Marshal Joffre stood at salute during these ceremonies, his massive figure soldierly and towering over the civilian proportions of Minister Viviani. In response to a toast, M. Viviani said:

Mr. McCormick has just recalled in the most flattering words, words which have gone straight to our hearts, the glorious memories of our common history.

I wonder as I speak what Lafayette would think of the development of his adventure. He well knew that he brought the help of French arms to the cause of American independence. His pride was to be the companion in arms of your great Washington; he might well suppose that the independence thus planted on your soil would flourish long and that his name would be revered by all American hearts and consciences.

But could he foresee that 140 years later republican France, after being a monarchy, after winning its own independence, after helping other nations to win theirs, finally would be drawn against its will into the greatest conflict known to history, and that other Frenchmen coming to your land would find not only the proud memory of his name, but the expressions of a gratitude which a few moments ago you uttered?

Let me say that already through Lafayette you have paid in part your debt of gratitude.

It is because Lafayette came to this land in his

youth, it is because he lived side by side with your great Washington, it is because he saw the rise of your puissant American independence, that he was able to bring back to France the lessons and virtues taught him here and that, in his maturity and green old age, he brought to our land the benefit of liberal ideas, of the lofty conscience and wide outlook he owed to your land. Thanks to you he was in France from 1815 until his death one of the most stalwart pioneers of republican and democratic ideas; and it is to him we owe in part the republican conquests we have made.

Thus when we recall all these glorious memories that seem to mingle the folds of our two flags, we can show what two great democracies can do.

Absolute monarchs imagine they can conquer other peoples by the marriages they make and by placing on all the thrones of Europe their relatives and representatives. But we drew closer the links that bind our hearts together by daily contacts, by daily exchanges of our feelings and our thoughts, by the daily mingling of our consciences, by the daily contemplation of our great common liberty. And thus our brotherly friendship did not need to be written in treaties for it was a living force in our hearts and consciences.

So, in the tragic days that came upon France, in those decisive hours not only in its history but in the history of the world, it was a comfort and help to feel, from the beginning, that the great American soul beat in harmony with ours.

If we had had our doubts as to the justice of our cause we should not have doubted any longer when, gazing across the vast expanse of sea, we saw all thinking Americans turning to our side and, so far as they could, by their sympathy, by the benefits they showered on the heads of our dying, our orphans, proving to us the ardor of a sympathy which in those tragic hours raised and lifted us above our very selves.

And if from the first you gave us the inestimable benefit of your moral support it is because you are a great democracy; it is because we are a great democracy, because in Europe or in France there are freemen who were thus agreed in soul to raise yet higher the flag of democracy before the rampart of an autocracy which is tottering to its fall.

Already with fire and sword, by the valor of our children, the strength of our arms, we have passed beyond the wall and above it sent the radiance of all the ideas of liberty.

Come to us, American brothers! Come and fight side by side with your French brothers, with your allied brothers! Come under your glorious banner to fight for the democracy of the world and show all men that, when the rights of a single nation are violated, the rights of all nations are trampled under foot.

In the message of Mr. Wilson, incomparable in its grandeur and nobility, which went to the heart of hearts of France, and which the government of the republic has placarded in every village in France and had read and interpreted to all children in the schools,

your illustrious President made manifest the ideas of America. He expressed them too magnificently for me to attempt to express them in turn.

But when I speak of democratic ideas, when I speak of violated rights to be avenged, of the sufferings endured by those who have fought for liberty and can only be repaid by victory, I cannot do better to symbolize my thoughts, to give them concrete form, than raise my glass in honor of the illustrious President of the United States.

It was explained to the audience that the Marshal was a soldier and not an orator, but flag-waving auditors yelled for him until he finally yielded. In full uniform, he stepped to the front of the rostrum, holding a French flag in one hand and an American flag in the other and spoke in French, waving first one flag and then the other, and finally entwining the two. His words were few, but the auditors, few of whom understood French, cheered so wildly that even the stenographers could not record all he said, brief as was his speech. He said, in part:

My friends, I am proud to have in my hand the American flag, which is to the American people what the French flag is to the people of France, a symbol of liberty. I hold in my other hand the flag of France, who has given of her best, her staunchest, and her bravest, and which also stands for liberty. I had the honor to carry the French flag on the field of battle, and I am glad to join the flag of many battles to the flag that has never known defeat. With this flag I bring to you the salute of the French Army

to the American people, our staunch ally in the common cause.

As he joined the two flags when speaking his closing words, the whole assembly mounted to their seats and cheered passionately.

Next day there was a reception at the Art Institute and later a military parade, when the line of march was so jammed with spectators that entrance and exit to big office buildings and hotels along the route were shut off and all traffic blocked. Luncheon was served at the University of Chicago. At four o'clock the big public event of the visit began in the Amphitheater at the stockyards, where many workmen had received a half-holiday. The Marshal's conquest of the city had its climax in the demonstration there made. The building fairly rocked with the enthusiasm of 17,000 persons, a great host singing, and holding banners. It was like a page from Revelation, said one commentator. Remarkable as earlier ovations had been, they were eclipsed by this outpouring of sentiment. Cosmopolitan in the last degree was the audience. At least forty, perhaps sixty, racial and national elements were represented. It was a "melting-pot-of-the-nations" assemblage. It set up a polyglot shout: "Vive Joffre," in forty tongues and dialects. In the same way it thundered out the national songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Marseillaise," "America." But the song that really lifted the roof was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

On the rostrum a figure in bright red trousers and blue blouse stood at salute. In him the crowd knew that it saw one of the greatest fighters for democracy the world has known since the fires of freedom were kindled. Their cries of "Joffre!" became surging roars. It was a succession of thrills, ecstatic rather than emotional. The tone was

one of solemn exaltation. Joffre stood at salute. He was poise and repose personified. He was like a statue. Beneath bushy gray eyebrows his light blue eyes sparkled though half closed. Occasionally he tugged at his mustache.

These were the only outward signs of feeling. Now and then he leaned toward M. Viviani and they nodded and smiled. It was 4:30 when the two men came in and so gave the signal for the audience to go wild. Small flags—the American and French emblems—were produced, until the hall became a raging sea of red, white and blue. It was one roar, a Niagara of sound—"Joffre!"

The May sunlight streamed upon the Marshal between two American flags as he stood on the speakers' platform. Flanking them were the tricolor, the Union Jack and the standards of Russia, Belgium, Italy and France. Over on the east wall were banners bearing the Gallic cock, his golden crest uplifted in triumph. Off to the left, luminous in the sunshine, was a silken banner, with the blue, white and red of France, emblazoned with the word "Marne." Joffre glanced at it, stroked his mustache and smilingly nudged Viviani. The roar was redoubled at this point.¹ M. Viviani evoked a thunderstorm when introduced. He said:

I am happy to-day to salute the City of Chicago in this assembly, where all classes of society are represented. This assembly reminds me of France at the moment of the declaration of war in the beginning of August, 1914. The Germans had assailed us in a brutal attack, hoping, within a short time, to destroy France by many barbarous blows. All the French people ran to the border. The farmers, the workmen, all Frenchmen were at the border. The fight was

¹The Chicago Herald.

hard, but at last we were successful and stopped them at the battle of the Marne.

We were in need of munitions. We were in need of guns and rifles. We have taken from among the ranks of the army workmen to make guns, bullets and bombs, and from that time the French army comprised those who fight at the front and those who make it possible to fight at the front. That is the army at the front and the army in the shops and in the factories. And it is from the army at the front and the army of the shops that I bring to you greeting.

I want, in the name of France, to take advantage of the opportunity to answer one of the greatest calumnies against us, that we were fighting to make money. Do you think if that were true all your brothers would have rushed to the front to fight for our flag? Do you think the French laboring men and all the working classes would have taken the interest they did take in the war? All the citizens who are ready to fight for justice go to the battlefields of liberty. That is where was conceived the greatness of Washington. As one of the speakers a few moments ago said: "No man has the right to die for himself; no man has the right to live for himself." He owes his life to liberty and to democracy. *Vive l'Amérique, vive la France!*

When Marshal Joffre rose in acknowledgment he received an ovation which lasted seven minutes, during which he stood stiffly at salute, with moisture in his eyes. When he completed his brief remarks and while the crowd again were

cheering madly, his colleagues of the commission embraced and congratulated him.

IN KANSAS CITY

From Chicago the French mission went to Kansas City by night train. Before daybreak next morning the tramp of many feet could have been heard on the Union Station plaza. The coming of the dawn disclosed there an unbroken line of khaki-clad men, standing with arms at attention, in a huge circle guarding the main entrance. The roll of a drum soon announced the arrival of the visitors, with M. Viviani walking with Mayor Edwards, Marshal Joffre with Governor Gardner and Vice-Admiral Chocheprat with Governor Capper. The cry from the crowd of "*Vive la France*" brought from the visitors the response, "*Vive l'Amérique*," first from M. Viviani and then from Marshal Joffre and the other visitors. Immediately after eating a specially prepared breakfast at the station, the visitors and members of the reception committee proceeded in twenty motor cars on a trip over the boulevards, on either running-board of the cars a secret service guard.

Long before the opening of the exercises which preceded a reception in Convention Hall, every seat in the Auditorium had been occupied. When the appointed hour arrived there were seen in the doorway back of the speakers' stand a group of men, including a heavy-set man in a modest blue military coat, the cap of an officer of the French army, and red military trousers, Marshal Joffre. At once the audience forgot to sing, and a cheer arose that drowned completely the music of the band. Flags were waved frantically. Lights in the north end of the hall flashed the French tricolor on one side, the Stars and

Stripes on the other, and a huge French flag was unfurled from the ceiling above the guests. When the guests reached their places, the cheering crowd began the "Marseillaise." After Marshal Joffre and the others sat down cries of "*Vive le maréchal de France*," "*Vive Joffre*!" came from scattered parts of the hall, and immediately the great audience arose, shouting and waving flags. A card made of gold and bearing an inscription stating that it was a gift in commemoration of the visit, was presented by Mayor Edwards to M. Viviani, who threw his arms over the shoulder of the mayor, kissed him on both cheeks, and then addressed the assembled multitude.¹ Although speaking in French, the spirit of M. Viviani's address was caught even by those who could not understand the language:

Here grow the millions of bushels of wheat that make you, I will not say the granary of the United States, but one of the granaries of the world. And I thank you for the assurance that you are ready to work for the Allies and for France, for as your mayor said in admirable words: "War is not a matter of munitions and cannon alone, but also of provisions for those who fight in the line or labor behind it." And in what terms can I express our joy at seeing a town at once so beautiful under the spring sunshine and your people welcoming France in our persons.

Next August three years will have elapsed since we stayed the German avalanche that was sweeping over French territory. And why have we fought thus? Was it to conquer territories? No. For other ends. You understand that; you understand it so well that

¹ The Kansas City Star.

all your orators are agreed in giving to this holy war its full meaning and gravest import. It is not a fight between armies, but between peoples, a fight for democracy against autocracy.

The sacred union of the United States and the Entente Allies will not be dissolved until German imperialism has been destroyed, and the peace of the world assured. The United States has not entered the war alone to help France, but rather to uphold the torch of civilization, and to obtain for the world ultimate peace. You free Americans so well understand why thousands and thousands of our children now are sleeping their last. You know it is not because there is in our hearts the desire to conquer.

You will come, not to help France, but to aid the cause of civilization. France, bleeding and fighting, with many destroyed homes and tombs, has held the German flood that now is going back. Come to France, you Americans, and help civilization and liberty. It is the best way, the only way, to insure the peace of the world.

In what terms can I express our joy at seeing a town at once so beautiful under the spring sunshine and your people welcoming in our persons France and the republic? But beneath that war sun, among all the radiance of spring, we Frenchmen would have felt a sort of shame in our joy, the shame of being thus happy while our land was in mourning and our children were shedding their blood, had we not felt on what mission we came here, and that the vast crowds were thrilled with the thought that they, too, were

ready to fight for liberty. I should be unjust to the splendor of your faith if I supposed for one moment that any individual feeling animated you against the German hordes. It is for higher reasons; you enter this war because you are resolved this war shall be the last. You said you were ready to give your last man to attain that end. It is an oath.

France is so identified with the liberty of people and with civilization that when one looks for liberty one sees France. It is she who has upheld the banner of liberty. She it was who in the days of the French Revolution lit a flame in all hearts and souls. From her lips fell the thoughts of freedom that have traversed the whole world, to the icy steppes of Russia, where the fire of revolution is kindled even now, and where we shall shortly see the new government in full control of itself and all Russia leading its soldiers to battle and its citizens to final deliverance.

And it is France which, for three long years, has fought, wept and bled. She has been trampled underfoot by her invaders, but step by step they retreat, thanks to the courage of our soldiers and thanks also to our brave English allies. Three years has France been subjected to this life. Come to her now and you will come to the cause of liberty, of civilization. There is no better way of making democracy reign in the world—democracy, which alone can end all wars.

In our hearts more precious and pure than gold is inscribed the memory of what we owe to the United States, to free America, our sister republic, which

at the call of its illustrious President, Mr. Wilson, has risen to a man. We await you. We know we can rely on your fidelity and courage. We rest assured that you will never desert your great duty. Long live the United States; long live France.

I will take back to France all of your greetings, your flowers, your kisses and your smiles—back to the soldiers of France.

M. Viviani's address was greeted with an outburst of applause that subsided only when Marshal Joffre rose to speak a few words in acknowledgment of a thunderous ovation. Both expressed especial pleasure at such a demonstration in Kansas City, because it would be from the country surrounding that much of the wheat, corn, and other foodstuffs must come to insure final victory. The meeting in Convention Hall had been planned as a memorial of the *Lusitania*, sunk on that day, May 7, two years before. All creeds were represented. There was a dramatic climax when Rabbi Bernstein, of St. Joseph, Mo., declared in his speech: "I am thankful that the time has come when I and my brothers, as Jews, may enter this war, even as an ally of Russia."

It could now be seen once more how the man who fired the shot at the *Lusitania* touched off a greater explosion than he or Germany had dreamed of. Except for that act, and the long series of later aggressions upon our shipping, extending over twenty-three months, it is unlikely that the American people would have been stirred to a declaration of war. Among our citizens were tens of thousands who thought war should have followed that act instantly. Balked of their desire for the moment, the voices of these were never stilled until the consummation they sought had been at-

tained. The sinking of the *Lusitania* arrayed against Germany a nation of more than 100,000,000 people, admittedly the richest in the world, whose earnestness was shown when war came, by its eagerness to appropriate, without a dissenting vote, \$7,000,000,000 as a first contribution to the fund for Germany's defeat. The crime had turned upon the Kaiser the wrath of a people inclined to be friendly, robbed him at a stroke of the open support of his own people resident here and who by birth or parentage were naturally devoted to his fortunes. The *Lusitania* torpedo we now can see involved the fate of the German Empire. And yet the captain who was responsible for the crime was decorated for it, the event itself was celebrated by German school children as a holiday, and a medal was struck to commemorate the event.¹

One of the moving minor scenes of the day in Kansas City was a meeting between the Marshal and Emile S. Brus, French consul for Kansas City. The two men had been fellow soldiers in the Franco-Prussian War; M. Brus a first lieutenant, Marshal Joffre then only a second lieutenant. They were both at Sedan. While exchanging greetings with the Marshal, M. Brus spoke of his birthplace, Mazamet, in the Department of Tarn. M. Viviani, standing by, caught the words. "Mazamet?" he cried, grasping M. Brus's hand. "My dear mother lives there now."

IN ST. LOUIS

From Kansas City M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre went to St. Louis. On the journey across Missouri the visitors had an excellent view of the country's agricultural operations, as intensified by the war demands for foodstuffs. Everywhere were seen signs of activity on farms. Brief

¹The New York Sun.

stops were made at Carrolton, Moberly and Mexico, where to crowds gathered about the observation platform while bands played patriotic tunes, M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre and other members of the party were presented by Breckenridge Long. M. Viviani made brief remarks, telling the people how honored he and his colleagues felt at the reception accorded them everywhere, and how deeply appreciative they were. Marshal Joffre was everywhere the center of attraction, and always with cries of "*Vive la France*" or "*Vive le maréchal Joffre.*" The vociferous welcome everywhere deepened their realization of the willingness of Americans to take an active part in the war. The Middle West was a surprise to them in the intense patriotism shown at each place they visited. In the crowd at Moberly several native Frenchmen who shouted their greetings in the French language were accorded a hearty response with handshakes by the commissioners.

On arrival in St. Louis at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, they received a continuous ovation, though the gathering darkness made it difficult for spectators to see faces. The crowd in the streets was estimated at 50,000 and probably 10,000 stood outside the Coliseum, where 20,000 had gathered for a mass meeting. The crowd was first entertained with music, and as each person entered the building, a Boy Scout gave him an American and a French flag. As the French mission entered, the French national hymn was sung, Marshal Joffre holding his hand at salute when escorted to the platform.¹ In presenting a standard of colors to the new Fifth Missouri Infantry, he said:

I present this flag to you. And when I present it to you, I need not say it is the symbol of your native land. It will lead you into battle. The further you

¹ The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

carry it, the better you must defend it; you must sacrifice your lives, one and all, rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy. Perhaps it will go to France, there to wave side by side with the flag of France, which for three years has led the onset against our foes. And when our soldiers see the Star-Spangled Banner, their souls will thrill. And I am assured it is to final victory both will go.

M. Viviani's speech follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I wish my voice were powerful enough, and I wish my words could be expressed in your own language, so clear and ringing, so that they might reach across this hall and at the same time find a way to your hearts. But still, for only a few minutes, allow me to voice to-night, not only in my name, but in all my countrymen's name, to whom you have given such a hearty welcome, a welcome so worthy of France, the feelings of emotion and pride which are swelling up in our souls.

We are happy to find ourselves in this great city of St. Louis. Amidst your welcome, we shall not forget that if to-day living men stand up to escort us, we also find here the shades of our ancestors, of the first Frenchmen who found themselves in this city. We are happy to meet here people of all races, merged into the very heart of the fatherland, merged into the life of this city, and we know that, whoever they may be, they remain unflinchingly faithful to their American fatherland in this vast conflict, faithful to the country of which, first of all, they are sons.

And I am also happy, for my part, to speak here under the auspices of Mr. Long, our friend, your representative, and the descendant of that illustrious family, one of whom has a statue on one of your squares. I am happy to greet the venerable and distinguished mother of the assistant secretary of the Department of State, who, ever since we landed on American soil, has stretched out to us brotherly hands, and in whose heart we feel the love he bears to France, our fatherland.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, you have not lost the memory of the great historical event which took place here a few months ago. It is in this hall, where you now sit, that was held the Democratic convention, which designated as its presidential candidate your illustrious fellow-countrymen, President Wilson. At that time his own party and you, ladies, and you also, citizens, did not realize that war was so near at hand; you were hoping you might long enjoy the blessings of peace, and at that very moment you were going through the same drama that we, the French people, went through three years ago. France, generous and pacific France, who had made supreme sacrifices for the peace of the world, who turned toward humanity with feelings of love, who had one thought only, to bring forth liberty for all nations—this very same France was attacked, and then she rose for the defense of her honor and of her independence.

For nearly three years, with her faithful allies, but, at the start of the conflict, almost alone, she has been struggling breast against breast, hand against

hand, weapon against weapon. For close upon three years, in the deep trenches, the sons of France held in check the enemies who were striving to invade her. For close upon three years immortal France, faithful at all times to herself, preserving her sacred image pure through all storms, the France of to-day, worthy of the France of the past, raises the flag which is torn by shot and shell, but which is yet held aloft by the valiant hands of her soldiers.

And, a few minutes ago, in that touching ceremony, touching as all those earnest and solemn ceremonies in which soldiers speak in plain and laconic language, but a language which comes from the depth of their hearts, when, in the name of the Fifth Regiment of St. Louis, one of your officers handed to Marshal Joffre the flag which he at once returned with a few earnest words, it seemed to me that I was witnessing a spectacle comparable to that which I witnessed on the soil of France. How often have we seen our generals hand over flags to our children? How often have we seen our children leave for the hell of the fighting line, their heads erect, their hearts full of a virile joy, for they knew that they were defending their fatherland. All of them, they kept their eyes fixed on the flag, on the flag which is the symbol of liberty and justice.

And, just as we were able to preserve the flag from any stain, just as our children would rather die where they stood than permit that sacred rag to fall to the ground, just as we realized that it was the soul of the fatherland that was being carried forward in the

folds of the tricolor flag, in the same way—because all people are one in that—it is the soul of the American fatherland which shines radiant through the stars of the American flag, and Mr. Mayor was right when he said that already it is bringing us the promise of final victory. To-morrow that flag will be waved on the battlefields.

To-morrow it also will know the glory of conflict. Oh, it was never meant to sleep in peace in a hall, to be placed over a monument and to feel only the gentle breath of a pacific mind. Because it was the symbol of a free fatherland, it was meant to face the risks of the battlefields, and to return in glory, so that you may keep it in a temple high enough and sacred enough to pay back the homage which is due to it.

Au revoir, then, soldiers of the Fifth Regiment, sons of the American fatherland, you who to-morrow, clothed in warlike uniform, will bring on the battlefield all the courage which you have shown for 140 years. Au revoir, soldiers of the American fatherland. Perhaps you will meet over there across the Atlantic Ocean, the sons of the French fatherland, the sons of the Allies. All together you will march to the fight. And why will you march to the fight? Is it in order to rend others, is it to conquer territory, is it to wrench away robber hands, a province or a city? No, no. It is not thus we wage war; we wage war for justice, for universal democracy, for right, that autocracy may perish, that at last free men may draw free breath in the full enjoyment of peace and in the pursuit of their labors.

Next day there was a breakfast at the Missouri Athletic Association, followed by a parade. Thousands left their homes early in the day to gain vantage points along the route. Many had in mind the second anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and regarded the ovation accorded the French visitors as a memorial to the victims of that first great submarine offense against the United States. At the breakfast, where 700 prominent citizens toasted France and the United States, gold medals of honor were presented to M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre on behalf of the French Society of St. Louis.

AT LINCOLN'S TOMB

From Washington to Chicago, from Kansas City to St. Louis, to the tomb of Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, thence across Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia, the trip, begun with some trepidation as to the warmth of the reception it might get, had been a triumphal progress, amid roars of cheers, seas of flags, demonstrations of love and faith in the allied cause from beginning to end. M. Viviani declared that the Middle West might win the war. "It took personal contact," said he, "for us to realize the immensity of the Middle West's resources." "I am a soldier and of few words," said Marshal Joffre, "but I feel I must speak when greeted with such sights as welcomed us to the West. The enthusiasm manifested everywhere showed that the Americans fully realize the immensity of their task. They are preparing for it with the same earnest spirit that actuated peasants and citizens of France early in the war."

Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani at Springfield, with bowed and uncovered heads, filed into the tomb of Lincoln with the military and civil officials who accompanied them,

deposited a wreath and left without a word. At the State Capitol an official reception was arranged for them. From the moment when the visitors stepped from their train at Springfield until they departed, an hour and a half later, they were met with cheers and waving tricolors. Soldiers who lined the streets stood at attention. Lines of school children waved flags and cheered enthusiastically as they passed from downtown districts to Oak Ridge Cemetery. As their train in leaving drew out of the station, Marshal Joffre stooped from the platform and kissed two little girls dressed to represent the United States and France.

On the way East, from Springfield, the train at night met with an accident. Investigation near the scene disclosed a broken rail about twenty feet in the rear of the wrecked train. Whether the rail was broken by the heavy engine that drew the train or as the result of a plot was undetermined. Cars hitting the broken rail bumped off to the ties, cutting the fishplate bolts which joined the rails, thus letting the rails spread and throwing the cars off the tracks. The members of the commission, when the crash came, were sitting in the luxuriously appointed dining-car, bedecked with flowers. Amid flying food and flowers, Marshal Joffre grasped the window ledge and remained unperturbed. When the jolting cars finally came to a stop, awry on the track, he arose, assured himself that there were no casualties and quietly picking his way out of the wreckage, plodded back to his stateroom in the observation car, where he sat in stolid calm, awaiting relief from the unpleasant situation. M. Viviani climbed the wreckage and waded through mud and weeds to examine the débris, his stocky figure plodding in the pale moonlight, along with trainmen in overalls swinging lanterns. M. Hovelaque, his square black beard wagging as he talked, argued enthusiastically with the conductor. The fears of

the two French orderlies and Marshal Joffre's valet were quieted when the Secret Service chief tossed them a pack of cards. After that they sat in the half-wrecked car, quietly playing amid the excitement.

IN PHILADELPHIA

On May 9 in Philadelphia M. Viviani hailed Independence Hall, in which he then stood, as the "birthplace of the liberty of the world." He and Marshal Joffre had been escorted from the Broad Street station through flag-draped and closely-packed lanes of cheering humanity to the room where the Declaration was signed. They afterwards stood in silence for a moment before the Liberty Bell, where Marshal Joffre tiptoed forward and kissed the bell and M. Viviani followed him, each doing so without a word or a cheer coming from the crowd that surrounded them. When M. Viviani shook Mayor Smith's hand he implanted a kiss upon his cheek.

Before leaving the building Marshal Joffre was presented with a silver-mounted marshal's baton, made from wood taken out of a rafter in the roof of the Hall. He returned thanks in a low, unemphatic, almost inaudible voice. "I thank you," he said. "In this Hall of Independence where true liberty was first proclaimed, I wish to convey to the people of Philadelphia and of the United States the greetings of the French army and the gratitude of the people of France to America for its fidelity to the allied cause." Turning to M. Viviani, he jokingly remarked: "See, I have now a piece of real independence."

After a brief stop at the recruiting station in the Hall, the party was taken in automobiles to other historic places in Philadelphia. At Christ Church, where Washington worshiped, they rose in their places saluting. Before

the Betsy Ross House, where the first flag was made, they also stood at salute. On the stone slab above the grave of Benjamin Franklin a memorial wreath was placed. They were then taken through Fairmount Park, where they paused to salute the statue of Joan of Arc. In the house of William Penn, a sword was presented to Marshal Joffre. Twenty children from each grammar school and an equal number from high schools, with deputations from suburban schools, were present. The presentation was made by a young lady who spoke in French. At the conclusion of her speech Marshal Joffre replied:

Mademoiselle, the honor of this gift is particularly dear to me because it is an honor conferred on me in the place where American independence was born, and I am here as a representative of that other great democracy. But above all, what gives me the deepest pleasure and touches me most closely is that this gift is a present from the people. Will you permit me to give you a kiss and the handclasp of France.

Amid cheers for France Marshal Joffre stooped and kissed the young lady, French fashion, on each cheek, a salute which she quickly returned. The sword was made of pure gold and the finest steel, hand-chased, jewel mounted, and inscribed, "To a Soldier of Freedom." On the guard, in jewels, were the arms of the Republic of France. Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani were acclaimed by over 500,000 Philadelphians. The same afternoon they departed for New York.

THE ITALIANS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST

The Italian mission, its work in Washington completed, left on June 12 for a ten days' tour of the country. The

Prince of Udine, however, had to remain in Washington, because of an illness which had already caused a postponement of the trip, but he expected to be able to join the party when it arrived in New York in the following week. The first stops were made at Atlanta and Birmingham. Other cities visited, in the order named, were: New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Burlington, Ia., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. The Government provided a special train for the tour. One of the most enthusiastic receptions which the Italian Commission had occurred at the Chicago Stock Yards. After a luncheon at the Saddle Sirloin Club, brief speeches were made. One of these was by the Marquis Luigi Borsarelli, who regretted that he had chosen the diplomatic field for his life's vocation, "especially when able to see and admire the results you have achieved here." If he had another life to live he "would choose the occupation which you follow rather than my own." The luncheon was followed by a drive over the city, during which the commission placed a wreath on the statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park. A formal dinner concluded the entertainment. Guglielmo Marconi, the principal speaker at the dinner, said:

Among all the nations at war Italy is silently taking the greatest strain and the greatest privation. Only when the kind of war Italy is fighting becomes fully known will the world realize what sacrifices the army and the people of Italy have accomplished.

For more than two years Italy has had an army of more than 3,000,000 men. It is now approaching 4,000,000. You must bear in mind that her population is a little over 37,000,000—about one-third that of the United States. If America were to make an

equal sacrifice she would have to maintain under arms for more than two years about 12,000,000 men, and even then her effort would not be equal to ours, for the wealth of the United States is incomparably greater than that of Italy. To feel an equal strain America would have to fling at least \$30,000,000,000 into the furnace of war.

IN PHILADELPHIA

The Italians reached Philadelphia on June 20, and for thirteen hours the city rang with its welcome to them. Women cried like babies as they shouted "vivas" in trembling voices, while men roared until the entire scene was a bedlam. Broad Street was choked by an immense throng that was estimated as high as 100,000. There was not a square inch of the thoroughfare unpopulated from the middle of the street up to the buildings. Italian districts had been deserted to make a holiday and pour out lavish greetings to Signor Marconi and other countrymen from beyond the seas. They came from store, shop, tenement and bank, a picturesque multitude. When the commission arrived at the station, as the noise of cheering inside reached the massed multitude outside, spontaneous shouts made a roar hardly describable. As the parade started and swung past the City Hall the ovation grew and grew in intensity. Thousands from the Italian sections had jammed their way there, and it seemed as if each person had either the flag of Italy or the Stars and Stripes in his hand. Dozens of societies stood at attention as their countrymen rolled by. Each organization had a huge American and Italian flag. The sight of these standards towering high above the crowd and running in numbers

literally into the hundreds, made a veritable forest of waving, dancing, blurred colors that was kaleidoscopic.

Time and again in response to a demonstration Signor Marconi was compelled to stand in his car and bow to the plaudits. The sight of this trim, dapper inventor, in the uniform of a sailor, set thousands into wild outbursts of cheering. Women held up their babies for him to pat, and he did so as he passed along in triumphal progress. Finally the cars bored their way through the human jam to the hotel. Sons of Italy, parading under the names of scores of societies, marched past, cheering like mad and throwing their hats into the air in an exuberance that no Anglo-Saxons could duplicate or even approach. Streets on both sides were black with people, while the crowd overflowed into side streets, and piled up into the lobbies and upon the steps of the hotels. In gaudy sashes and brilliant uniforms, the organizations marched past. "Little Italy," from the mother who doddled a wee "bambino" at her side, to the aged and tottering grandfather, was all represented in the vast multitude with its roars and explosive adulations.

Later in the day twenty thousand persons gathered about the Columbus and Verdi statues in Fairmount Park to see wreaths placed on the statues. The occasion was made the greatest outdoor demonstration of the day. In front of the Columbus statue the Commissioners were presented with a purse of more than \$50,000 for the Italian Red Cross Society, "as an expression of the affection Philadelphia's 200,000 Italian-born citizens still hold for the mother country."

At a banquet that evening which the city officially tendered to the mission, Italian citizens were said to have subscribed 200,000 lire, or almost \$40,000, which they entrusted to Signor Arlotta to present to the Prince of Udine, to take back to Italy, for distribution to widows and orphans

of soldiers who had fallen in defense of their country. The gift, enclosed in a handsome silver casket, was presented while the banquet hall rang with cheers and plaudits. Amid a silence that was dramatic, the envoys were made to hear the voice of the Liberty Bell through a proxy call. Leaders in various city activities listened with as keen a relish as the envoys. All were visibly affected. The Mayor in welcoming the envoys, told of the common brotherhood that existed between the United States and Italy, through the common warfare which they were waging. Signor Marconi, speaking in English, recited graphically conditions as they exist in Italy. He spoke about the shortage of coal, as marking a grave situation, and one that must be remedied if Italy's efficiency as an ally is to be unimpaired. Signor Arlotta, who spoke in Italian, dwelt on the heroic sacrifices and the tremendous fighting which Italy had contributed as her share in the war. He declared the purpose of his country in this conflict to be to free it from the rule and domination of Austria.

Fifty thousand persons next morning jammed the sidewalks during a pilgrimage made by the envoys to Independence Hall—a multitude not less exuberant and enthusiastic than the throng which greeted them on their arrival. Independence Hall was surrounded on all sides by a dense crowd, as on the occasion of M. Viviani's and Marshal Joffre's visit. The majority were Italians, who welcomed the envoys with ear-splitting noises. Mayor Smith escorted them to the corner where the Liberty Bell stands. Signor Arlotta and his associates, including Signor Marconi, touched the bell with reverence. The Marquis Borsarelli inquired how the crack came into the bell and traced with his gloved finger the date of the bell, while he plied the Mayor with questions.

Then came an outstanding dramatic incident. When the

party reached the pavement outside, the Italian consul was seen escorting two diminutive figures, dressed in severest mourning, a man and a woman, who were Mr. and Mrs. Gaetano del Gatto, parents of Luigi del Gatto, who had lost his life at the battle of Loxvica on September 14, 1916. Luigi, though born in the Abruzzi, had come to this country with his parents. He was in Boston when Italy entered the war, but immediately returned to Italy and joined the army commanded by the Duc d'Aosta. The Italian consul murmured a few words as to these circumstances to Signor Arlotta, who instantly hooked his arms into those of the del Gattos, backed with them to the steps of Independence Hall and shouted in Italian to the crowd to gather closely around him. The consul then read a letter from the Duc d'Aosta extolling the deeds of Luigi. Signor Arlotta addressed his parents in Italian, and General Guglielmotti after he had smartly saluted, pinned a medal upon the breast of Luigi's father, threw his arms about his neck and implanted a smack on his right cheek. While del Gatto's wife stood weeping softly beside him, but trying to smile through her tears, del Gatto excited the Italians to a great outburst by a speech with which he accepted this tribute to his son.¹ With his finger pointed toward Heaven, he said, in a voice that carried to the outer edges of the multitude:

I am overjoyed to learn that my son was willing to die for his country, and I am glad that I could give him willingly for the holy cause of liberty. I am sad that he is dead, but in my sadness I am glad that he died like a hero, and that these nobles from my country have given him such a tribute. I know, as

¹The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

a father who has given his son to war, that with the United States and Italy joined as allies the war will be won, and those who want to crush liberty will be crushed themselves.

The din that was aroused by this patriotic speech was terrific. With the incident closed, the visitors proceeded into and along Market Street, and when in front of the Wanamaker store came upon a girls' battalion armed with rifles and in natty vivandière costumes, drawn up on one side, with boy cadets on the other, stalwart youngsters in Highland costume, with bagpipes. Bands joined in a medley of Italian and American patriotic melodies.

The guests were then entertained at a reception and luncheon at the Manufacturers' Club, where the final stop of the day was made. The lobby blazed with the colors of both nations, while a gigantic Italian flag in red, green, and white incandescent lights shone at the end. The bright particular star at the luncheon was Giannini, a former grand opera singer, who was now the proprietor of a restaurant in Philadelphia, and who in a rich baritone sang "O Sole Mia." Signor Marconi and Signor Arlotta were gracious in their thanks for the hospitality and the welcome which they had received. In conclusion Signor Arlotta proposed a toast to "Democracy, Justice and Liberty," which all drank amid "vivas" and deep-throated cheering. "Your Liberty Bell," said Signor Arlotta, "does not need to proclaim liberty again in America, for America is full to overflowing with liberty now. But we hope that after this war ends the Liberty Bell will again sound the tocsin for liberty throughout the whole world."

At the departure of the envoys the Reading Terminal was decorated lavishly with flags of both nations. A police band sped them away in a crash of cymbals. As their

special train slowly pulled out of the station they stood on the observation platform waving tiny American flags, and dashing tears from their eyes as the din of their farewell reechoed through the grimy, smoke-stained trainshed of the terminal. The mighty tumult that prevailed, in reality a sort of roaring explosion, manifestly had stirred the envoys to the depths. They carried away with them an urgent plea from Mayor Smith that, when peace came to bind up a world then torn asunder, the pact would be signed in Independence Hall.¹

THE BELGIANS IN THE WEST AND FAR WEST

By the end of June, the Belgian Mission had arranged a trip through the interior states, extending to the Pacific Coast. Invitations had been received from scores of cities. The tour of the Belgians was the most elaborate of all those made by foreign visitors. They proceeded to the Pacific Coast at Seattle by way of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and thence went to Portland and San Francisco, returning by way of Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Louisville and Cincinnati to Washington. Some of the features of the entertainments offered were designed to give a demonstration of the democracy of the country. At St. Paul, for example, the Commission was introduced to democracy on July 4 through an old-fashioned American picnic. The distinguished visitors were offered lemonade in tin cups and buttermilk in sanitary paper cups. Each commissioner, as well as every one else on the grounds, received a package of popcorn free.

Archbishop Ireland, in St. Paul, moved members of the Commission to a spontaneous demonstration of affection,

¹The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

after he had expressed his belief that the flag of the United States "would not be withdrawn from the battlefields of Europe until the suffering people of Belgium had been restored to their homes." "If need be," he said, "the 100,000,000 people of the United States are ready to lay down their lives for the cause of humanity and the restoration of the rights of these devastated people." General Leclercq, of the Commission, broke down when he undertook to make a response. Being unable to express himself in words, he stepped over to the archbishop and embraced him warmly. Several thousand spectators, similarly affected, turned their heads away. For a time the meeting was halted while the Belgians gathered around the archbishop to express their gratitude.

IV

VISITS TO NEW YORK

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE AT THE BATTERY AND IN BROADWAY

New York welcomed M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre on the afternoon of May 9 as no other men had ever been greeted on Manhattan Island, with shouts, many flags, and tears. All the poise and indifference in which the city commonly wrapped itself was put aside as it held out eager arms of welcome. Men laughed and sobbed at once when the simple, gentle-visaged Marshal of France rode through the streets. In him they saw France herself as the fighter of many stern and desperate battles, a strong, unassuming democrat, still cheerful though weary under the burden of three martial years. Streets running north and south, east and west, were filled with the roar of probably a million voices and the color of thousands of banners.

About Pier A, where the visitors landed, a court of honor had been set up, composed of white and gilt posts, roped together with evergreens and bearing medallion heads of Britannia and La France, designed by Edwin H. Blashfield. Within this Court had waited the automobiles of the reception committee, the chairman of which was Joseph H. Choate. A squadron of mounted police hemmed them in. Beyond was Squadron A drawn up as a guard of honor. Back of the court, held in check by hundreds of policemen, were twenty thousand persons. When the red

cap of the Marshal was first seen at the doorway of the pier, the voice of New York spoke for the first time, not in distinct cheering, but as a solid, mounting roar that swelled and ebbed like surf in a great storm. Automobile horns and the bugles of cavalry only now and then were able to pierce the din. Not until three hours later when the doors of the Henry C. Frick mansion on Fifth Avenue at Seventieth Street closed upon the visitor for the night, did the cry of greeting die away.

When the long line of automobiles began to move from the Battery to Broadway, they had to make their way between packed and cheering thousands. Before them clattered the hoofs of the horses of mounted police and Squadron A. Never could the police entirely control the crowd. At times it broke through like a river in flood. Men and boys waved small flags, tossed hats in the air, screamed until their voices cracked. Above all on the high walls of buildings flags waved in the breeze—the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, the Tricolor. From side to side of the cañon-like thoroughfare filaments floated like strands of spider's web and snow seemed to fall from roofs, effects produced by rolls of ticker tape, and showers of confetti. Voices often became shrill from overexertion. Some of them could still pierce through the deep roar, but they were like the squealings of fifes. In the first automobile were Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani and Mr. Choate.¹

Marshal Joffre was not bronzed, as one might have expected of a soldier who had spent almost three years in the field. In contrast with General Leonard Wood and the American officers who stood with him, he was pink and white. Instead of showing a shock of all white hair, white eyebrows and military white mustache, as indicated by some

¹The New York Tribune.

of the photographs, the victor of the Marne was still blond and fresh. His thick light yellow hair had some white streaks in it and so had his mustache, but the predominant note was the pale gold one associates with Scandinavians. He was from the south of France, racially a Basque. Once during the ceremonies at the City Hall was he seen to smile, but seldom during his ride through the streets. When the smile came it was as a quick breaking of a somewhat troubled countenance—like sunshine piercing brilliantly through an overcast sky. Neither his sixty-five years nor the burden he had carried so long had aged him or slowed his step.¹ In his face there still lingered something of the boy. It was the face of a puzzled and embarrassed boy as he heard the cheering that greeted him, constant, roaring cheers, not only in lower Broadway and in the City Hall, but later all the way northward, past the Lafayette Statue in Union Square, and up Fifth Avenue to the Frick mansion, where at dinner that night he chatted about war with Theodore Roosevelt. It was often noted that when the roar of cheers was greatest the imperturbable Marshal was calmly looking up at skyscrapers. He seemed to be counting the stories. Once he was heard to say "Vingt-et-un."

At 3:45—or about the time when crowds were beginning to gather in lower Broadway and the Battery—the police had started to clear all sightseers out of the City Hall Plaza, preliminary to the coming of the several organizations that had been accorded a place in the ceremony of welcome. First to arrive were the Old Guard, headed by former Mayor Adolph L. Kline. Meanwhile, the crowd, thinned earlier in the afternoon by a shower, had reassembled in greater masses, undeterred by a chill wind and threatening

¹ The New York World.

clouds. All business had been suspended. People who managed to edge their way into the crowd had to stand where they were, helpless to move forward or back. Below the park every window of the Post-Office Building was crowded, and so were the roofs of low buildings on the west side of Broadway. Dozens of men were seen on the roofs of street cars standing in Park Row, in the windows of buildings that rose far into the sky along Park Row and Nassau Street. In the massive Woolworth Building that shut off half the western sky were clusters of people in every window.

IN THE CITY HALL

After word came that M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre had landed at the Battery, cheers were heard rolling up Broadway. As they came nearer, swarms about the park edged in closer only to be pushed back by the police, little knots in windows leaned out further, men on the street-car roofs risked tumbling as they craned their necks for a first sight of the man who won at the Marne. First to be seen were the hats and bare sabers of Squadron A, halting at the entrance to the park to salute as the visitors went past. As a troop of mounted police galloped into the Plaza, the Seventh Regiment band struck up the "Marseillaise." On the heels of the police came the car in which was Marshal Joffre. The crowd needed only the sight of his red cap to shout and cheer. Cries that rose from the enclosing walls of skyscrapers came back in redoubled echoes. Mr. Choate and M. Viviani got out first, then Marshal Joffre. The red cap, the fluttering blue-gray cape that gave a glimpse of red trousers, were signals enough; cheers broke forth, wave after wave, rising in greater volume and lasting until the whole automobile party had climbed the steps

and passed into the building. On the steps stood men of the Old Guard, sabers at salute, and wearing their great bearskins, reminiscent of another Old Guard that had fought a hundred years before under another great soldier of France. To the left and right were members of the Veteran Corps of Artillery. Inside the lobby gleamed patent leather shakoes and white duck trousers on members of the Society of the War of 1812, and the buff and blue of the Sons of the Revolution, whose forefathers had greeted Frenchmen on the same spot.

Through lines of officers, with swords at salute, the visitors strode up the central stairway and turned into the Governor's room, the southern end of which had been cleared for their reception. There Mayor Mitchel, General Wood, General Bell, Admiral Usher and civilian members of the Mayor's Committee had gathered to receive the visitors. In the little gallery was another throng. With policemen keeping men back the Commissioners were taken to a dais in the Aldermanic Chamber, where the pale green and white walls of the rooms had given place to a background of evergreens with two pillars, draped one with the colors of Great Britain, the other with those of France, on either side of a cross piece from which the American flag hung above the heads of the visitors. M. Viviani stood in the center, Marshal Joffre on the right, and Vice Admiral Chocheprat on his left. To the right of the Marshal stood Lieut. Colonel Fabry, his chief of staff, and other members of the Commission. It was with difficulty that the buzzing, eager crowd was made quiet so that Mayor Mitchel could speak his words of welcome.

The crowd could not long listen to Mayor Mitchel in silence. Cheers first broke out when he mentioned, "Our gallant ally and historic friend, the French Republic." Loud shouts of "Vive la France!" came through bursts of

hand-clapping. There was renewed applause at mention of M. Viviani. The crowd, however, did not really let itself go until the Mayor said: "We rejoice to hail the great Marshal of France." There was now prolonged applause, during which the Marshal saluted impassively. It broke out again when the Mayor spoke of the Marne, and still again when he called Marshal Joffre "the savior of civilization and democracy." Cheers also were given for Admiral Chocheprat and Marquis de Chambrun, and still louder applause at mention of Lafayette. The reference to France in the latter part of the Mayor's remarks was interrupted after almost every phrase. It was with difficulty that the enthusiasm was stilled enough to permit the Mayor to say: "Gentlemen, I present to you the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, who will speak for the citizens of New York." Mr. Choate spoke more rapidly and passionately than usual. His reference to Lafayette evoked a great burst of cheering, followed by other bursts and still others as he praised the accomplishments of France in this war.

The cheering that interrupted Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Choate was as nothing to the outburst that came when the Mayor presented M. Viviani. All over the room silk hats were waved wildly, stolid white-haired men shouted again and again until he began to speak. All through the earlier part of the exercises he had stood impassive, almost inert, save that now and then he passed a hand nervously across his forehead. He began in a rather constrained manner, but before long was pouring out such a burst of oratory as his hearers, of more reserved race, were not accustomed to hear. Many did not understand French, but there were enough who did to secure breaks into spontaneous cheering again and again. It was the achievement of M. Viviani that he gave a new and wholly spontaneous turn to the occasion and to the temper of his audience. As he referred

to the army and navy he laid his hand first on the shoulder of Marshal Joffre, then on that of Admiral Chocheprat:¹

Gentlemen, at last we have reached the shores of this great city, whose splendor had already been described to us and had attracted us. In my own name, and in the name of my fellow countrymen, I am compelled to admit that, in contrast with what usually happens in life, our expectations have been greatly surpassed by the realities. Your eminent statesman, Ambassador of his country to foreign lands, whose words I am happy to hear among you, has just said that he could find no proper language to express what America owes to France. If you, after such a welcome as you have given us, can find no words, how shall I who, with my fellow-countrymen, have received this welcome, elevate my speech to the level of the magnificent achievements which you have accomplished?

We are at last arrived in this hall in which Mayor Mitchel has received us with such great kindness in the name of the great city which he governs. He has been kind enough to say words—gracious and weighty at once—which have gone deep into our hearts and into our minds. I thank him for having introduced us to this Municipal Government, which I salute, to the Senior General, to the General commanding the troops of the East, to the Admiral commanding the fleet at New York. As you very aptly said, you have gathered in this magnificent hall, not only the citizens, not only the members of the municipality, but also the soldiers, the Army and the Navy Commanders,

¹ The New York Times.

thus showing that at the present time we need not only think but act. The efficiency of your magnificent administration was known to us even before we thought of visiting this wonderful city. We knew how this municipality, which governs a population that some kingdoms in Europe do not possess, has organized this vast harbor, of which it is so justly proud—from which port the warships have left and from which ships will leave now decorated with tri-colored flags, showing the way in triumph and glory. When we reached your shores we admired the Statue of Liberty, which we have so often beheld in pictures and which now throws its light upon the whole world.

May you be thanked, Mr. Mayor, and you also, Mr. Choate, for these words you have said. It is not us you welcome; it is not to us these words are directed. Through our persons they go to France, and we need not say that we shall faithfully repeat them, not only because they are gracious words dictated by international courtesy, but also because they are powerful and earnest words, which have, if I may say so, all the beauty and richness of a bronze medal. You were right when you dwelt on the wonderful spectacle which France has given to the world for three years. You were right when you said that the blood of France is flowing like water. From the open wounds of our soldiers has flown the pure red blood of France. It has flooded our plains in the very spots where formerly our farmers and our workmen were living at peace.

And why does the invader so pollute our soil? We

are a pacific nation, as pacific as yourselves, but you have seen for yourselves how easy it was to remain faithful to dreams of universal peace. You cherished such dreams. You were a great people, with only one thought—humanity and justice. We were a free democracy and we had only one thought—universal right and humanity. But German aggression was thrust upon us. We were compelled to rise in arms, and now we fight—we fight for our territory, for our wealth, for our historical traditions—in order that the invader may not take another step on our sacred soil. France fights for the world—for justice, for humanity—and it is because she fights for that that at last the American people have risen to give France and her allies her moral and material aid.

You have said that sympathy was not sufficient. We are aware of the sympathy with which for one hundred and forty years you have cheered the heart of France. We knew that you would not be forgetful nor ungrateful, and just as on your public squares you have erected statues of Lafayette you carry his memory in your heart. We knew that a great free people, proud of its traditions and its history, venerated the memory of a foreign General who, in the birth throes of its independence, brought it the help of French courage and genius. Since the beginning of the war we have received proof of your sympathy in numerous and most generous forms. We have received innumerable proofs of your fraternal affection in the many charitable gifts which our orphans and our wounded have received. You felt it was not suffi-

cient to stand by and admire only our devotion.

I fully understand how you faltered in the face of the awful duty that confronted you. For war has its dangers and its horrors, its moaning widows, its premature deaths, and casts a blight on the mothers of infants who are our hope and joy and who know only woe and calamity. War is a horrible thing, but could there be anything more terrible for people than to live without honor or independence? Just as you were unwilling to allow your national honor to be humiliated under the insolent threats and mandates of Germany, we were unwilling to submit to break our oaths. When we look back into the events of the last three years, you have seen small peoples oppressed and great nations like Russia, England, France, and Italy rush to the defense of the rights of mankind in order to save from the wreck some portion of their national honor. You have felt the revolt of your consciences from the first hour when German aggression struck at your brothers, and it was then an easy matter for those who had witnessed the evolution of American feeling to foresee what would happen and what has actually happened since.

All America has risen in arms. We have just visited the Middle West. We have just seen what enthusiasm has arisen among the men, the women, and the children of those regions.

We have found everywhere, even in those very places where we had been told we would not find it, the virile resolution of a whole people acclaiming our message, and we find it here again in these streets

of New York, this great city where millions of men surge like waves of the sea. This, then, is what is in store for us in this city. We have received a brotherly welcome which has gone deep into our hearts. You may rest assured that we shall not forget it, and from the height on which I stand, across the distance which separates us from France, allow me to bow to this country.

Allow me to pay a tribute to this country, allow me to thank you for the unforgettable welcome we have received at your hands. France, to whom all is due, who has suffered all things, borne all things except shame, except humiliation; France, who would not kneel before the forces which thought so easily to overcome her, fought for the common right of humanity, for justice, and it was the people of France, as a whole, not only the army, but a democracy in arms, all her children, who rose up to defend her.

We are going back to our country, bringing from here all that moral encouragement and material aid which will steel our souls, give strength to our purpose, and hearten our people. We shall tell our fellow-countrymen that millions upon millions of voices have acclaimed the holy name of France, that none may doubt how much we respect the love, the veneration which America has for that great moral country which is called the French nation. Yes, we shall tell them that and more.

Finally let me say—and it is with difficulty that I find my words, for I have nearly come to the limit of human effort—let me merely say that we over there

are unanimous, that we have no division, no classes, no differences of religion or of opinion. All together we fight for the same flag, ready to die if need be, but above all always ready to save France.

I cannot do better in order to symbolize this union of the French and American people than to appear before you side by side with Marshal Joffre. It is indeed pleasing to me in this by no means foreign land, in this friendly land bound by so many ties to France, to thank the French army for the heroic manner it has fought, for the great deeds it has done. That army at the outset of the war had to give way materially before the most formidable onslaught that the history of man has ever recorded, but came back and hurled itself upon the invader. Yes, they threw themselves into the fray, those youths in their teens, their eyes aflame and their hearts, going into battle, going to death, but going for the country, for civilization, for mankind.

And who led them—who with clear eye and cool head, calm, confident, and efficient, organized the resistance to the enemy? I need not tell you his name. I need but to recall the Marne. And at the same time our sailors on the ocean, like Admiral de Grasse, who came with Rochambeau, revered, as you know, in the name of France. Our sailors by night and by day alert, silent and watchful—our sailors who after being sent to fight in the trenches of Ypres—fought again on the waters of the Adriatic under the orders of the brave officer who is standing at my right, Admiral Chocheprat.

Our army is our nation in arms. It is democracy in arms for its honor and independence. You will say—you also—that you have seen that wonderful sight of democracy which has known how to organize its forces, how to marshal its strength. A democracy which has not awaited the hour of danger, which, like our own, had its army, its leaders, its chiefs, and which, thanks to what it had done, was able to hold its own.

As I was on my way here I heard the crowd acclaiming those who accompanied me, and who wear the uniform like Marshal Joffre, as the saviors of the world. Yes, the soldiers of the Marne are the saviors of the world. But if we had not had conscription, if there had not been the men to answer the call of mobilization, what would have befallen our country by its courage, its enthusiasm, its valor? There citizens, you have that great and grave legend taught by the war.

I have already said and I repeat it, I am not misinformed. This has all been understood. So long as there is in the world a warlike Germany, so long as there is a nation of prey, a country bent on oppression, on treachery and violence, so long will democracies be imperiled. If they would save the treasures of civilization and the heritage of mankind which are theirs they must meet the danger, they must be ready, they must arm themselves, but with the purpose never to place the sword at the service of aught but the right.

Long and continuous was the applause that followed M. Viviani when he had closed his speech. When it died away, Mayor Mitchel said: "Gentlemen, I now present to you the great Marshal of France, who stopped them at the Marne." Silk hats went into the air again, the cheering resounding with deafening force. Marshal Joffre had stood through all the previous ceremonies in Olympian serenity; nothing about him moved except his eyes, restlessly flashing this way and that under jutting gray eyebrows. With his calm still unruffled, he saluted the audience. Not content with salutes, they cheered continuously, louder and louder, until he suddenly broke into a childlike smile of amazing sweetness and kissed his hand to every part of the room.

There was a sort of informal reception after that, with everybody pressing forward to shake hands with the Commissioners, who afterward made a brief tour of the City Hall, and then passed out between double lines of saluting swords to the automobiles in waiting, where the crowd still lingered, massed about the Park, clinging to the roofs of street cars, and blocking every window in the skyscraper walls. Bands again burst into the "Marseillaise" and children began to sing it, as the long line of automobiles were slowly filled and driven out of the eastern end of the park, to begin the long journey northward to the Henry C. Frick mansion, passing on the way the Lafayette Statue in Union Square, which had been provided with an elaborate setting of evergreen hedge, colored columns and flags of France and the United States. When all the automobiles had passed on, artillerymen in khaki followed; then the Old Guard, and last of all the schoolgirls, marching by fours with the precision of veterans.

When the police lines had been broken up and the usual evening crowd were once more passing back and forth

across the Park, the Mayor's bodyguard found himself in possession of an unexpected souvenir—Marshal Joffre's blue-gray cloak, which the Marshal had laid aside on entering the Governor's room and had forgotten to put on before he went away. Other French officials had forgotten it, too, and although the officer rushed down the City Hall steps with the cloak over his arm, he found that the Marshal had long since gone. The cloak was afterwards sent to the Frick mansion.

IN CENTRAL PARK AND IN BROOKLYN

The next day's activities began early. At the Frick mansion, where Marshal Joffre received an immense bouquet of American Beauty roses from children, one of them, attired in the uniform of a private soldier of France, so took the Marshal's fancy that he lifted the child and kissed it. Among the children were Priscilla Choate, Marion Choate and Joseph H. Choate, 3rd, grandchildren of Joseph H. Choate. At that time the first Motor Battery, N. G. N. Y., stood on guard in Fifth Avenue, opposite the house, its equipment three armored motor cars and eighty-two motorcycles, besides which soldier riders stood at attention. Fifth Avenue was only comfortably filled with spectators because almost every one in the neighborhood had hurried to the North Meadow in Central Park, where 20,000 school children in white blouses and tricolor sashes had gathered for the presentation to Marshal Joffre of a miniature in solid gold of the Statue of Liberty on a silver base, purchased with money raised by popular subscription through the efforts of the *New York World*. The presentation was made in a handsomely decorated pavilion, where fifty thousand or more persons stood in the meadow, or on the rocky slopes that enclose it. It was 9:45 when the motor cars of the

visitors and escorting city officials turned from the East Drive of the Park into a rope-lined lane leading across the meadow to the pavilion.

After the party had alighted at the pavilion, Mayor Mitchel made a brief speech, in which he referred to the debt which this country owed to the man who "at the battle of the Marne stayed the rising tide of absolutism and saved for the world the cause of popular self-government." Charles M. Lincoln, managing editor of the *World*, made a brief speech of presentation, and Master Rousseau, son of the Mayor's secretary, pulled aside the flag that concealed the miniature statue just before a little girl, arrayed in a red and white Zouave uniform, shouted in a fine voice: "Vive La France!" Marshal Joffre raised the child in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks, then turned toward the Mayor and Mr. Lincoln and replied with his first formal speech in New York:

I am profoundly touched by the remarkable souvenir which, with such delicate attention, you offer me. I am profoundly touched above all, when I contemplate the value of this emblem as coming to me from the common people of America, from the people as a whole, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I ask you to thank the people for this gift, which I shall keep all my life, which I shall carry to my home, which I shall have under my eyes every day to remind me of my love of America and of what America has done for France. I shall treasure it for what it stands for and for what it means to us.

The cheers that greeted the Marshal's words ended only when the school children burst into the "Star-Spangled

Banner." At the conclusion of the song, during the singing of which the visitors stood at attention, the assembled party hurried to their motor cars and the crowds to vantage points from which to catch a last glimpse of the Marshal. The journey back to the Frick mansion was made through crowded lanes of people, who filled the sidewalks along Fifth Avenue.

Other throngs were soon encountered in Fourth, Lafayette and Canal Streets, the course by which the French visitors were to reach Manhattan Bridge; for Brooklyn was now to have an opportunity of paying homage to Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani. Brooklyn offered a tribute that would have exceeded the welcome accorded the day before by Manhattan, had that been possible. From the moment when the motor cars bearing the French visitors glided off the bridge, they proceeded through closely banked crowds of men and women, of girls garbed in white, and of boys waving American and French flags. All along the route to the Ninth Street entrance to Prospect Park, where Marshal Joffre was to unveil a statue of Lafayette, and back to the bridge afterward, the motor cars never escaped dense throngs of shouting admirers. Only when they entered upon the bridge, from which the police had barred spectators, had the crowd ceased.

On the Brooklyn side of the bridge school children lined the plaza several deep, each waving a flag. The crowds were denser than in Manhattan. School children lined every thoroughfare. In Sackett Street young women of Adelphi Academy in caps and gowns stood at the curb and cheered. In Plaza Street, extending along the park, school children were stationed on a grassy slope where they waved colored handkerchiefs so apportioned as to form an animated flag of France. Standing two rows deep were the Fourteenth Infantry and Thirteenth Coast Defense Com-

mand, their lines extending all the way from the beginning of the park to the Ninth Street entrance, where the ceremonies about the statue were held. Along this whole distance Marshal Joffre stood with his hand to his red and gold cap at salute, the soldiers standing with arms presented. The crowds were so dense that time and again they threatened to break through the police lines and reserves had to be summoned to check them. When Marshal Joffre tore off the pennant that veiled the monument of Lafayette, August Bouilliez, of the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, sang the "Marseillaise." Mayor Mitchel formally accepted the gift on behalf of the city. A brief dedication address was made by M. Viviani, who said:

It is impossible to convey in words the appreciation which is overflowing in my heart for this reception and tribute to France. We find in America hearts that vibrate as one with untold sympathy for France which was inspired by our countryman Lafayette. Lafayette not only performed a great duty for America, but also for France, since he has endeared America to France in this hour when France stands in need of help.

After Mme. Louise Homer, of the Metropolitan Opera House, had sung the "Star-Spangled Banner," Borough President Pounds made a presentation of gifts. M. Viviani accepted a purse on behalf of French war orphans and for himself said he would place a loving cup that he had received among the few real treasures of his library.

AT LUNCHEON AT THE HOTEL ASTOR

When the Marshal and M. Viviani reached the Hotel Astor, at 1:30 o'clock, to attend a luncheon of the Mer-

chants' Association, the speedometer on the car showed that they had traversed more than thirty miles of city streets and park roadways since leaving the Frick home that morning. All this time, save on the bridge, they had traveled between admiring throngs of spectators. At the moment when Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani were entering the hotel a woman with a three-year-old boy in her arms crowded to the front. A policeman tried gently to push her into the crowd, but she persisted till the officer took her by the shoulders, shook her, and forced her back. Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani arrived just in time to see the incident. The Marshal halted and saluted the boy and M. Viviani smiled and spoke to him in a kindly tone.

At the Hotel Astor guarantees of a permanent peace and some form of world arbitration were demanded by M. Viviani in an impassioned speech. He declared that there could be no peace so long as Germany clung to the idea that might makes right. He declared also that France must recover Alsace-Lorraine. The cheers from the crowd that leaped to its feet in greeting this statement showed that every one was heartily in sympathy with the demand for restoration.

That the assemblage was in no temporizing mood was shown by its enthusiastic reception of Joseph H. Choate's warning against "the meretricious overtures for a German peace which is no peace," and of his appeal to the Government at Washington, "For God's sake, hurry up!" The last phrase drew longer continued and more vigorous applause than any other feature of the entire luncheon except the short speech—a very short speech—which was drawn from Marshal Joffre by the steady and thunderous cheers which followed his presentation. The Marshal rose reluctantly, with evident emotion, and spoke a few sentences in his own language so softly that not many could hear them.

The assemblage was seated in the grand ball room, and the side chambers opening into it, and numbered nearly 2,000—the fortunate first comers of more than 10,000 applicants for tickets. Five hundred more sat in the galleries. Everywhere the American flag was the dominant feature of the decorations—indeed, the only feature, except above the Chairman and the guests of honor were seen the orange, white, and blue of the city draped on the wall and above it an American flag flanked by the French tricolor and the British merchant marine ensign. After the luncheon had been eaten Mr. Choate rose and made an introductory speech. James M. Beck, author of a notable war book, "The Evidence in the Case," also spoke. The speech of M. Viviani was as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: When Mr. Beck began his admirable speech he spoke to France from the depths of his heart. He was right when he said that we have just passed through never-to-be forgotten moments, and because of the emotions which have come to us in them, I ask myself, accustomed as I am to popular manifestations, and used as I am to finding myself face to face with great assemblies like this—I ask myself where I can find words in which to tell you the undying gratitude we have for the people of New York; to tell you how deeply we have been stirred since we had the honor to arrive in this magnificent city.

In the wonderful welcomes succeeding each other since our arrival, Mayor Mitchel has pointed out to us, one after the other, yesterday afternoon and this morning, all the different peoples of your community who with one accord have turned to us, have turned

to France, and by their cheers and acclamations have welcomed us with shouts of hope and of confidence. I cannot tell you, although yesterday I tried the best I could to tell you, how much I was moved by the magnificent welcome we received, and now in this great banquet hall, too small, they tell me, to bring together all the members of your Merchants' Association, you seem numberless to my eyes. I have been thrilled and cheered standing here by your shouting your loud acclaim of France, cheering for France, cheering for the war, because you have understood that the war has now taken on an aspect which no human being could possibly have foreseen.

There have been other wars before this, wars in which the armies were well equipped with ammunition and supplies sufficient to carry on the struggle for a few months, but now we have entered upon a war where everything is different, where weeks are months, and months are years, where the entire coordinated energies of the nation are essential to its successful prosecution. Everything has been on a scale which no human mind could foresee, and our troops have been deluged with masses of steel beyond the conception of our minds. Now we have turned to you and you have supplied us with munitions, you have supplied us with your steel, you have supplied us with your money. I thank you, we all thank you for your generosity. We thank you for what you have done for France. We thank you for your loyalty to France, and for the amount of work which you have

done that has enabled the armies of France to keep up the good fight.

We are pleased to know, and it is not something that we have just learned, it is something that we have always known, that America has put all its efficiency, and all its skill, and all its soul into the great work. But if you in never-failing supply have furnished arms and munitions to our French soldiers, you must know that they have used them well and worthily and with good faith. We French made no mistake when we weighed the character of the American people. You who are men of business, men engaged in vast enterprises, creators of great industry, who have welded together great organizations and developed untold resources—you can never allow your brains, your souls, and your hearts to fall to the level of commercialism.

No, you have kept your ancient traditions; your past glory is ever present in your hearts, you have love and affection, and admiration for civilization and humanity. You have an idealism which floats above your flag, and that idealism you place above your material interests. We in France never felt a moment of anxiety when the croaking pessimists told us that you were seeking a peaceful settlement. We knew that you were working for humanity. You who are accustomed to handling large masses of men, to doing things on a vast scale, your vision could not fail to take in the great issues at stake. We knew that when your day's work is ended you are, all of you, ready to devote yourselves to those higher and better

things which make life worth living and mankind an admirable thing.

And now, as a Frenchman coming to speak here in America, I must be allowed to refer on behalf of my compatriots and my friends, to something of which we are all justly proud. I refer to what came to some perhaps as a revelation. Ah! France before the war seemed to many to be a country to which people went as to Paradise, in order to seek happiness and enjoyment. And too many of them failed to see that great and that real France, that France of 11,000,000 working men, 7,000,000 of whom are agricultural laborers. That did not seem to them to be the real France, and yet it was. In this war France has risen to all occasions, has taken on all the qualities of an industrial organized democracy.

It is not only the valor of their children; it is the training of her officers, the efficiency of her organization, and the coordination of her industry. In this country of France we have seen men rising up to deal with each situation, to combat each new menace. We have found heads of great industries, we have found engineers, we have found organization, we have seen the whole genius of France clearly expressed in its power of organization. We have seen that the genius of France was the industry of France; and it was the industry of France, aided by the industry of America, which was able to produce the shells, millions upon millions of which have been hurled upon the enemy to clear the way when our children mounted to the assault; it was the industry of France

aided by the industry of America which produced those things that are as essential in battle as human lives, and France has willingly shed her blood for our common cause.

Just now your illustrious statesman, Mr. Choate, said that the American and the French flags would float together at the front. As if in realization of that prediction, I read this morning that there was a great and moving popular ceremony in Paris yesterday when the people of France saw the American ambulances driving through the streets of Paris flying the Stars and Stripes. I say to you that the joy of the people of France when they cheered the American flag was their joy at the promise which it stood for. It is necessary that the American flag shall be carried to the firing line, shall float where German shells are falling, there in the trenches where French and English soldiers are now fighting together shoulder to shoulder to the extreme limit of human endurance. And when your flag flies there, it will not be like the flag you now see around you that hangs spotless in regular folds, but I warn you that alongside of the stars it will have holes, and among its stripes the white will be stained with the blood of your children.

Yes, you will come to us, pushed forward by the irresistible forces of humanity; and I want to say to you that we never doubted for one single minute that America would come into this war. Do you want to know why we were certain that America would come into this war? It was not because of submarines; it was not your dead in the *Lusitania*; it was in de-

fense of your honor, the honor of your traditions, the honor of your free country. You came into the war not only for your national vindication, but for the vindication of human rights, and it is for human rights that you are fighting, for the most sacred rights of free men. You are fighting for liberty, you are fighting for democracy.

We all agree with Mr. Choate. He said, "Hurry up. Do not lose time." We understand his thought and we love him for it, but we do not say that. We who know what war is, know how intense the preparation must be, and that no preparation can be neglected.

Mr. Choate also said that France would never accept German conditions of peace, and he was right. Germany has always thought that by her heavy might she could imprison the hearts and stunt the consciences of humanity, and so long as that doctrine of might prevails Germany can never offer us conditions of peace that will be acceptable. We will never make peace until we have that which is ours—Alsace and Lorraine.

We are not fighting a selfish battle. We are not fighting to triumph for ourselves, we who did not seek this war. We are fighting for civilization and for democracy and for mankind and for what is ours. At first we bore the brunt almost alone. We gave to all the allies of France a breathing space in which to get ready to stand by our side, to place their flags alongside of ours. Now they are ready. Now you are coming. Now all freemen in the world are standing shoul-

der to shoulder for liberty and for justice. Yes, and so we will stand till the end of the conflict. We will thwart the reign of might in the world. We will save the future generations. We will save them by our blood and by our suffering, but future generations of mankind will be forever free from the terrible menace of German domination.

AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

After the luncheon the French Commission motored back to the Frick mansion to prepare for their trip to Columbia University, where was to be conferred on M. Viviani, Marshal Joffre, Mr. Balfour (by proxy), and Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England, the degree of Doctor of Laws, the occasion being, as President Nicholas Murray Butler expressed it, one of the most notable in Columbia's history. The exercises were held in the open air on the steps of the library facing One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, and were witnessed by thousands. Marshal Joffre was the figure upon whom all eyes were focused, as Dr. Butler, in conferring on him the highest degree which the university can offer, said the recipient had made the name of the River Marne as immortal as Miltiades made that of Marathon. The great throng wildly shouted its full approval of this tribute. When M. Viviani stood up to receive his degree, the crowds cheered with an enthusiasm that was heard to the river banks, and again when the tall, athletic Lord Cunliffe stepped forward. Clive Bayley, the British Consul General in New York, represented Mr. Balfour, who was to receive the diploma when he arrived in New York late the same afternoon.

It was not until 3:50 o'clock that Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani and Lord Cunliffe left the Frick mansion for

Columbia University. The route ran north on Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth Street and west on that street to Morningside Heights, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and the University. Every foot of the way was lined with throngs of men, women and children. The progress of the party was made amid long-continued cheers from end to end. In One Hundred and Sixteenth Street people were packed so densely that it was with difficulty the police cleared a roadway big enough for automobiles to pass through. In front of the library other thousands were massed. In the plaza in front of the Columbia University a military battalion in khaki stood at attention. On the steps in the space reserved for distinguished guests members of the Columbia faculty stood with heads bare. Nearby were some of the best-known men of the nation, including Charles Evans Hughes, Robert Bacon, Major Gen. Leonard Wood, the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity, Brander Matthews, Clarence H. Mackay, Herbert L. Satterlee, John Bassett Moore, Mayor Mitchel, Henry Morgenthau, George T. Wilson, Joseph H. Choate, Otto H. Kahn, and nearly every member of the Mayor's Reception Committee.

Two signals announced the coming of the famous guests. One was the Columbia yell and the other the whirring of police motorcycles which speeded ahead of the column of automobiles. President Butler wore his brilliant Cambridge robe in honor of the British and his Legion of Honor decoration in honor of the French. Everywhere flags of the United States, England and France snapped in the half gale that was blowing. On the western edge of the official inclosure a great string of flags fluttered. In that cluster was the flag of every nation of the Entente Allies. Every person in the throng rose, the men with heads bared, as M. Viviani, Marshal Joffre, and Lord Cunliffe marched

slowly up the crimson carpeted steps from the automobiles in which they arrived. Behind them came other members of the French delegation, Marquis de Chambrun, the grandson of Lafayette; Lieut. Col. Fabry, Chief of Staff of Marshal Joffre, in blue uniform and wearing the cap of the famous Alpine Chasseurs; Lieutenant de Tesson, Marshal Joffre's aid, and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.

Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani did not stop in front of the Alma Mater Statue, but proceeded directly into the library, accompanied by President Butler and William Barclay Parsons, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Columbia. Later it was learned that they had gone into an inner room to greet in the name of the French Republic Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Chapman, the parents of Sergeant Victor E. Chapman, the young American aviator who was killed in action at Verdun in June, 1916. He was one of the famous fliers of the American section fighting with the French on the western front.

In a few moments the distinguished Frenchmen reappeared and took seats on the right of President Butler. Ambassador Jusserand sat next to Marshal Joffre and translated for him the more telling parts of President Butler's address. The chair in front of the statue, occupied by President Butler, was a famous Benjamin Franklin chair, one of Columbia's most precious relics, a fact made known to the visitors and occasioning interest among them.¹ William Barclay Parsons, wearing his uniform as a Major of United States Engineers—Mr. Barclay having been called into the Federal service a few days before—introduced President Butler, who conferred the degrees with the following formulæ:

¹ The New York Times.

Rene Viviani—formerly President of the Council of Ministers of the French Republic, now Vice President of the Council and Minister of Justice, eminent as advocate, as parliamentarian, as orator, and as statesman, we greet in you the lofty spirit and serene determination of the French people, bound to us by ties that reach back to our nation's cradle and that nothing can ever weaken or break.

Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre—Marshal of France, who, by reason of character, courage, and superb strategic skill, has made the name of the River Marne as immortal as Miltiades made that of Marathon, and in so doing saved the world for democracy.

The Right Hon. Walter, First Baron Cunliffe of Headley—Governor of the Bank of England, which for two and a quarter centuries has maintained so high a repute for good faith, for probity, for business sagacity, and for prowess, that through its support of the public debt and of the commerce, the industry, and the shipping of the British Empire it has made London the central market place of the world and the bank itself a fortress beneficent in time of peace and impregnable in time of war.

Mr. Consul General, to the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, whom you to-day represent, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, crowned with every honor that the public life and the universities of Great Britain can confer, distinguished alike in philosophy, in letters, and in statesmanship, coming to us as representative of what must always remain to us the mother country, and speak-

ing its words of confidence and regard for the greatest of her children, is gladly granted *in absentia* the highest honor which this university can offer.

After the degrees were conferred M. Viviani made a brief speech. He had intended to deliver an oration of considerable length, but owing to the cold weather and the danger of impairing his voice, was compelled to speak briefly. Following is what he said, the original French being given, as readers may like to have a specimen of the famous orator's speeches in the language in which it was delivered:

Mesdames, Messieurs,

M. le Président de l'Université vous a prévenus que je ne pourrai vous adresser que quelques mots; vous l'aviez déjà compris, car, sous ce ciel, au milieu de cette immense assistance, il est impossible à un orateur de faire parvenir toute sa pensée. Mais je manquerais de gratitude si je ne profitais de l'occasion qui m'est offerte pour remercier M. le Président de l'Université que j'ai eu déjà l'honneur, il y a quelques années, de voir à Paris; et je remercie également en sa personne tous ses professeurs illustres dont les noms et l'instruction sont connus et qui ont écouté la parole du Maître et ses leçons de vérité.

Plus d'un lien rattachent la France à l'Amérique; parmi ces liens, le lien universitaire est le plus fort et les deux grandes universités américaines et françaises ont toujours été d'accord pour reconnaître que l'université doit distribuer à la fois l'instruction qui donne l'élévation intellectuelle et l'éducation qui

donne l'élévation morale. Vous avez tous compris, vous qui m'entendez, qu'il ne suffit pas d'étudier la beauté littéraire, la grandeur philosophique, que cela n'est rien : il faut, avant tout, former des hommes de confiance et de caractère. Nous l'avons bien senti nous-mêmes, aux heures tragiques, lorsque nous avons vu se lever tous les enfants de France, depuis ceux qui n'avaient reçu qu'une instruction primaire jusqu'à ceux qui avaient atteint les degrés supérieurs, tous, simples enfants du peuple, étudiants de la veille, se sont dressés sous le drapeau français pour lutter contre l'envahisseur. Et vous-même, M. le Président, vous-mêmes, Messieurs, vous avez compris qu'aux heures tragiques que nous traversons en commun, il fallait faire de cette Université le centre du patriotisme. Vous avez établi un hôpital, élevé des jeunes hommes qui seront demain des officiers capables de conduire votre armée, et vous avez montré de quoi vous étiez capables.

Mais ce n'est pas seulement un hommage que je dois vous rendre ; il m'appartient encore, à moi français, de vous dire : Où pourriez-vous mieux envoyer vos étudiants si ce n'est sur cette terre de France au lieu de les envoyer sur cette terre d'Allemagne ? Vous savez ce que sont devenus les hommes nourris de la culture allemande ; et c'est au nom de cette culture qu'on a vu déclarer par ceux qui l'avaient reçue que la signature allemande devait être déchirée comme un chiffon de papier. Venez chez un peuple libre où vous trouverez en littérature, poésie et science des maîtres égaux aux vôtres et qui

pourront compléter l'instruction de vos enfants. Après la victoire gagnée en commun par de communs efforts, je vous demande, M. le Président, d'échanger nos enfants, de faire visiter l'Amérique par nos étudiants et la France par les vôtres. Et laissez-moi vous dire que, de retour en France, je serai l'un des artisans les plus convaincus de la grande oeuvre de pénétration commune. J'en fais le serment devant la statue de l'Alma Mater, la grande Mère Eternelle qui forme les cerveaux et les consciences et devant laquelle j'ai reçu ce titre qui restera l'honneur de ma vie et auquel se rattache un souvenir qui ne périra qu'avec moi-même.

As each degree was conferred Columbia students gave their long yell, ending it each time with the name of the recipient. Two-thirds of the crowd joined the students in shouting "Joffre" as the Marshal stood up to receive his degree. Brander Matthews presented the hoods to M. Viviani and to Marshal Joffre while John Bassett Moore gave hoods to Lord Cunliffe and Mr. Bayley, representing Mr. Balfour. M. Viviani and Lord Cunliffe put on their gowns, but Marshal Joffre being in his military dress, did not, since the greater distinction was not to be obscured by the lesser. The exercises were brought to an end by the singing of "America." The crowd remained standing while the visitors proceeded to their automobiles, the cheering being continuous until the last car was out of sight. The last that Columbia saw of the visitors was when Colonel Fabry rose in his car, looked back and waved a last farewell to thousands who jammed One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

AT GRANT'S TOMB AND AT THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC

After this ceremony Marshal Joffre went directly to Grant's Tomb, accompanied by M. Viviani and other members of the Commission. Descending alone into the crypt he climbed a stepladder that had been hurriedly requisitioned as a means by which he might reach the top of the sarcophagus, in which rest the remains of the Union commander. There he deposited a wreath of laurel, held together by the colors of France and America. Above at the circular stone rail with bared heads stood the other members of the Commission, Mayor Mitchel, General Daniel Appleton, General Leonard Wood, and a few others. The police estimated that at least 25,000 people had gathered outside the Tomb. It was an impressive scene when the French soldier below in the darkened crypt, at the top of the ladder, paid this tribute to the great soldier of another era and of another war for human liberty. After he had arranged the wreath, he stepped back and stood at attention, his hand at salute, uttered a few words in French, so low that they were inaudible in that stillness even to those above him. After a brief inspection of the battle flags, Marshal Joffre reappeared on the floor above.

From Grant's Tomb the visitors went to the Joan of Arc statue at Riverside Drive and Ninety-third Street. Here they were met by a delegation representing the Daughters of the American Revolution, who presented Marshal Joffre with a check for 38,000 francs, to be used in any way he saw fit for the relief of suffering in France. Marshal Joffre placed a wreath of laurel at the base of the monument, the crowd meanwhile silent, and men and boys baring their heads. The ceremony was as brief as it was impressive, and was over in less than five minutes. The party then went

through Seventy-ninth Street and Central Park to the Frick mansion to prepare for the events of the evening.

AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE METROPOLITAN OPERA
HOUSE

At 10:30 Marshal Joffre stood in the great reading room of the Public Library where clerks give out books as taken off the dumbwaiter, and made the third of his four brief speeches of the day to a pushing crowd that almost overwhelmed him, despite the moderating influence of a large body of policemen. He had stopped there for a few minutes only while on his way to the Metropolitan Opera House, where Governor Whitman was to present him to an audience at a gala performance. M. Viviani, wearied by the day's continuous performance, had found himself too exhausted to remain to the end of the ceremonies. There were many thousands outside the library all through the evening, their interest held by the lights and decorations and by an eagerness to catch some further sight of Marshal Joffre.

The decorations and lighting about the library provided a spectacle that New York had seldom if ever surpassed. A pillared court of honor was built along Fifth Avenue from Fortieth to Forty-second Street; its columns wreathed with evergreens and surmounted by urns, with American eagles at each column besides symbolic medallions, and the draped flags of twelve allies. From the marble balustrade in front of the library terrace three tall poles were raised on either side of the entrance, and from their crossbars hung long banners bearing devices of the American eagle, the British lion and the Gallic cock. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns glowed along the terrace and the white façade. There were lights beneath each window, shining brightly on navy

recruiting posters pasted on the panes. There were lights hidden behind the cornices, lights everywhere along the deeply indented walls. The twin fountains by the side of the great entrance were also illuminated, the water splashing in a constant sparkle of light. The handling of immense crowds along the avenue and in every cross street by policemen was in notable contrast to confusion inside.¹

When Marshal Joffre, with Governor Whitman, afterward stepped into a box fronting the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House, the great audience rose to its feet, forgetting that Paderewski was playing a masterpiece. With a wide sweep of his right hand the Marshal saluted, as the audience cheered and sang the "Marseillaise." He then made a brief speech:

Ladies and gentlemen: I am deeply grateful for all the greetings, for all the smiles, and for all the cheers that you have manifested here to-night; but I must take them not as an expression to me personally, but as a tribute from you to the fighting army in France. If the soldiers of my beloved country could know of this great spontaneous outburst of affection and patriotism on the part of the people of this great city, they would receive new inspiration and stimulation. Their hearts would be deeply stirred, as mine has been to-night by this overwhelming evidence of your support. This is the greatest demonstration I have ever seen. I am not an orator, ladies and gentlemen, and I cannot say more than that I am profoundly touched by this magnificent demonstration. I shall carry the memory of it back to the soldiers

¹ The New York Times.

of France. I say now and again, "Long live the United States! Long live the City of New York!"

Marshal Joffre remained in the box while the Metropolitan chorus continued the "Marseillaise" and sang "God Save the King," and Mme. Homer sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was one of the most inspiring scenes the Opera House had ever witnessed. When Mme Homer, after singing the first verse of the national anthem, stepped to the front of the stage and waved the flag, the tremendous audience joined in with a demonstration that made Marshal Joffre almost drop his cap while he was applauding. When the song was finished, the audience by a common impulse turned to look at the distinguished guest who saluted and applauded again. With his military aide he went away thirty minutes later. The affair had been arranged by the Marshal Joffre Committee; the receipts, which exceeded \$86,000, being turned over to him for the French war orphans. When he and Governor Whitman left their box, they went quickly to the Fortieth Street exit, where Squadron A was drawn up with swords at salute. Only the best efforts of the police and of Squadron A could keep back the enormous crowd and secure the Marshal's passage. Former Governor Hughes and Mrs. Hughes had sat in the box with Marshal Joffre. Seats for this entertainment had sold for from \$3 for the upper gallery to \$25 for orchestra seats, boxes selling for \$1,000 each.

M. VIVIANI AT A BAR ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON

Appearing as the first lawyer of France before the lawyers of New York, M. Viviani, while Marshal Joffre was at West Point on May 11, spoke at a luncheon at the Biltmore given by the Bar Association. He said he felt at

home among 900 lawyers, and talked as if he did, his efforts unrestrained, his gestures profuse, and at all times eloquent. A half dozen times he swept his auditors to their feet in wild cheers. George W. Wickersham presided. Charles Evan Hughes also spoke and brought the audience to its feet three times in applause led by M. Viviani. Following is M. Viviani's speech:

My dear brethren: It seems to me that something would have been lacking in my life, in my career, if in passing through this great city of New York, where nearly 6,000 of my brethren work and are the honor of the bar of the United States, I had not been accorded the honor of meeting them and shaking their loyal hands.

The Parisian bar, as well as those of all France, are peopled with young men who had devoted their hearts to the future. Before them an immense career opened. They were satisfied to work peaceably in their study for the purpose of attaining fortune, either great or small; in any case to give credit to their life. They were quietly working there in the month of July, 1914, and the summer, with its bright, clear days, after a year of work, called them to the holiday vacations. Then we heard the tocsin of war. The first cannon shot resounded. The tragic hour in our history was unveiled. The horizon became suddenly darkened and was zigzagged by the flashes of the tragic light, and all these young men, doffing the lawyer's robe, seizing arms, left to join the colors, to rejoin their regiments.

And you were right just now, my dear comrade,

in rendering homage not only to the lawyers but to all those men of the liberal professions who in France have joined the colors, in company with peasants and workingmen. Yes, it is an admirable example of national unity and sacred union which glorious France has offered to the world. Not a man, whatever his rank, whether he wears the apron of the workingman or the blouse of the peasant, whether he wears the robe of the Magistrate or that of the lawyer; not a man, whether rich or poor, failed in his duty. And at the same hour, on the same day, all bowing their heads to the level of the bloody trenches, all together forming the democratic army, the great army of citizens all went together, representing France, before the enemy.

But what am I saying? It is not true! I lessen their rôle; I lessen their mission. They did not represent France alone. They felt that they were bound to our national history by more than a tie. The soldiers of 1914, indeed, were soldiers in 1914. They defended the territory, the country invaded. That they did. But do you believe that discipline, that the apprehension of danger—do you believe that the orders given by the leaders to the soldiers suffice to engender such a heroism? That which caused the army to line up was that it was an army of soldiers as well as citizens; it was because in reviewing the past it saw a past filled with glory; it was because it did not wish to be unworthy of its great ancestors who suffered and fought on French soil; in a word, this national army knew that it was defending the

principles of justice and humanity to which you have rendered so just an homage. And that is what, in the towns I have passed through, however feeble my voice may be, in the midst of immense throngs gathered before me, that is what I have said. I have brought all the strength of my heart to it.

You were right, my dear brother, my illustrious brother, illustrious Judge of the Supreme Court, you were right to say that we had finally found the means of appealing directly to the heart of America. And do you not think that I have noticed it? Do you imagine that I have not felt that my words penetrated the souls of those who surrounded me? Do you imagine that an orator, who, being in the profession, could speak, could be carried away by that alone, by his individual thought, if he did not feel consciences and hearts vibrating around him? Yes, it is because I have felt in you a heart similar to my own, because my impression corresponded to yours, because my emotion has risen to the height of yours, because yours has risen to the height of mine, that we have understood one another, and that in spite of the difference in language which is the habilitation of the soul, we have perceived one soul, the same, the same in France as in America.

Your attitude to-day, like the attitude which I have already spoken of, has been outlined by Mr. Hughes. He said, and I repeat it: It is not an abstract salute which the French mission has brought to America. No, we are not here merely to exchange expressions of international friendship; we have not

come merely for the purpose of shaking hands with you; we have not come here to salute you nor to become intoxicated by the clamorous acclamations which greet us in your streets. We have come here to penetrate your souls, to penetrate your hearts. Yes, this I say, we have come, however unworthy we may be of our mission, to show you the great soul of wounded France, of suffering France, of eternal France.

All the orators who have preceded me upon this platform have accorded me too much praise to permit me, with modesty, to surpass the height of his eulogy. You have shown the French isolated at the beginning of the war, sleeping in muddy and bloody trenches, fighting night and day, constantly, not only for themselves, but for humanity. You have considered the French Army as the vanguard of all the armies of free men. Yes, indeed, that is true. For the last three years we have been fighting for liberty; we are flinging to the breeze under the fire of cannon the banner of universal democracy. May free men now rise and come to our side! For the honor of humanity let us not be alone in this fight.

Come to us, American brothers, whose hearts have been attached to ours since Lafayette, with his French soldiers, landed upon your soil and loaned the aid of his arms to American independence. It is not for France; it is not for you; it is not for England; it is not for Russia. No; it is not for the nations; it is for the whole world; it is for all humanity.

And Mr. Hughes has just said that he could not imagine a country where international law would no

longer exist. In fact, it would be a country similar to a forest in which there would be neither laws nor judges, and where he who entered might at any step be assassinated. And I say to you, what good will your and my pacifist studies be, what good will it be to open the files of our clients, what good will it be to invent codes for the determination of individual conflicts? What good will it be to plead individual causes before judges if the great cause of humanity is not gained by our arms, by our soldiers?

Then let us close our brief cases. Turn from the study of the law so long as human right has not obtained the satisfaction to which it is entitled. And since in the history of the world no progress can be initiated unless it is born in pain, since human and eternal right can only stand after immense hecatombs have been slain around it, let us send our pious homage to those who have fallen for the holy cause and create in ourselves a heart of iron, a heart inaccessible to fear and sorrow; let us continue our road to the end, to the end of the war, to the victory of justice and democracy.

Permit me to thank you for your presence in this hall, for this immense audience which hears me, to whom I can say that never more than to-day have I so much regretted my inability to speak your beautiful language in order that I might express to you with clearness and precision which this language affords all the sentiments which fill my heart.

Permit me to say that to have been received by you will be one of the cherished souvenirs of my life.

And let me add that I shall not leave this hall filled with exaggerated pride or with too great immodesty. Indeed, although this opportunity allows you to address your eulogies to me, I do not take them to myself: it is for the great judicial family to which for thirty years I have belonged, to the Parisian bar.

MR. BALFOUR'S ARRIVAL

New York after three tumultuous days devoted to M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, rallied gallantly to the task of making the British Commission welcome. What might have been a painful anti-climax achieved, however, the full flavor of a triumph. Landing at the Battery, Mr. Balfour was taken to the City Hall in a car, in which he was seated with Mr. Choate, and was closely followed by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador. Then came in long procession the military, naval and diplomatic members of the Commission. The officers all wore khaki, the only uniform which British officers were allowed to wear till the end of the war, its monotony relieved by an occasional touch of scarlet ribbon. Naval officers, too, were in service uniform. Just inside the entrance to the City Hall Mayor Mitchel met and greeted the guests. Proceeding into the building and then up-stairs, Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Balfour led the way, Mr. Choate and Ambassador Spring-Rice following and then Frank L. Polk, Counselor of the State Department, just ahead of the military members of the Commission. The party marched between a double line of saluting swords in the hands of members of the Veteran Corps of Artillery. Officers saluted the colors of the corps as they passed on the landing of the circular stairway.

Guests of the Mayor, who had assembled, set up a loud cheer as the party walked in. Mr. Balfour took his stand

on the dais where the French Commissioners had received the City's welcome two days before, with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice on his right and the tall figure of General Bridges on his left. After another burst of cheering, with much waving of the flags of the allied nations from the gallery and of silk hats from the floor, the Mayor extended his formal welcome. Mr. Choate was asked to speak on behalf of the citizens of New York.

Mr. Balfour had listened with evidence of deep emotion to the addresses of welcome. When it was his turn to respond he found his voice breaking several times. He spoke rather slowly, seeming to find his feelings were interfering with his choice of words. His seriousness was reflected in the spirit that fell upon the audience. They had given him a demonstration equal in volume and intensity to that which had been accorded to the Marshal of France. When he began to speak they listened with deep and solemn earnestness, as if realizing the tremendous import of his visit. They applauded when he declared that America would share the trials and the triumphs of the European Allies; they applauded again when he said: "If there be faint hearts on the other side I have not heard of them." Throughout the speech it was evident that Mr. Balfour's hearers were fully impressed with his own earnestness, with his picture of America giving new inspiration to a terribly burdened but still courageous England.¹ Mr. Balfour said:

Mr. Mayor, Mr. Choate, Gentlemen of the City of New York: On behalf of my friends and of myself, I beg to tender you our warmest thanks for a reception which none of us, however long our experience may be of public life, have seen the like of, for the

¹ The New York Times.

reception outside in your noble streets and within this historic hall, will always remain imprinted upon the memory of every one of us.

You, Mr. Mayor, in words that breathed the spirit of a noble and self-sacrificing love of liberty, have told us why it is that you welcome in this enthusiastic and whole-hearted fashion our mission from the far-off scene of war. You have told us, and Mr. Choate has admirably emphasized the sentiments which you uttered; you have told us that the American people have gone in deliberately, whole-heartedly, enthusiastically, for a cause which has in it no taint of selfishness, no beginning of self-seeking; that you have gone in it, as you, Mr. Mayor, pointed out, because all your moral sympathies are on the side for which the Allies have been struggling for more than two years and a half; the cause in which they have poured out treasure and blood, more valuable than any treasure, like water, in the cause. You have told us that America could no longer stand aloof, but must take her part in this world's struggle and must bear a share, and it will be a great share; a great share in that contest for the liberties of mankind which is now moving every corner of the earth.

You, Mr. Mayor, I remember in your speech told us that although your active participation in the war, your formal declaration of war, was but thirty days old, the moral sense of this great city and of the United States had been from the beginning with the allied cause. I know that it is so, and, believe me, even before you came in and before, as Mr. Choate

said, you were prepared to throw everything you possessed into the struggle, even before that the consciousness that we had behind us the sympathy of this great nation was no small support to those who were for the moment bearing the whole burden and heat of the day.

But a happier occasion has come. The United States have thrown all they possess of manhood, of wealth, and of those high qualities which are better than wealth and greater, and greater even in the cause of terrestrial fighting than wealth—they have thrown all those resources into the common stock; they are going to share our fortunes, share our trials, share our struggles, and, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, share our triumphs.

Those who had the good fortune to drive through the streets of the city up to this hall, I am sure, must have been astounded at the whole-hearted exhibition of enthusiasm which from every street, from every window, from every house, made itself visible and audible to the spectators. Seldom have I seen a sight—and my experience, alas, is an old one—seldom, or never, have I seen a sight so deeply moving; never have I seen a sight which went more to the heart, and I thought, as I drove along those streets, that on the other side of the Atlantic, where the stress and strain of battle seems sometimes hard to sustain, if they could have one glimpse of the sympathies shown them in this vast and noble community, it would have given, if there be faint hearts—I have not heard of them on the other side—if faint hearts there be, it would

indeed have given them new strength, new courage, and fortified them with new resolution, and they would have felt, if they ever had ceased to feel it before, they would have felt again that firm determination to carry through at all sacrifices this great struggle to its appointed end, which, after all, is the very strength and nerve of the allied forces.

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, I do not think I can add to advantage anything to what I have already ventured to say. I know my words have at most but coldly and imperfectly expressed the fervor of my feelings. You must make up in imagination for any deficiency which the reality may possess, for I do assure you from my heart that never have I been more deeply stirred by any occasion or by any cause than by this occasion and this cause in the City of New York.

After prolonged cheering the commission passed out through a lane opened in the crowd. On the route north Mr. Balfour passed under the Washington Arch, the inscription above having a banner which proclaimed: "The World Must Be Made Safe for Democracy!" By this trip under the arch was symbolized the fact that the differences of 1776 and 1812 between this country and Great Britain had been forgotten in the common cause of 1917; that old wounds had healed and left no scars; that hands which had been stretching toward each other across the sea these many years, ever drawing closer, had finally met and gripped one another.

The party proceeded thence to the Vincent Astor residence on upper Fifth Avenue, where Mr. Balfour was to

stay. Mr. Astor and Theodore Rousseau, the Mayor's Secretary, sat with the Mayor and Mr. Balfour in the first car. Mr. Choate followed with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Mr. Polk. Solid masses of people along the way shouted applause. The party headed by mounted police reached the Astor home at 5:15 o'clock, where they were greeted by Mrs. Astor and friends of the British officials, who had gathered there to receive them. It so happened that as they reached the house, Marshal Joffre, returning from his visit to West Point, passed along in a motor car, bound further north, for the Frick mansion. Mr. Balfour and Mrs. Astor discovered him and waved a greeting to the French soldier, who rose in his car and saluted them.

THE WALDORF DINNER TO THE FRENCH AND BRITISH

At the Waldorf-Astoria that night gathered probably the greatest assemblage of distinguished men connected with state affairs that New York ever saw brought together—Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani, Mr. Balfour, Rear Admiral de Chair, Vice Admiral Chocheprat, Lieutenant General Bridges, Marquis de Chambrun, Lord Cunliffe, Colonel Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Charles E. Hughes, Governor Whitman, Mayor Mitchel and fifteen hundred other well-known men. These eminent citizens of New York, in dress coats and fine linen, with ladies in the boxes in gay silks and bare arms and shoulders, yelled as loudly, as long and as enthusiastically as had other and plainer citizens in public streets.

The dinner was the crowning event of the commission's sojourn in New York. An electric display of the flags of the three allies hung from the Fifth Avenue side of the hotel. Thousands of persons had packed the sidewalks waiting for members of the two commissions to arrive. The

crowd extended far below and above the hotel and backed away for several hundred feet into side streets. With voices not at all weakened by two days of shouting, men and women vociferously hailed the visitors as their automobiles rolled down the avenue. The mighty explosion that shook the room when the British and French commissioners entered, escorted by officials of the state and city, was the first salvo in a bombardment that lasted through the evening. First came the spare, erect figure of the Mayor, walking beside Mr. Balfour, with Governor Whitman following, escorting M. Viviani. Then came Senator Calder and the sturdy form of Marshal Joffre; Colonel Roosevelt with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador; former President Taft with M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador; Frank L. Polk with Admiral Chocheprat, Nicholas Murray Butler with Admiral de Chair, and Major General Wood with Lieutenant General Bridges. At the high table, sat with the Mayor and the leading members of the visiting missions, two ex-Presidents of the United States, the Governor of New York, and the junior United States Senator. On the floor were two former Presidential candidates, Charles E. Hughes and Alton B. Parker, great financiers and business men, and officers and civilians of the British and French commissions.

When the guests of honor filed in to take their places, the order of march became somewhat disturbed, so that Colonel Roosevelt came in almost at the end of the procession. When the crowd at last saw him, the volume of cheers that had been given for Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani and Mr. Balfour rang out again. Another excuse for cheering came when the Colonel shook hands with Marshal Joffre, beside whom he was to sit. It was with difficulty that the room was finally stilled. During most of the dinner, the Colonel and Marshal Joffre were engaged in conversation in French.

Because the committee wished to give an example of economies rendered desirable by war conditions, there was a simple menu of five courses only, most of them characteristically American—the simplest ever served at a great public function in the history of the Waldorf. Champagne and liqueurs were the only drinks.

The decorations, designed by Cass Gilbert, were based on a background of horizon blue, the color of the French field service uniform, hung across the entire wall behind the high table. Thirteen wreaths and festoons tied with gold ribbons hung from the top of this screen, and in the middle two American flags, with the ensigns of the other allies grouped about them, surmounted the Blashfield medallions, beneath which was a gilt panel emblazoned with the President's famous phrase "To make the world safe for democracy." A hedge of laurel extended just behind the guests of honor the whole length of the room, with tall cedar trees at either end. Just in front on tall staffs were two American flags that waved in breezes made by electric fans. All through the Mayor's address and the speeches of Mr. Choate, Mr. Balfour and M. Viviani, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke away at intervals, blotting out the speakers' voices with mighty shouts that filled the chamber. The Mayor said:

Ours is not an ancient city. It is not old measured by the age of Old World cities. But it is a city of extraordinary things. Its short history is full of big events. Nothing, however, since the days of the Civil War, has occurred in the record or experience of New York so momentous in the life of the nation of which she is so great a part as the visit to our shores of the French and British war commissions.

Nothing in her civic life, since the visit of Lafayette, has equaled in its magnitude or in its stirring qualities the city's reception of these distinguished guests.

We prize and we revere the institutions of free government which as a nation we have established and developed at so great a cost. These institutions, which we would defend with our lives to the last ounce of our strength, to the last dollar of our resources, are at once a blend and product of French idealism and British common law. These institutions are threatened.

The United States is now at war. These men and the peoples that they represent are our allies in that war. It is for us and for them a war of self-preservation; a war in which autocratic militarism seeks to sweep from the earth the institutions of self-governing freeman; a war in which all the pent-up barbarism of a thousand years seems to burst forth, bent upon obliterating civilization and justice; a war in which the ideals and the institutions of democracy are threatened with annihilation.

This is especially our war. Democracy destroyed in Europe means democracy first threatened and then destroyed in the United States. At last we see it. America is now awake, and New York—New York, that has never hung back or faltered in the hour of the nation's peril—clasps hands with these, our guests and allies, and says to them: "We're with you in this thing to the end, lead where it may."

What can we say to them? Their peoples have known privations and the sufferings of war. We have

not. Democracy on this side of the Atlantic, protected by the British navy, defended by the valiant hosts of France at the Battle of the Marne, secured by the armies of the Allies for two years and a half, has pursued its prosperous and peaceful course, unshaken by the terrors and the sufferings that have torn Europe.

That day is past. The hour of our trial is at hand. It was not to be that American democracy should thrive and live at peace while European democracy fought and suffered to preserve to the world popular self-government. American democracy now must make its sacrifice in the common cause of civilization and of justice, and it is well for the soul and spirit of our nation that this is so.

Gentlemen of England and of France, our President, speaking for every loyal citizen of the United States, has pledged to you the resources of the United States—money, ships, munitions, food. These things we give you freely and esteem the giving but a light tax upon our unbounded wealth. It is not enough.

There lacks the spiritual contribution of manhood, service and blood-sacrifice. This, too, must be ours. Our duty will be done, our debt discharged, our destiny achieved, only when the hosts of American democracy take their places beside the hosts of England and France, resolved to fight and fight and still to fight until victory rescues the world from autocracy and barbarism.

Mr Choate, who was introduced by Mayor Mitchel, predicted victory for the United States in company with

"these dear allies of ours—Great Britain, our beloved mother country, and France, our dear, delightful, bewitching, fascinating, hypnotizing sister." Referring to an address made by him the day before, in which he urged that the Government hurry troops to France, Mr. Choate said, turning toward Colonel Roosevelt, who grinned delightedly:

I cannot see why a man who has already served his country so nobly and so widely that his fame has reached the uttermost corners of the earth, should not have been allowed to go when he proposed to offer to his country a division of 20,000 soldiers, all prepared to cross and take their places by the side of their brethren in France. I think that if he was willing to take the risk of it, we might. But there is a wiser body than any of us, an immortal body, not possessed so much of soul as of immortality—Congress, that stepped in and held Roosevelt back.

Mr. Choate then predicted a speedy victory for the newly strengthened Allies. "For the first time after two and a half years of waiting," he said, "I am able to hold my head as high as the weight of eighty-five years will allow." Mr. Balfour, in following Mr. Choate, said:

The two inspiring speeches which we have listened to this evening were addressed by the speakers in the main to their own countrymen. They appealed to all the patriotic feelings and all the manhood of America to join in the great cause in which the Allies are engaged.

Certainly it was the right of these gentlemen to make that appeal. It is not my right. I have not

come here—as my old and true friend, Mr. Choate, seems to suppose—I have not come here authorized by my government to set myself up or to set my friends up as instructors of the great American people. They know and you know how to manage your affairs, and do not require us to teach you. It may be—it probably is a fact—that a study of the purpose, a very minute study of the history of this war, will show those who run and desire to read that there are certain mistakes which a great democracy imperfectly prepared for war may easily make. We shall be happy to describe those mistakes to you if happily it will be your desire to learn the lesson from them. But I do not propose either now or at any other occasion to set myself up as an adviser or monitor on these great themes.

It is enough that I proclaim my unalterable conviction that we have reached a moment in the world's history when the future, not of this country, but of every country—not of its interests but of every interest—when the very heart of civilization is trembling in the balance. At this critical moment it is my bounden duty, whatever nation or people I address, to raise up my voice and to appeal to all who will listen to me that, in the great task which we have been bearing for two and a half years, they will take the weight also upon their shoulders.

The Mayor of New York told us in his speech that since the Civil War no such date has occurred in New York, no such occasion has been seen in New York, as yesterday and to-day. What is that? Why it is

that the people of this great city have come forth instinctively—I was going to say by thousands; I feel inclined to say by millions—to show their enthusiasm for the cause you have taken up? It is because they instinctively feel what is the vital issue at stake, because they instinctively feel that it is neither desirable, nor, were it desirable, possible, for this great republic to hold itself aloof from a world in suffering and not to do its part to redeem mankind.

Surely it is a significant fact that here we are, the representatives of three great democracies,—my friends, M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, meet with us who come from Great Britain, and, in the very center and heart of New York, plead a common cause. What has brought us all together? What is the meaning of this unique gathering? What is the meaning of the multitude crowding your streets to-day and yesterday? It is a shallow view to suppose that each of these great nations has had a separate and different cause of controversy with the enemy—that Russia was dragged in because of Serbia, that France was dragged in because of Russia, that Great Britain was dragged in because of the violation of Belgian territory and that the United States has been dragged in because of the piratical warfare of the German submarines. All those causes are, each of them, and separately, no doubt sufficient reason; but for a moment consider this war carried on by the Allies is that of separate interest, separate causes of controversy, is an utterly inadequate and false view of the situation.

These are but symptoms of the absolute necessity in which the civilized world finds itself to deal with an imminent and overmastering peril. What is that peril? Who has brought us here together? What is it we are afraid of? I won't say afraid. What is it we feel that we have got to stop? I will tell you my view of it. It is the calculated and remorseless use of every civilized weapon to carry out the ends of pure barbarism.

To us of Anglo-Saxon, of people of English speech, it seems impossible, incredible, that a nation should clearly set itself to work and coordinate every means of science, every means that knowledge, that industry can provide, not for the bettering of its own people, but for the demolition of other people.

The world is too full—the history of the world is too full—of the adventures of unscrupulous ambition. We know all through history of men who have endeavored, at the cost of others, to expand their own estate. We have seen within the last century, or a little more, men of genius trying to coerce the world. But this is not a case of a new Napoleon arising to carry out a new adventure. This is not a case of adventure, of genius seeking to artify his ambition within the limits of his own country.

This is something far different and far more dangerous for mankind. It is the settled determination to use every means, and to use every means in cooperation, to put the whole world at her feet. We all know it is a commonplace that science has enormously expanded the means by which men can kill each other.

Modern destruction is carried out as much in the laboratory of your universities as it is on the field of battle, but we have always believed, we have always hoped, that this increased power of destruction would be limited and controlled by the growing forces of humanity and civilization. We have been taught, not by Germany but by those who rule Germany, by the military caste which controls Germany—we have been taught a different lesson, and we now know not merely that every scientific weapon will be put in force to make war more horrible than it was in barbarous time, but that even the rights of civilization, of trade, of commerce, even the intercommunication between different peoples, will be used for the same sinister object.

And at this moment a defect, in any country of the world which it is not the desire and the object of German diplomacy to aggravate, which German money is not used to increase, which does not carry with it, not the blessings of wealth, of commerce and of intercourse—human intercourse—but, on the contrary, these means of domination must quit—the peaceful dominations which are the most dangerous and sinister allies of shells or guns and of all the modern apparatus of war.

Ladies and gentlemen, that is the danger we have to meet, and if at this moment the world is bathed in blood and tears from the highlands of distant Armenia down to the very fields of France, almost within sight of the Straits of Dover—if we have seen a destruction of life, a reckless destruction of life,

not merely of the life of soldiers, but the life of civilians; if we have seen peaceful communities dragged through the mire, ruined, outraged; if horror has been heaped upon horror until really we almost get callous in reading our newspapers in the morning; when we see some of these atrocities, really and truly attributed to those with whom we are fighting—if all these things are true, shall we not rise up and resist them?

Shall we, who know what freedom is, become the humble and obsequious servants of those who only know what power is? That will never be tolerated. The free nations of the earth are not thus to be crushed out of existence, and if any proof is required that that consummation cannot be reached in the civilization of the world, that that consummation is impossible, it is to be seen in a gathering like this, where the three great democracies of the West are joined together and are meeting together, I may say, under circumstances unique in the whole history of the world.

And that fact should also give strength and consolation to those who, feeling the magnitude of the issue at stake, are inclined to doubt how the contest will end. But we will fail unless all here who love liberty, and who are prepared to labor together, to fight together, to make our sacrifice in common—unless that happens we may be destroyed piecemeal and the civilization of the world may receive a wound from which it will not easily recover.

Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to

thank you—permit me to thank you, Mr. Mayor, for the kind words you have used to myself, and to thank you also and through you the great City of New York for the reception which you have given to those who, though they have come from afar, do not feel that they have come to a strange country, but rather that they have come among brothers and friends.

The series of eloquent speeches with which M. Viviani had thrilled the American public ever since his arrival, came to a climax in the speech he made at this dinner. When the dinner was over, he rushed away to take a train for Ottawa, Canada, and with him went the stenographer who had taken down his speech, which was delivered in French. The newspapers, in consequence, not having been permitted to send their own stenographers to the dinner, were unable next day to print M. Viviani's speech. In fact, it was not until after M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre had sailed for France that the speech in translation became available for publication. Following is the speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Before leaving New York officially with my companions, I wish it were in my power to express worthily and in a voice that could rise above your cheering and your ovations our thanks to your vast population, which even this immense city can hardly contain. And as if the enthusiastic acclamations of these throngs, which through our passing presence reach far above and beyond us to the France we represent, were not enough to express your feelings, you have here, Mr. Mayor, gathered together in this enormous hall for a last farewell the very flower of your city. When I lift my dazzled eyes I

see beneath a flood of light all the radiance of youth and beauty assembled.

But since I can find no adequate words to acknowledge our appreciation of your exquisite courtesy, allow me, Mr. Mayor, to turn in simple thanks to you, and through you to the population of New York. May I congratulate the city upon being represented by such a man as yourself, on whose youthful brow I see all the maturity of deep thought, and who in order to administer such a gigantic city and to meet such complex duties must indeed be gifted with an exceptional combination of power and gentleness?

And if I could, were I not so pressed for time—for indeed at this very moment the whistle of the train is calling us—I would attempt, as one gathers flowers into a nosegay, to recall and bind together the various impressions which my companions and myself have gathered in the course of our triumphal journey. I used to consider America, in deeds, at least, if not in thought, as above all a commercial country. But soon after we left Washington, the great political capital and seat of Government, where we had the honor of being received by your illustrious President, Mr. Wilson, whose invisible and powerful presence we seemed to feel everywhere throughout the country, soon after we left Washington, accompanied by Mr. Lansing's assistants, Mr. Long, Mr. Polk, Mr. Phillips, who were kind enough to share with us the hardships of the road, who also shared, I may say, the intoxication of our triumph, we had a full opportunity of seeing a part, though but a small one, of

this vast America which before was unknown to some of us.

And what did we behold? Undoubtedly many Americans of ancient origin, but also (and they above all attracted our attention, all the more because we had heard so much of them) people of all races fused in your gigantic melting pot. Many of these races have doubtless remained faithful to their old traditions, but the American soul is so all-embracing, so powerful, that it has absorbed them all, and that they are now all American. We saw, with our own eyes, proofs of their loyalty to their new fatherland and of a national unity we were hardly prepared to find.

And it is before this people we appear to-day in this tragical hour, before this people which has, so to say, absorbed into its frame the races and traditions of other lands and in whose midst the old European races have come to renew their blood, and seek fresh fountains of strength. It is before this people we come to solve grave problems. And in spite of the distance, even here our minds go back to the battlefields, to the struggles, the sorrows and the sufferings of the old world. Such a meeting at such a time is the greatest honor of my life, and I count it also a supreme satisfaction to meet here amidst such a gathering my distinguished colleague, the representative of noble Great Britain, Mr. Balfour, who in a simple and manly speech has just expressed truths similar to those which I, in my turn, will seek to express.

May I be permitted, Mr. Mayor, to recall those dark

days you alluded to just now, those fateful hours, when I was Prime Minister of France and Marshal Joffre was in supreme command of the French forces? As you very truly said, each knew he could rely upon the other. At that hour, on August 3, 1914, we were face to face with Imperial Germany. Along with Russia, which has now sprung to new national life, and which, I trust, after the tempest of its revolution is over and its eddies have subsided, will realize that national emancipation and world-wide liberty must be fought for at one and the same time, alone with Russia, France faced her destiny. England had not yet joined us, but of her I never doubted. If at that date an Englishman had told me he would refuse to fight I should have answered he knew not what he said; that such a thought was unthinkable.

And, indeed, those anxious hours passed swiftly away; Germany tore international treaties to pieces in order to strike a quicker blow at France; she invaded heroic Belgium, who, with her chivalrous King, rushed to meet her, and England, our indomitable ally, rose to a man when the fateful hour had struck. With us she had signed that broken treaty; she declared that her national honor would be stained if the blood of her children were not shed to defend her signature. She declared there were not two standards of morality, one for nations, one for individuals; that honesty was the common basis for all human relations, and that she would perish rather than be dishonored. And she sprang to her feet, rallied to our side, mobilized her powerful fleet; and next, as Mr. Balfour

said, sent us such an army as she could, for she was unprepared, as democracies too often are through the failure of a general conscription law, to gather more than 80,000 men. But those she sent under Marshal French to cooperate with General Joffre and receive his instructions. She could do no more. "French's contemptible little army," the Kaiser sneered, but it fought with us on the Marne and swelled rapidly to 200,000, then 500,000, then 1,000,000, then 1,500,000. Thus did England call from her soil her legions to join ours and hold ever wider portions of our front. And General Joffre, who, if he was not in direct command of the English forces, yet gave his instructions first to Marshal French, then to General Sir Douglas Haig, now in supreme command. General Joffre would tell you what valiant soldiers, what heroes have rallied to our side, full of that quiet energy, dogged courage, humorous cheerfulness, characteristic of a race that smiles in the very jaws of death.

Now German organizations, German Kultur, are fine things, no doubt, gentlemen, when seen from a distance. But mark me well, their vices are apparent when one draws near to them. Do you know what has brought disaster on Germany? What hurls her to ruin? Let me tell you: it is her lack of psychological insight. She sent to England, to Russia, to France, second-rate diplomats whose only care was to gossip in drawing rooms and know not the people. Of English history, of French history, they know nothing. Germany imagined these two great peoples

were helpless to defend themselves. What did she think of England? That it was a people enamored of peace and that no power could emerge out of their island, that the Government in 1914 was pacifist and afraid to fight. And again that imperialistic England in her desire to dominate the world would rouse her very colonies to revolt; and Ireland's rebellion was a sure thing, fomented as it was doubtless by German gold. Well, what did happen? Ireland remained loyal to England, and the English colonies, seething with revolt they said, rose, not in revolt, but to send their sons, their munitions, their money, their very life-blood, to Great Britain. And what does that teach us? It teaches us that when a country has an ideal, when it loves liberty, not only for itself but for all men, when it carries free principles everywhere with it, it brings forth not slaves but free men, men who in the hour of peril heroically rush as the English colonies did, to the help of their menaced motherland.

And so with us. Germany's mistake was no less ruinously foolish. She had sent us a diplomat, Mr. de Schoen, who knew nothing of France, and who dreamed her powerless because he had witnessed our interior dissensions, party quarrels, divisions of opinion, which are the honor of our country, because a free nation needs must seek truth and its ideal in every way. So Germany imagined the hour of battle would find us unprepared, incapable of defense; she saw France—corrupt and dissolute France—beaten to her feet at the first shock and demanding peace at

any cost of Imperial Germany after the first brief battles. Doubtless our past history made her give us credit for being brave, intrepid, capable of dash on the battlefield. But what could courage, intrepidity, dash, avail; what all the virtues of individual men which are the glory of every man? Germany was scientifically organized; her industrial and scientific organization needs must prevail over French valor.

Well, what did we make manifest to the whole world? Two qualities: One which all men knew who knew the glorious traditions of France throughout the ages—dash, intrepidity, valor, contempt of death; but another quality was denied us, that of endurance, that of patience, that of quiet courage; the steady heart and unshaken nerves under the storm of shot and shell. Now, in two battles we combined both qualities as if we would offer them up to the whole world as a homage and a lesson. In August, 1914, we showed what dash French troops possessed in spite of weariness, in spite of the heat of an endless summer, the exhaustion of three weeks' incessant fighting. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole French Army stood at bay and turned upon its enemy. And the man who commanded that army had remained calm and impassive. Every evening he telephoned to me, who was then Premier of France, the result of the military operations; at this very moment I can hear his voice come to me over the wires, quiet, grave, unbroken by the slightest emotion. And that voice spoke its unflinching confidence in final victory in spite of all.

And when the hour had struck, the moment come, the order was issued, was forwarded to the armies, the Generals; every officer read it to his men: "My children, here we stand. Halt and face the barbarians. Die to the last man rather than retreat another step!"

Such was French dash, French valor. It counted for nothing in German eyes. But the day came when the other virtue was shown, that on which they relied yet less. One day they dreamed Verdun could be taken, not because it was in itself the greatest prize; it would have been no victory—but to drive into France and impose peace—for our enemies think they can let peace loose on the world as they unchain war. And so German armies were piled up on the French front. It was impossible, for now at the opportune time comes free America to our side, radiant with its democratic ideals and ancient traditions, to fight with us. She read in President Wilson's incomparable message which has gone to the heart of us to advance against such odds. Our Generals spoke: "Children, not one step back; if you yield a yard, let every yard have its bloody cost for your enemy."

And through the endless days and nights, under shot and shell, under the avalanche of shells that tore up the very earth, among their falling comrades, led by their officers, our men held fast, contesting every inch of ground, fighting for months and months without an instant's respite, checking the whole weight of the German army. And now when we leave our land, when we say those two names, the Marne and Verdun, we mingle in one the two master virtues of

our race, valor and patience, courage and endurance, the Marne and Verdun, names which accompany us wherever we go, in neutral, in friendly, in allied countries, the Marne, Verdun, the glory of which follows us step by step as we go and sheds its radiance over the heavens above us.

What yet remains to be done? For three long years the English and the French, sword in hand, have fought, not for England alone, not for France alone, but for humanity, for right, for democracy. For three long years the Russian soldiers in the northern snows, victorious in Southern Europe, have fought for the same ideal; for two years seductive, virile Italy has scaled the Alps and shattered with its hands the stony barrier that stifled its liberty; for three years Serbia, murdered, trampled under foot ruthlessly, has fought; for three years heroic Belgium has maintained her honor against a perjured foe. For three long years we have striven, face to face with our enemy, tightened our grasp upon her throat, held our own. And now, when we are still strong and undismayed, neither worn out nor doubting, still full of force and resource, every Frenchman knows the deep reasons why America could not but enter into this war. Yes; doubtless you had your slaughtered dead to avenge, to avenge the insults heaped on your honor. You could not for one moment conceive that the land of Lincoln, the land of Washington, could bow humbly before the imperial eagle. But not for that did you rise; not for your national honor alone; do not say it was for that. You are fighting for the

whole world; you are fighting for all liberty; you are fighting for civilization; that is why you have risen in battle. And just now Mr. Choate said: "The English and French Missions are here to tell us what to avoid and what to do."

And your Mayor expressed in an accurate formula his generous conception of our relations when he said: "America is founded on French idealism and English common law." Nothing could be truer; it is all the truth; I can add nothing to his words. But I will tell you what you can do. You are remote from our battlefields; no Zeppelins can fly above your towns and scatter their bombs over the cradles of your innocent children; German ships are blocked in the Kiel Canal; they cannot defile your waters; at this distance you cannot hear the roar of the cannon. But can you imagine that you are not, in sooth, as close to us, in spite of distance, as we are to you—that Germany is not as near you as she is to us, that the peril is remote? No. The menace of Germany lies where Mr. Balfour so philosophically defined it. He told you that the menace of Germany lies in her scientific organization, and I will attempt to interpret his words in the spirit that prompted them. We are all agreed Prussian militarism must be crushed; so long as the world contains it there is no safety in it for democracy. But what is Prussian militarism? It was not born yesterday; it was not born in 1914. It is an ancient sore. It is the bestial and inhuman expression of a philosophy, the outcome of a whole race so madly intoxicated with conceit that it imagines it is

predestined to dominate the world and is amazed to see free men dare to rise and contest its rights. And if you had not risen against it, it is not with artillery, not with shells, not with submarines, not with Zeppelins you would have been attacked.

It is by the methods and spirit of Germany gradually filtering into your brains, impregnating invisibly your hearts, and little by little violating your souls and consciences. That was the hidden danger, the menace of Germany. You realized the peril, and you have risen to face it, to fight a menace not to you alone, but to all civilization. Now all we free men are one in will. The hour for the liberation of all men has struck at last. All have risen in arms in the good fight, fought by us, by our children, to the bitter end. And we will never falter till victory crowns our aims. And when in far-off days after this war history shall tell why we fought, in days yet ringing with this strife, long after the voice of the cannon is silent, then impartial history shall speak. It will say why all the peoples arose in battle, why the free allied peoples fought. Not for conquest. They were not nations of prey. No morbid ambitions lay festering in their hearts and consciences. Why then did they fight? To repel the most brutal and insidious of aggressions. They fought for the respect of international treaties trampled under foot by the brutal soldiery of Germany, they fought to raise all the peoples of the earth to free breath, to the ideal of liberty for all, so that the world might be habitable for free men—or to perish. And history will add: They did not

perish. They vanquished. They shattered the ponderous sword that German militarism aimed against the conscience and the heart of all free men. And thus together we shall have won the moral victory and a material one. It is that dawn I greet, that hour of fate I bow my head before. May the soul of Washington inspire our souls; may the great shade of Lincoln rise from its shroud. We are all resolved to battle till the end for the deliverance of humanity, the deliverance of democracy. Rise then, brother citizens, and lift your brows to the level of your flag.

When M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre left the Waldorf at 11:30 that night their appearance on the street was again marked by great cheers from a crowd which still completely filled all spaces. Scores of secret service men and detectives were there keeping close watch. It was twenty minutes to twelve when they entered the waiting room at the Grand Central station, still surrounded by secret service men. Here they held an animated conversation for several minutes, at the close of which they embraced each other with a kiss on each cheek and then went aboard different private cars on adjoining tracks. Marshal Joffre left for Boston and M. Viviani for Toronto. By a late arrangement, Boston was to share with Ottawa in entertaining the member of the French Mission during a two days' period that was originally set apart for Boston alone. M. Viviani, in accordance with this plan, went to Toronto and Ottawa, and was to reach Boston a day later. Marshal Joffre meanwhile, after a day in Boston, was to go to Montreal.

MR. BALFOUR AT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Next day, before more than a thousand members and guests of the New York Chamber of Commerce, gathered at noon in the Assembly Room of the institution, Mr. Balfour declared that it had been a dream of his life that the two "English-speaking, freedom-loving branches of the human race" might be drawn closer together and the causes of old differences between them seen in their true and just proportions. His address, as were two he had made on the previous day, was delivered in a voice disturbed with emotion and marked by hesitant gropings for phrases to give exact and adequate expression to his feelings. He addressed himself to Americans, not as foreigners, nor yet as men all sprung from British origins, but as joint heirs with modern Britons of the traditions of a great social and political past. Introduced by the President of the Chamber, Mr. Eugene H. Outerbridge, Mr. Balfour spoke as follows:

The noble words to which we have just listened struck, I am well convinced, a sympathetic chord in the heart of every one in your audience, but I don't think that in all the multitude gathered here to-day there was one to whom they went more home than to myself. Mr. President, I have had as the dream of my life a hope that before I died the union between the English-speaking, freedom-loving branches of the human race should be drawn far closer than in the past, and that all temporary causes of difference which may ever have separated two great peoples would be seen in its true and just proportion, and that we should all realize, on whatever side of the Atlantic fortune had placed us, that the things

wherein we have differed in the past sink into absolute insignificance compared with those vital agreements which at all times, but never at such a time as the present, unite us in one great spiritual whole.

My friend Mr. Choate in a speech that he delivered yesterday at the City Hall told his audience that as Ambassador to Great Britain he had been in close official relations with me through many years, and that during all of these years I had stood solid—I think that was his phrase—for American friendship. That is strictly and absolutely true, and the feelings that I have this great opportunity of expressing are not born, believe me, of the necessities of the great war; they are not the offspring of recent events; they are based upon my most enduring convictions, convictions of which I cannot remember the beginning, which I have held with unalterable fidelity through a political life which is now a long life, and which, I am quite sure, I shall cherish to the end.

You, Mr. President, have referred to the preparations that were made only, I suppose, a little more than two years and a half ago—though how long those two and a half years seem to all of us!—preparations that were made two and a half years ago to celebrate the one hundred years of peace between our two countries. I ardently supported that movement, and yet the very phrases in which its objects were expressed show how inadequate it was to reach the real truth and heart of the matter. It is true that one hundred years have passed, and many hundreds of years, I hope, were to pass, before any overt act

of war should divide those whom, as you said in your final words, should never be asunder. But, after all, normal and official peace is but a small thing compared with that intimate mutual comprehension which ought always to bind the branches of the English-speaking peoples together. You have absorbed in your midst many admirable citizens drawn from all parts of Europe, whom American institutions and American ways of thought have molded and are molding into one great people. I rejoice to think it should be so. A similar process on a smaller scale is going on in the self-governing dominions of the British Empire. It is a good process; it is a noble process. Let us never forget that wherever be the place in which that great and beneficent process is going on, whether it be in Canada, whether it be in Australia, or whether on the largest scale of all it be in the United States of America, the spirit which the immigrant absorbs is a spirit in all these places largely due to a historic past in which your forefathers and my forefathers, gentlemen, all had their share.

You incidentally mentioned, Mr. President, that this very body I am addressing dates the origin of its society to a charter, I think you said, of 1768. Is not that characteristic and symbolic of what happens on both sides of the Atlantic? We strike out roots into a distant past. We have known how through revolutions, in spite of revolutions, sometimes because of revolutions, and through revolutions, we have known how to weld the past and the present into one organic whole, and I see around me in a country

which calls itself and is, in one sense, a new country --I everywhere see signs of these roots which draw their nourishment and their strength from epochs far removed from us, and I feel when I talk to those who are born and bred under the American flag, who have absorbed all their political ideas from American institutions—I feel, and I think I speak for my friends here that they also feel—I feel that I am speaking to those brought up, as it were, under one influence, in one house, under one set of educational conditions. I require no explanations of what they think, and I am required to give no explanations of what I think, because our views of great questions seem to be shared; born, as it were, of common knowledge which we know instinctively, and which we do not require explicitly to expound or to define.

This is a great heritage to have in common, and I think, nay, I am sure, that you, Mr. President, struck a true note when you told us that all the sentiments which I have imperfectly tried to express this afternoon will receive a double significance, an infinitely increased significance, from the fact that we are now not merely sharing a common political ideal in some speculative fashion, but that all of us are committed to sacrificing everything that we hold most dear to carry these ideals into practical execution. There will be a bond of union between our peoples which nothing will ever be able to shake, and which I believe to be the securest guarantee for the future of the world, for the future peace and freedom of the world.

You have referred, Mr. President, in most eloquent

terms, to the services which at this moment the British fleet were conferring not merely upon those who have been our allies since the war began, but upon you who spoke to-day for the most recent but the greatest ally of all.

I think I may say that on the whole in looking back through many generations in which the British fleet has carried out a glorious tradition, I may say that on the whole its power has been exercised in the cause of humanity, in the cause of freedom. Who will venture to justify everything, every act, in the long history of an ancient nation? Certainly not I. I speak merely of the broad outline of our naval history, and I say that if you look through that history you will find on the whole, and unmistakably, that the British sailor has not merely been using his discipline power in the cause of freedom and for the protection of small nations, but that he has used that power with humanity.

Does anybody think that if the sea power were transferred from British to German hands that the historian of the future could say the same of the German fleet? By their fruits we know them. Deliberately brought into existence in the hope that it would break down that naval power which the German autocracy—not the German people, but the Germany autocracy—recognizes as one of the greatest bulwarks of freedom, and one of the most powerful defenses against world domination, knowing that instinctively, they have been feverishly building for eighteen or twenty years in order that, if it might

be so, they could destroy the country with which they had no quarrel, and no cause of quarrel, but which they regarded with an instinctive and unalterable jealousy. They have been disappointed. Their fleet remains safely in the harbor.

What puts out to sea is not the battleship or the battle cruiser; there is no successor of the great fleets of ancient times; but the submarine which, in their hands, finds its natural prey in the destruction of defenseless merchantmen and the butchery of the defenseless women and children. I will do the German fleet the justice to say that I do not believe that this was its ideal when this war started, or when its ships were under construction. What I do say is that the use which the German governing classes are now making of this new weapon, while it will never decide the issue of this war, nevertheless indicates a menace to the future commerce of the world which must be absolutely stopped for the future. Under the old maritime laws, which the United States and Great Britain in particular have always recognized, fleets undoubtedly did interfere with the commerce of any enemy belligerents, and it is very difficult to see how that could or ought to be avoided until that happy time comes when war is neither on land nor sea permitted to interfere with private rights, or indeed permitted to go on at all.

But, gentlemen, maritime warfare as it has been carried on by civilized nations in the past has been a human affair, carried out under recognized laws, under which as little injury was done to the neutral

trader as was possible under the circumstances, compared to the abominations which are now insistent upon by the German staff. Huge tracts of ocean are marked out at the arbitrary will of one belligerent, and within these vast areas neutrals, peaceable traders, do not merely have their ships taken in, adjudged in the prize court, dealt with, and non-belligerent life carefully regarded, but they are sunk at sea, no examination, no knowledge of what is in the ship, no knowledge of the character of the crew, no knowledge of whether there are or are not passengers aboard, no knowledge of the goods which are being transported, of the place from which they came or the destination designed. That, gentlemen, is carrying out the methods of barbarism and in a manner which would have been regarded as incredible even in Germany two years ago. It has been carried out by a Government which, when it thought worth while for diplomatic reasons, was never wearied of talking of the freedom of the seas.

But it is a method of conducting warfare which in its indirect consequences, as well as its direct consequences, is of such a character that the civilized world must, when this war is over, take effectual precautions against its repetition. For, if not, it seems to me that, whenever two countries go to war and whenever it suits the least scrupulous of the belligerents, not merely will a great wrong have been inflicted upon its opponent, but the commerce of the whole civilized world will be disorganized and destroyed. That is impossible to tolerate. And this

Chamber has under its guardianship the interests of the trade and commerce, and it is of all bodies the one most interested in seeing that if in so long as wars are still permitted—and I hope that will not be long—maritime warfare shall be conducted under methods consistent with public law, consistent with ordinary humanity, consistent with those fundamental principles of morality which underlie—or ought to underlie—all law. I look to you, gentlemen, to exercise your great influence in this great cause, and I doubt not that you will do it effectually.

Mr. President, I have already detained you too long, but there was one word which fell from you toward the end of your speech upon post-war problems and you indicated your view—a view which I personally entirely share—that when this tremendous conflict has drawn to its appointed close, and when, as I believe, victory shall have crowned our joint efforts, there will arise not merely between nations but within nations a series of problems which will tax all our statesmanship to deal with. I look forward to that time, not, indeed, wholly without anxiety, but in the main with hope and with confidence; and one of the reasons for that hope and one of the foundations of that confidence is to be found in the fact that your nation and my nation will have so much to do with the settlement of the questions. I do not think anybody will accuse me of being insensible to the genius and to the accomplishments of other nations. I am one of those who believe that only in the multitude of different forms of culture can the completed move-

ment of progress have all the variety in unity of which it is capable; and, while I admire other cultures, and while I recognize how absolutely all important they are to the future of mankind, I do think that among the English-speaking peoples is especially and peculiarly to be found a certain political moderation in all classes which gives one the surest hope of dealing in a reasonable progressive spirit with social and political difficulties.

And without that reasonable moderation interchanges are violent, and as they are violent reactions are violent also, and the smooth advance of humanity is seriously interfered with. I believe that on this side of the Atlantic, and I hope on the other side of the Atlantic, if and when these great problems have actively to be dealt with, it will not be beyond the reach of your statesmanship, or of our own, to deal with them in such a manner that we cannot merely look back upon this great war as the beginning of a time of improved international relations, of settled peace, of deliberate refusal to pour out oceans of blood to satisfy some notion of domination; but that in addition to those blessings the war and what happens after the war may prove to be the beginning of a revived civilization, which will be felt in all departments of human activity, which will not merely touch the material but also the spiritual side of mankind, and which will make the second decade of the twentieth century memorable in the history of mankind.

Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England, then said :

To you I need not apologize for my share in this great war, it having been not that of any of the great affairs, but somewhat—I was going to say despised, but not quite that—ordinary and not very much considered—that of arranging for the ways and means. Here in this great assemblage of business men I feel that I shall have at any rate a patient hearing, and not be expected to attempt to popularize or in any way try to explain except in a business way, the efforts that have so far been made.

Perhaps we might take the ways and means, as we will call it, of finance in three classes. Finance proper—that is, the collecting of the money, the issuing of prospectuses for the loans, and the dealing with the money that comes in. That perhaps has been my particular part, aided by the good Old Lady of Threadneedle Street that the Chairman has so nicely alluded to, together with all the officers there. Of course, personally, I am not able to do very much of it. That perhaps is the first thing. That particular part was rendered extremely difficult by the foreign exchanges and the care we had to devote to them. There again those cares, I hope, have been practically taken from our shoulders by your great nation. I say practically, but not entirely—at least that is my view of the matter. Certain people, great financiers, I believe, before I left London, thought that the small committee called the London Exchange Committee, of which I have the honor to be Chair-

man, might now be dissolved; that there would be no further need for their services. I did not agree with that view, thinking, and I still believe, that there will be ample scope for what talent they may possess.

In my opinion London should not now depend entirely on the United States. They should continue, as far as they are able and to the end of their bent, to ship you gold, to sell you securities, and try by every means in their power to pay fairly and squarely the debts that they have incurred in this country. That will at any rate be my endeavor, and I think that for our own sakes it is most important that we should strive as far as possible to keep money here cheap, in order that we may borrow it from you. I was quite serious. Cheap money means good trade, if it is not too cheap, and although I do not believe, in a great war like this, in the saying, talking literally of business as usual, I do think that as far as you are able and it is possible, you should strive to carry on the great trade of this country, again not only for your own sakes but for ours. I will be very sorry, as far as our financial problems are concerned, if we do anything to reduce or curtail the trade of this great nation. I would return just for one moment to a statement which I heard just after the war began, in the House of Commons, where somebody in the course of a debate twitted Mr. Lloyd George, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and said that although he was complaining of his arduous duties as Chancellor, he would not like to exchange positions with

the German Chancellor. Well, he accepted it, and seemed pleased that he was not the German Chancellor, but I am not so sure but that for the period of the war the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has more difficult problems to solve than the German Chancellor.

The exchange problem does not, I fancy, at present trouble the German Chancellor. Well, let us wait till after the war, and then, I hope and believe, their difficulties will be increased a hundredfold more than ours.

I was greatly honored by my Government in being allowed to come out here. It has been the dream of many months that I should come to the States and see the people of whom I had heard so much. I was sent here, as you all know by this time, not for my power of making addresses and speeches, but because it was considered that perhaps I knew as much of the inner workings of our financial efforts in London as any one else, and might be as able to answer questions and explain what we had been doing as any of my neighbors.

I arrived in Washington just before the taking in by the Federal Reserve Bank of this vast \$200,000,000 a fortnight ago. They were good enough to go through with me the means they had taken, not only to withdraw that money from the market but to replace it on the market without delay. Gentlemen, the arrangements were so complete that I had not a word or a hint of a suggestion to give. It proves how extraordinarily complete those

arrangements were that the money rate here in New York in the morning was 2 per cent, in the middle of the day it rose to 4 per cent, and in the evening it went back to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. What more splendid financial transaction could be accomplished?

I have just returned from a visit to the Middle West, where I have interviewed and talked matters over with prominent bankers and other men, and on every hand I found them only too anxious to do everything in their power to facilitate the enormous loans which you are asking for, and of which I hope you will give us a part. Everywhere they are getting up committees, arranging for extra clerks, taking additional floor space, and doing everything that after my experience I could possibly have suggested. Indeed, from that point of view, my visit to the Middle West has been an absolute failure. I have been of no use to anybody, and I am afraid I shall have to say the same when I leave New York. You all seem to be thoroughly alive and prepared without any suggestions from me. I hope my Government when I get home will not ask me any pertinent questions such as: "Have you been of any good to anybody?"

Gentlemen, we turn to the second part of the war. We divide the war into three portions. That is, the fighting element, or, as we put it, the glorious spending element. It is glorious spending. We have got to find the money for it. They have to bear the kicks, the blows, the wounds, and perhaps even death. We don't grudge them the money. We have to put up

with smaller incomes, with much more work, and with much labor. But that is nothing. The army and the navy must be first. They must be the ones first to be considered. They must also be the popular ones. After all, what matters? We must live our lives, we must carry out what we are here for, and the best we can do, and we must not grumble. The third part, I am thankful to say, I have nothing whatever to do with. Questions have been put to me since I landed here on the subject, namely, what taxes should be levied? How the taxes should be levied? I am thankful to say that I have nothing to do with that, for the Governor of the Bank of England is not even consulted in such matters.

Now, I am afraid I have delayed you a long time, but I would make this remark, gentlemen: Do not fall into the error which we did at home of under-rating our foe. I am afraid we did so at the beginning. Financially, I am certain that we did. Our foe was well prepared. They had all their economics well cut out, planned, and everything ready, meat tickets and bread tickets. If we had only taken the thing boldly up during the first few months of the war we should be in a vastly better position to-day. Of course, the same thing does not apply to you here in America, because you support yourselves and more than support yourselves with foodstuffs and the other necessities of life. We have to buy it all from you and from other countries.

Therefore, it is very much more important for us to economize than for you. Still I would venture to

remind you that nobody knows how long this war is to continue, and that if you are to put up the notice "business as usual," I would suggest that extravagances should not be as usual. If by any lucky chance the economies are not needed and the war should come to an end very soon, how easy will it be to slip back into the old way and the old luxuries.

Gentlemen, as a great statesman or diplomatist always has to gage the minds, the feelings, the hearts of the people that he has to deal with and the country to which he is accredited, I think it will be for all really intelligent business men to try to gage the feelings of their clients and those with whom they come into contact. From the beginning of this war I tried to gage the American mind, that sooner or later we should all be together. At times when that awful bugbear, the "exchange" was going against us, and I hardly knew what to hope, I must say that there were times when I asked myself, Could I be wrong? Could I have wrongly gaged the American heart? No, gentlemen, I am thankful that I was right; that we are here and here we are to remain, not only the business people, but our soldiers and sailors, fighting shoulder to shoulder with one great object, namely, to bring this terrible war to a glorious and definite termination.

After the meeting, the guests of honor were taken into the library of the Chamber, where they gathered about a horseshoe table with the officers and had luncheon. At the close of the meal Mr. Balfour was asked for a few words

more "before he comes back after the war is won." Mr. Balfour said:

The reception which we have received here has not merely surpassed our expectations, but has been positively amazing. It was not the external features which so much impressed us as the spontaneous exhibition of feeling from the Mayor down to the most humble citizen. We had some hesitating doubt as to the feeling entertained for us in this country; thought that perhaps we had a more profound regard for the people of the United States than your people had for us. If that condition existed, it exists no longer. I shall go back to England and tell of my reception here, and my only fear is that perhaps I have not sufficient capacity to tell it completely. I shall tell them that this great republic is not only warmly but passionately on the side of the Allies. I believe now that the people of America realize that since August 1, 1914, the fight in which we have been engaged has been for the highest spiritual advantage of mankind, without a petty or mean thought or ambition—a fight for the cause of civilization.

Mr. Outerbridge then called on Mr. Choate to "pronounce the benediction." As Mr. Choate rose three cheers were proposed by George T. Wilson, for "Mr. Choate, the man who has cut up like a two-year-old for the last few days." After the cheers had been given, Mr. Choate protested that he had no more speeches left "in his reservoir." He managed, however, to give some humorous reminiscences of his experiences as Ambassador at the Court of St. James, along with praise of certain features of English character.

Mr. Balfour, in returning to Vincent Astor's home, where he went to rest till 7:30, stopped on the way to visit the observation platform of the Woolworth tower, escorted by Mayor Mitchel, Cass Gilbert, the architect of the building; Major General Daniel Appleton, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, and Dock Commissioner R. A. C. Smith. Police reserves kept back the crowds in Broadway and Barclay Street to make a lane by which the party could reach the entrance to the elevators. The speed of the "lifts" and the mechanical perfections of the building were a source of marvel to the visitors, who had everything about the building explained to them by Mr. Gilbert, and the view from the top by Mayor Mitchel.

Mr. Balfour went that evening to the house of Mr. Choate, where dinner was served to fifteen guests. Among the guests were Nicholas Murray Butler and Henri Bergson, the French philosopher. In Mr. Choate's library after the dinner Mr. Balfour and M. Bergson, at Mr. Choate's request, talked of the immortality of the soul.

MR. BALFOUR AT A RED CROSS BENEFIT

Late that night Mr. Balfour, in Carnegie Hall, spoke to an audience that packed the place from parquet to the upper gallery, an audience in which were many leading citizens of New York and other parts of the country. The cheers that greeted him started a demonstration that lasted a full minute. The occasion was a benefit for the British Red Cross, given under the auspices of the American Committee of the society. Days before every seat in the house had been sold, some of the boxes bringing as high as \$1,000, while seats in the parquet sold at \$10 and those in other parts of the house at proportionately high prices. It was estimated that the British Red Cross gained somewhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 from the benefit. Mr. Bal-

four was one of the patrons, and among the others were his colleagues on the British Commission. A more enthusiastic audience never assembled in Carnegie Hall. At every mention of the allies and their cause a demonstration ensued. When moving pictures showing the actual fighting on the River Ancre in France and the famous "tanks" in action, were thrown on the screen, the audience "went wild." The pictures were official, having been taken for the British Government.

Mr. Balfour did not arrive until 11 o'clock, when he entered with Mr. Choate. A box in the eastern tier near the stage had been reserved for him. His appearance was the signal for a great ovation. Mme. Alda was singing "Rule Britannia" when he came in. As she finished, a large American, and then a British, flag were waved high over her head. Mr. Balfour was among the first to stand up and join in the applause that followed. He again became one of the leaders in a demonstration which followed the singing by Mme. Alda of "The Star Spangled Banner." In the speech that he made from his box, Mr. Balfour took occasion to refer gratefully to the generous welcome which had been accorded himself and the other members of the commission by the people who had crowded the streets of New York and cheered them at every public appearance they had made. These cheers, he said, would remain always one of their most cherished memories. He referred to the part America was to play in the great war, but went into no details, confining himself to generalities. There was a sincere and grateful ring to his words. No one in that vast audience had any doubt of the knowledge of conditions that lay back of what he was saying:

What I have seen in New York yesterday and to-day is something that none of us who has come

from over the seas will ever forget. The wholehearted sympathy on the part of every one, the expressions of welcome, so warm and so sincere, the genuineness of the good will expressed for the cause of the Allies and for the part of Britain in that cause, not only on the part of those we have met at great gatherings such as this, but by the splendid people who have cheered us in the streets as well, will never be forgotten by us.

This great gathering to-night is but another expression of what is to-day taking place here which, in my opinion, constitutes one of the most glorious episodes in the history of international relations. America is throwing herself wholeheartedly into this struggle to help us in every way possible on land and sea. America is also giving us something else, which in many respects is of even greater value and more permanent. I refer to her sympathy and her love. You are struggling with us, not only for your own country, but for the freedom of the whole world, and in this cause we shall continue fighting until success is achieved.

I do not know whether the memory of this hour will live in the minds of this audience or not. But the memory of these last few hours has been firmly impressed upon the minds of the visiting commission. This linking together of the two English-speaking countries creates happiness not only for the present generation, but happiness for the generations yet unborn. I wish to thank the performers—to thank you all—for your own sympathy with our cause, and the

manifestation of your patriotic sympathy which itself assures a final success for our cause.

AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE AND AT
SAGAMORE HILL

Standing beneath entwined British and American flags at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday morning, May 13, the Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, in the presence of Mr. Balfour, other members of the British Commission and Mr. Choate, pledged America to fight for world democracy. Mr. Balfour and those with him sat in a section especially reserved within full sight of 2,200 persons. They beheld above them, in the lofty dome, flags of the allied nations, heard Great Britain eulogized as having gone to France to "save the fate of the world," listened to a prayer for King George V, and heard the organ blend with more than 2,000 voices in singing "God Save the King" and "America." After this service Mr. Balfour and Mr. Choate said their farewells to one another. Mr. Choate's last words, often recalled two days later, when his death was announced, were "Remember, we shall meet again to celebrate the victory."

Late in the afternoon Mr. Balfour paid a four-hour visit to Colonel Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, staying for tea. The trip was the result of an invitation given by Colonel Roosevelt at the Mayor's dinner at the Waldorf. Mr. Balfour was escorted to the city limits by motor cycle policemen and thence all the way to and from Oyster Bay by three cars full of Secret Service men. At Sagamore Hill Colonel Roosevelt took him for a walk over his estate, which was bright with the green of spring. At the evening meal the only other man was the Colonel's son, Quentin, who had just enlisted as a private in the aviation corps of

the regular army. Mr. Balfour left about 10 o'clock, the Colonel waving him a good-by from the veranda. In New York he drove direct to the Pennsylvania station to join other members of his party on board a special train leaving for Washington at midnight.

THE PRINCE OF UDINE IN NEW YORK

When the Italian Mission came to New York, on June 11, it found itself in a city which had a greater Italian population than Genoa, Florence, Venice or Messina. The largest of these cities, Genoa, had a population in 1911 of 272,000, but there were now in New York 341,000 Italian-born people, or the same number as Palermo had in 1911, when Naples had 723,000, Milan 599,000, Rome 543,000, Turin 427,000, no other Italian city outranking New York. American eyes had followed with wonder, almost with incredulity, the deeds of the Italian army in this war. It had had to fight against three allies, Austria, Germany and nature. These Romans of our day had performed feats in war which the ancient Romans had never surpassed. It was with Italy as with France. The world, which had visualized France as a volatile nation, had been dumb-founded to see in her all the virtues which had been supposed to be specifically characteristic of more sober nations—gravity, silence, determination, method—and the same virtues had been displayed in equal measure by Italy, which also had been visualized as a pleasure-loving nation. Italy fought to redeem imprisoned peoples who had been torn from their motherland by Austria, just as France fought to redeem those who had been taken captive by Germany. Italy's object in this war was freedom for the territory comprising *Italia Irredenta*.¹

¹ The New York Times.

The Italian commissioners reached New York in the afternoon, landing at the Battery, where the crowd was almost as numerous and no less enthusiastic than those which had welcomed the French and British Commissions at the same place. Despite the shortage of bunting made up into the national colors of Italy, there was a plentiful display of Italian flags, particularly in Fifth Avenue, above Thirty-fourth Street. On the way up from the Battery to the City Hall in the first car rode the Prince of Udine, in dark blue naval uniform; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Lieutenant di Zara, the Prince's naval aide, and Theodore Rousseau, secretary to the Mayor. In another automobile was the Marquis Macchio di Celere, the Italian Ambassador. The party crossed Battery Place and turned up Broadway through a continuing tumult of cheering from crowds grouped in masses on the curb, blocking the doorways of great office buildings, jammed on the steps of the Custom House and leaning from every window of tall buildings. As the Prince's car came in view many Italians took off their hats. The cheers that greeted him were renewed again and again. As the crowd passed the Equitable Building, some one sent down a shower of paper that looked like confetti. Streamers of ticker tape were flung into the street all the way to the City Hall.

The preparations made in and around the City Hall in many details were similar to those made for the French and British guests. The Italian flag flew from the City Hall with the Stars and Stripes and Italian colors were prominent in the Court of Honor, which had been built opposite the front of the building. In this court 5,000 school children, most of them of Italian parentage, were drawn up. Around the square on all sides were crowds, blocking traffic in Broadway, Park Row and Chambers Street—men also in skyscraper windows on Broadway and

Nassau Street, on the cornices and ledges of the Post Office, in the windows far up on the sides of the Woolworth Building.

It was just 4 o'clock when the head of the procession turned into City Hall Park and filed upstairs to the reception room, decorated in evergreens, with the Italian and American flags draped at either side of the dais at the eastern end. Here they were greeted by the Mayor and by Guglielmo Marconi, who recalled that it was just twenty years before that he first came to the United States to interest Americans in his experiment in wireless telegraphy, and by several hundred citizens who had been invited by the Mayor. The Prince took his stand alone on the dais where Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani and Mr. Balfour had stood a month before, and received from the Mayor and from Dr. Butler the greetings of New York and New Yorkers. Mayor Mitchel's speech brought frequent applause, and particularly his reference to the recent Italian victories, which stirred vigorous cheering from his hearers, who included most of the leading Italian citizens of New York.

Then, as spokesman for what he called "the unofficial citizenship," the Mayor introduced Nicholas Murray Butler. Dr. Butler, standing in the place occupied a month before by Joseph H. Choate, spoke with deep feeling as Mayor Mitchel had done. He referred to the happy coincidence that the aims and interests in both the old and new countries among Italian-Americans were the same. There were cheers when he spoke of the Italian citizens of New York, with their still strong connections with the Old World, as forming "an invisible bridge over which ideas and accomplishments come and go." The Prince was cheered vigorously when Mayor Mitchel introduced him.

Responding with a bow and smile, he drew from his pocket a manuscript and read his speech in excellent English.

Mr. Mayor: In my own name and on behalf of the members of the Italian mission, I have the honor to thank you for the welcome extended to us by your great city. During their journey through the United States of America the members of the mission which his Majesty the King of Italy has sent to President Wilson have been given the most cordial reception. I feel sure that the recollection of such cordiality will remain forever in their hearts. As for myself, an unfortunate illness has prevented me from accompanying the mission when it went to the South and to the Middle West. I did not want, however, to miss the last part of the journey, and I am glad that I was able at least to join my friends in their visit to your city.

The hospitality of New York is enjoyed by as many Italians as there are inhabitants in the largest of the Italian cities. Yours is really the great metropolis, which, while keeping faithful to the strong traditions of American patriotism, is assuming an always more and more universal character. We feel deeply moved by your welcome. We know that by expressing your feelings toward us you are expressing your feeling toward our country and your appreciation of the energy, the spirit of sacrifice and of discipline shown by Italy in the present war.

Nothing is more inspiring to those who fight for a great cause, who suffer for a lofty ideal, than brotherly sympathy expressed by friends who leave them

and keep them in high esteem, by friends whose work they look forward to with entire faith. You are our friends and we have entire faith in your work.

The war is becoming every day more terrible and is not yet nearing its end. We must win the war, no matter what be our sacrifice and our sorrow. All over America life is intense, work and production are feverish, but your city symbolizes the combinations of every kind of energy. We are sure that your energies will be fruitful to the purposes of the war. At this stage every day is precious, every mistake is doubly dangerous. As you are endowed with such a magnificent spirit of organization, you will surely be able to use it for the most noble aims of war, just as you have used it up to now for the most noble aims of peace.

For the nations of the Entente the great problems of the war are now those connected with the production of food, and above all with shipping. A large number of new ships is what we need now above everything. Your enthusiasm is a guarantee of victory. You appreciate the magnitude of the task you are confronted with, and you are going to take it up, you are going to reap new military glory, with the faith which your nation has in its destinies.

Mr. Mayor, we consider the reception granted to us by New York, and the sincere enthusiasm which animates your great city, not only as a promise of victory, but as an omen of victory, and we offer you and your magnificent city the most friendly and cordial greeting.

When the Prince had finished his speech, the party paused for a moment to allow a photograph to be taken and then filed downstairs to where crowds which had been waiting patiently for the ceremonies to end had been entertained by songs from school children and music from bands. A burst of cheers started when the Prince and his companions emerged, and continued as they left the eastern end of the City Hall Park, headed by mounted police, and started uptown, making their way through crowds which if anything seemed larger than those that greeted the other Allied commissioners in May. The line of march northward skirted the two principal Italian colonies of the city, where every one came out to see the Prince and his associates. From almost every window floated the tricolor of Italy and the American flag.

The procession passed up Centre Street to Lafayette, and thence to Fourth Street. All along the line were the same scenes, the same cheers, the same colors, the difference only one of degree and not much of that. Perhaps the most lavish display of flags appeared on the building of the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, at Elm Street, but this was nearly matched by one on a building at Spring Street, which housed the Italian Consulate General, the Italian Savings Bank, the Order of Sons of Italy, and other organizations.

At Fourth Street the party turned west and drove to Washington Square. Here the Italian settlements south of Washington Square had literally poured out thousands. The masses along the southern side of the square and on either side of the driveway through Fourth Street to the arch were, if possible, more thickly packed than they were downtown. Here had been set up another court of honor, with the Garibaldi statue as its center. Long blue banners with the shields of the two nations hung from poles,

with pillars surrounded by clusters of palms and evergreens. A semicircle, of which the chief color was red, ornamented with a Blashfield medallion and other decorative designs, rose behind the statue of the Liberator, who is in the act of drawing his sword. Crowds of school children, and school bands, appeared in gorgeous uniforms.

When the procession halted, the Prince and his aide stepped out of the first car, Mayor Mitchel and the officer with him standing by the curb, while the Prince laid a wreath of evergreens on the pedestal, saluted, stood a moment in silence contemplating the figure of the man who had played the most spectacular part in the unification of modern Italy, and then turned back to his car. After the procession started northward, each Italian officer as he passed saluted and each civilian raised his hat before the statue. Each lamp post bore a cluster of American and Italian flags. Green, white and red and medallions were seen everywhere. Other symbolic designs were blazoned on banners at the Court of Honor in front of the Public Library. Windows were blocked with staring clerks and salespeople all along the avenue. Still another crowd had gathered on the terrace about the fountain at the Plaza. Hundreds were banked in Fifth Avenue about Sixty-first Street, where the commission turned to No. 5 East Sixty-first Street, the home of Pembroke Jones, which had been turned over for their use during their stay in New York.

THE MAYOR'S DINNER AT THE PLAZA

Mayor Mitchel gave a dinner in the evening at the Plaza to eighty-five local guests, with Governor Whitman as the chief speaker. Streets about the Plaza and in the square around the fountain were packed with a crowd as thick as any that had been seen in lower Manhattan. The decora-

tions made a brilliant scene. A band played the Italian national anthem as the guests passed into the ballroom, which had been decorated as an Italian garden. The cheers of the crowds outside were so insistent that before the Prince and his fellow commissioners could sit down, they had to go out to a balcony and bow a greeting to the crowds below.

The Mayor, in introducing Governor Whitman at the close of the dinner, laid emphasis on the energy with which the State of New York had led the way in preparations for war. Governor Whitman remarked that people of similar aspirations and ideals "never meet as strangers." Even had the past been without its record of amity, "our present common purpose would win you." A very cordial welcome was extended by him to the commission on behalf of the State. After the Governor's speech the Mayor called on the Prince, whose remarks were preliminary to a toast. He said:

Mr. Mayor and Mr. Governor, I thank you very much for your so kind welcome. It is a great pleasure for me to be able this evening to say how thankful I am and how thankful all of the commission are for the splendid reception we have had to-day. I am pleased to express it this evening. We have felt to-day how the spirit of this great town is with us in this great struggle, in this great war against autocracy, this war for liberty, for justice. I shall lift my glass to the United States, to the President, to the State of New York, to the city of New York, to the Governor, to Mr. Mayor, and to the glorious army and the glorious navy of the United States that have now joined with us in this great war.

Mayor Mitchel then proposed a toast to the King of Italy, with which the dinner came to an end and at 10 o'clock the party started for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the trustees were holding a reception. Again the commissioners were cheered enthusiastically by crowds still standing in the Plaza who had waited all through the two hours and a half of the dinner. A quick trip past cheering crowds brought the whole party to the museum a little after 10 o'clock. There they found outside probably ten thousand persons, and inside a third or half of that number, filling the great pillared hall, packing the balconies and clamoring lustily for a word from the Prince.

The persons inside included 1,299 members of Italian societies—a gathering which embraced representatives of every section of society, bankers, art patrons, artists, art students, soldiers and sailors of the Allied countries, and leaders in America's efforts to forward the progress of the war and of war relief work. No attempt was made to let guests shake hands with members of the commission. As they had been exhausted by their day's exertions, coming so soon after the close of a long trip in the Middle West, they stayed only about twenty minutes, and then left the museum cheered by a crowd within and by some thousands outside who had gathered on the yellow-lighted avenue. The Prince declared that the reception had been "wonderful, very wonderful." He could not adequately express his gratitude. Signor Marconi observed: "The cordiality of the whole people was most marked—somewhat different from the reception which I received when I came with my poor wireless invention twenty years ago."

A LUNCHEON BY THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

Next day pronounced enthusiasm greeted the Prince and other members of the mission when they entered the Grand

Ballroom of the Hotel Astor at noon to attend a luncheon given by the Merchants' Association. "I thought you Americans attributed enthusiasm to the Latin temperament," the Prince remarked with a laugh as he took his seat beside the president of the association. The luncheon, in spirit and attendance, was a duplicate of those which marked the visits of the French and British missions. The cordiality, sympathy and admiration which one country entertained for the other marked every speech. Guglielmo Marconi, in the first speech he had made since the Italian Mission reached New York, said:

In normal times we import about 900,000 tons of coal a month. We are now getting somewhat less than half that amount. Gentlemen, we do not want coal to heat our houses and our hotels throughout the bitter winter of Northern Italy. There is not a man, from King Victor Emmanuel to the poorest peasant in his Alpine hut, who would not gladly shiver and freeze, as hundreds of our brave soldiers have done, if by so doing he could help to win the war for democracy and liberty. No, gentlemen, we want coal, we must have coal, to keep our munition factories going, to run our railroads carrying ammunition to the front and food to all the scattered populations of the country, and to run our factories, the stoppage of which would mean the throwing of a million men out of work, to starve and increase our difficulties. And if we do not get this coal, and get it quick, our ammunition factories will have to work half time or stop, our trains will cease to run, diminishing the efficiency of the army, and even perhaps bringing

about local famines, and hundreds of thousands of our people will be thrown out of work.

Signor Arlotta, Mayor Mitchel, Nicholas Murray Butler and Charles E. Hughes also spoke.

AT GARIBALDI'S HOUSE ON STATEN ISLAND

That afternoon the Prince went to Staten Island to pay tribute to the memory of General Garibaldi, who in the early fifties found a haven in the United States, making his home in a little frame house that still stands on the crest of a hill at Rosebank. Besides making candles, Garibaldi engaged in a shipping enterprise from which he made a little money with which to build the house on the island of Caprera, that remained his home long afterwards. The Prince received a welcome such as he said he had never before witnessed. The police estimated that 50,000 and perhaps 100,000 Italians took part in the demonstration, one of the most picturesque ever presented in New York. Along the State road over which the Prince passed on the way to the Garibaldi house Italians—men, women, and children—were massed on each side for a mile and a half, and at every fifty yards there was a brass band. Each band played either the national anthem of America or of Italy, and everybody waved a flag, and some two. The result was a moving picture dominated by the red, white, and blue of America and the green, white, and red of Italy.

In that great throng at least half the men were in uniform. A thousand silken banners told whence they came. Some were from Philadelphia and others from Poughkeepsie. One delegation was from Bound Brook, another from Trenton, and others from Mount Vernon, Yonkers and Bridgeport. It seemed as if hardly a city or village with-

in 100 miles of New York had failed to send the bulk of its Italian population. New York, the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens were represented by scores of delegations. The little house in which Garibaldi lived, now an Italian shrine, is inclosed in another and more pretentious building. In the rooms are still preserved some of the humble furniture which the Italian patriot used.¹

To accommodate the thousands who were expected to journey to Staten Island every available municipal ferry-boat had been put into service. Even a schedule calling for every trip that was possible to the number of boats in service failed to get all the Italian to Rosebank in time. They were still coming in by fifties and hundreds when the Prince and his party arrived at 4 o'clock, and they were going home for some hours after the Prince had waved his farewells. The Government provided for the Prince one of the newest type of destroyers for his trip to Staten Island, but the fast little submarine catcher took a roundabout course to St. George, in order to afford the Prince an opportunity of seeing New York from all angles. So, instead of going direct to Staten Island, the vessel steamed up the Hudson to Spuyten Duyvil, thence through the creek and the Harlem and East Rivers, making the circuit in less than three-quarters of an hour. The journey, one of the most enjoyable as well as instructive the Prince had made since landing in America, took him under all the bridges that span the Harlem and East Rivers.

On the steps of the Garibaldi Memorial, at Rosebank, the Prince made a speech in Italian, in which he told 75,000 of his countrymen to be as loyal to the United States as they would be to Italy if they had remained there. He said:

¹ The New York Times.

Before this memorial of the national hero, in this country which he loved so much and in this historical moment when the fate of Italy is at stake, I am glad to speak to you American and Italian citizens assembled here in one sentiment and one faith. My word can only be the expression of your soul, which has brought the dream of the hero to fruition. Let us hope that from this war, fought for liberty and democracy, for the same principles that gave birth to the great American republic, may develop an even more generous and humane society than the one which was the dream of Mazzini and the ideal of Garibaldi.

Let us fight—the citizens of the one country as of the other—for this faith. Every sacrifice we make will be blessed, every wound will be healed. The joy of seeing side by side the flags of the United States and Italy lies not so much in realizing that the countries of Washington and Garibaldi are united as in knowing that the ideals of the two are amalgamated in a common cause. Eviva the United States! Eviva Italia!

Then was presented to the Prince by the Order of the Sons of Italy, 50,000 lira (\$8,650), as a gift from the order to Italian charities. Forty thousand members of the order from all over the state were present and let themselves be heard in roars of approval.

A DINNER AT THE WALDORF

The City's official greeting took place that night at the Waldorf, where every element of the city's life—political, professional, social, artistic and financial—was present to

bespeak the general welcome, and to hear, incidentally, a stirring and hitherto untold tale of the war. Signor Marconi made public details heretofore unknown as to how his country's timely declaration of neutrality at the outbreak of war had freed a million French troops, then marshaled against a possible attack by Italy. In the dead of night a message had reached Paris from Italy with this news, and before dawn French soldiers were being hastened north. Later these released men helped win the battle of the Marne. Mayor Mitchel presided, pledging to the visitors America's determination to be Italy's comrade in arms to the end. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler brought the house upstanding by mention of Theodore Roosevelt's name. The Colonel was unable to attend, but had invited the commission to Oyster Bay. Signor Marconi's statement was well timed and dramatic. As he broke into his thrilling story his auditors bent forward en masse to catch every syllable of his narrative:

And now, gentlemen, I come to what is perhaps one of the least well known matters in connection with this war, the great, the absolutely decisive influence of Italy's conduct at the very outbreak of hostilities in 1914. Let me tell you a few facts concerning the inner political history of those fateful few days of July, 1914, when the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance. Germany did not expect us to join her in her savage attack on the liberties of Europe; she did not even care much whether we eventually agreed to remain neutral. Her game was a much deeper and more treacherous one. She wanted us to leave France, our great Latin sister, in doubt as to our intentions.

On the morning of July 30, 1914, that is to say, one day before Germany declared war on Russia, and two days before she declared war on France, the Marquis de San Giuliano, who was then our Foreign Minister, unofficially informed the French Ambassador in Rome that Italy would never side with the Central Powers in a war of aggression. This information was immediately wired to Paris, but it was not sufficient to make France feel absolutely certain that Italy's attitude was favorable to her, because there was as yet no official declaration of neutrality on our part.

On the 2nd of August, 1914, three days before England declared war against Germany, at a council of ministers held in Rome, Italy decided formally to declare her neutrality. The news was immediately communicated to our chargé d'affaires in Paris, the ambassador being absent. For some reason or other the telegram did not reach him until 1 o'clock in the morning. Without a moment's hesitation, he went to see M. Viviani, the French Prime Minister, in the middle of the night.

When he was introduced into M. Viviani's presence, the latter turned pale and drew back, for he was almost convinced that nothing but Italy's decision to join Germany would have brought the Italian chargé d'affaires there at that hour. The revulsion of feeling when M. Viviani read the telegram was such that he could not hide his emotion. Within half an hour orders had gone forth for the mobilization for service in the north of nearly one million men which France would have had to keep on her southern and eastern

frontier to guard against a possible attack from Italy.

That million men helped to stem the advancing tide of Germans, to win the battle of the Marne, and to save France from being crushed by the heel of German militarism.

Had there been the slightest wavering, the smallest hesitation on the part of Italy, had any Italian politician been found to do one-tenth part of what Bismarck did when he altered the wording of the famous Ems telegram and thus brought about the Franco-Prussian War, France would not have dared to withdraw a single man from the Italian frontier, and the history of the world might have been written differently.

Gentlemen, is there any man who can think, in view of what I have just told you, that Italy's conduct was not a decisive factor in the war?

THE LAST ITALIAN DAYS

The entertainment of the Italian Mission began next day with a celebration at the City College Stadium. Afterward they drove to Grant's Tomb, where the Prince laid a wreath on the sarcophagus. Later members of the Dante League of America, of which William Roscoe Thayer, author of a notable "Life of Cavour," is president, were received by the Prince at the Pembroke Jones residence.

"Viva l'Italia!" "Viva l'America!" "Viva il Marconi!" "Viva Savoia!"—these were cries raised again and again by 20,000 voices in the stadium of the City College and from the streets, hills, and housetops around it. The Italian population of the city and suburbs seemed to have assembled in that neighborhood with one mind and was wild

with enthusiasm. Fully 10,000 persons were in the stadium and as many more packed the spaces outside of it, all explosive in their emotions, their exclamations and cheering ringing out spontaneously and continuously as the ceremonies proceeded. The decorations harmonized with the stadium itself in making the enclosure a fit place for a Roman assemblage, with its high stone seats, many Italian flags draped or flying from pillars and poles, festoons of green, great parti-colored banners behind the stage and on the upper walls of the stadium long streamers of red, white and green. Members of Italian societies were in the full regalia of their orders; 200 young women were dressed in Italy's colors; little children were costumed as Italian heroes and heroines, and the historic S. P. Q. R. in letters of gold was on the capitals of columns. Such were brilliant elements in a scene that suggested some of the pageantry of ancient Rome. Not the least decoration of all was Antonio Peruzzi, 77 years old, wearing the red shirt in which he had fought under Garibaldi.

When the members of the mission arrived at the stadium fifty bands played at the same time, with men standing and shouting. Every person in and near the station waved a flag, while hundreds threw roses in the path of the Prince as he walked to the stage. When the uproar had somewhat subsided George McAneny, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the City College, introduced Mayor Mitchel as the presiding officer. All through the proceedings thus far the crowd had clamored for the Prince and Signor Marconi. Mayor Mitchel explained that his recent illness would prevent the Prince from talking, but as the people cried "Viva Savoia, Viva Savoia," the Mayor presented his Royal Highness, who rose and saluted with both hands. The people went almost mad. Then "Viva il Marconi, Viva il Marconi" rose from the crowd, and the inventor, proba-

bly the most popular member of the mission with the New York Italians, rose and saluted. Mme. Frances Alda sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Rule Britannia," Leon Rothier sang the "Marseillaise," and the Metropolitan Opera House chorus, accompanied by the Metropolitan orchestra, under the direction of Maestro Giulio Setti, sang the Hymn of Garibaldi.

A concert given at Carnegie Hall that evening was one of the most elaborate in the memory of New York's music lovers. There was, first of all, an orchestra of ninety pieces, under the direction of Oscar Spirescu. The famous Italian song, "Inno di Garibaldi," was sung by Mary Carson. Mlle. Madeleine D'Espinoy, soprano of the Opera Comique of Paris, sang "Depuis le Jour." Great applause greeted a chorus of sailors from a Russian warship, who sang Ukrainian folk-songs. Leon Rothier of the Metropolitan Opera brought the house to its feet when he sang the "Marseillaise."

The second half of the program began with selections by the Russian Balalaika Orchestra, directed by Sunia Samuels. Thamara Swirskai and M. Papatovitch gave several Russian dances, after which the audience was entertained by the Metropolitan Opera ballet. Mlle. Andree Barlette of the Théâtre Française recited "Les Femmes Françaises." "The Hymn of New Russia" was sung by Mme. Clara Pasvolsky. "Our America," written by Miss Morgan Harrison, was sung by a chorus of 100, with the audience joining in. Paul Keferm 'cellist, and Salvatore de Stefano, harpist, were also on the program. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Lois Patterson Wessitsh, with the organ, chorus, and orchestra. Girls dressed in Russian and Italian costumes sold programs.¹

A striking feature of the program was the sending of

¹ The New York Times.

a message to the French front. A telegraphic apparatus, connected with wireless, was set up on the stage and the message sent while the audience listened to the dots and dashes:

The friends of France, Italy, and the other allied nations, assembled this evening in Carnegie Hall, send their fraternal greetings and their fervent wishes for a complete victory to all—Generals, officers and soldiers—who, with unparalleled heroism are now fighting for the holy cause of civilization and liberty in the world.

Members of the Italian Mission spent June 15 in Boston, except that Signor Marconi remained in New York in order to visit a Public School in an Italian district on the upper east side that bore his name. He went to this school that day and talked to the boys, not only as Italians to Italians, but as an Italian to Allies. The streets were crowded for blocks with people of the neighborhood, mostly Italians. Those who could not find places in the street overflowed on fire-escapes up to the top floors of tenements and on the Elevated railway steps and platforms. Each member of a family was out—tiny children, old men and women—and each with a flag to wave. All who could do so got into the schoolhouse, but others gathering in great numbers waited until the exercises were over and Signor Marconi came out to review a parade of school children. Giuseppe D'Andrea, a boy in the school, made a speech of welcome to the inventor, booming it forth in careful English, speaking again and again the word "Welcome," with a strong accent on the last syllable. Bands belonging to street cleaners played their loudest. Flowers of red, green and white were handed by a little girl to Signor Marconi.

Signor Marconi's speech was short and he spoke slowly. Looking down into the face of first one boy and then another, he spoke of the joy it was to him to see so many of his own nationality being trained as these were to meet their duties as citizens of this country. He said:

We are living in stirring times, and the most important thing is to increase efficiency for service to the community, not only to win this war, but to be ready for the era of peace for which we are fighting. What is this war all for? To prepare a better world for you to live in. I exhort you to prepare to take the great inheritance which will be yours.

THE WELCOME TO THE RUSSIANS

On July 6 New York gave its first official welcome to free Russia, when the War Mission, headed by Ambassador Bakhmetieff, landed at the Battery. It was a welcome unrestrained in cordiality and good-fellowship. The immense crowd that gathered in Battery Park began cheering as soon as the sirens of harbor craft had announced the arrival of the Russians by ferry from across the river. For spontaneity and genuine enthusiasm, the ovation, as it continued up Broadway to the City Hall, was equaled only by the reception given to M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre. After the ceremony at the City Hall the envoys drove northward through streets still flanked with cheering throngs to the residence of Adolph Lewisohn, on upper Fifth Avenue, where they were to make their home during their stay.

Ambassador Bakhmetieff, smooth shaven, middle-aged, and a trifle corpulent, might pass for a Hoosier banker or a manufacturer of Colonial stock, shrewd, sensible and completely democratic. He and his associates were met

at the Battery by two companies of Russian soldiers in khaki and sailors in white blouses and black trousers, all clean, strapping young men. Everywhere were Russian flags and flags of the Allies. Here and there in the background were the blood-red banners of the revolution, some of them inscribed with strange characters, most of which hailed democratic Russia, while others were reminders of a bitter past. The police had little to do but enjoy the spectacle and gallop in the wake of the parade, which was led by a platoon of cavalry.

At the City Hall the Aldermanic chamber was crowded with members of the citizens' committee and guests, and the galleries filled with excited, cheering citizens, mostly Russians. Ambassador Bakhmetieff stood alone in the center of the dais, with his associates below on either side. It was the exact spot where Marshal Joffre had stood and saluted in recognition of the plaudits of the crowd gathered about him. Above was an escutcheon, bearing the head of the Goddess of Liberty, with Russian eagles perched on her shoulder. The white, blue and red of the old Russian flag prevailed in the decorations, both within and without the Hall. The red flag of the revolutionists was not here in evidence.

Mayor Mitchel met the party as they entered the chamber, and when the cheering subsided, delivered an address of welcome. Martin W. Littleton, in speaking for the citizens of New York, predicted the downfall of all autocratic power and declared that America was pledged to fight with the Allies "until the last Kaiser of all the confederated Kaisers is scourged from his empire of absolutism and assassination. The monarchy, the empire, the kingdom," he said further, "is gone never to return. Kings, kaisers, and czars, when they reign in future, shall reign even as a child reigns in a nursery, playing with dumb

images of power, brandishing a glittering blade of tin, or presiding with mock gravity over empty effigies." Ambassador Bakhmetieff said, in part:

I can scarcely express the emotion and sincere gratitude I feel for the brotherly welcome in the hearty reception which has been accorded to us by this greatest of the world's cities. This enthusiasm is the joy of America that a new democracy has been born. The deep feelings that overwhelm us all here present are the highest expression of the true friendship which has always existed between the two great nations, and which we have come now as messengers of Russia's freedom to express. So momentous is the present hour that our two nations have extended to each other their brotherly hands in this world struggle. The United States, the far distant oversea country, has joined the ranks of the nations which are fighting for justice and has raised the same banner of lofty human ideals that animate the people of Russia. Liberty and democracy, such are the challenges of the Russian revolution, such are the aims which our great republic is seeking to attain for all nations.

AN EVENING MASS MEETING AT CARNEGIE HALL

After a dinner given by Mayor Mitchel at the Ritz-Carlton, the day of greetings to the Russians was closed with a mass meeting at Carnegie Hall, where five thousand persons applauded in the auditorium, and thousands who banked the streets on the outside continued the demonstration. At the opening of the meeting, Colonel Roosevelt and Samuel Gompers came to a violent altercation over bloody race riots a few days before in East St. Louis. By

long persistence Mayor Mitchel at last succeeded in restoring order, but for several moments before he regained control of the meeting Mr. Gompers and the Colonel were on their feet, shaking their fingers at each other and shouting exclamatory words which were lost in the mighty roar that filled the hall. The Colonel began it, just before making his speech of welcome to the commission, when he took occasion to say several burning things concerning the riots. After that he undertook to make his address to the Russian commission, but Mr. Gompers refused to ignore his violent remarks and replied to them vigorously. The Mayor then stepped forward to introduce Ambassador Bakhmetieff, but Colonel Roosevelt intervened. "May I say a word?" he asked sharply, and plunged into a further denunciation of the riots, aiming his remarks more at Mr. Gompers than at the audience. A shout now went up that was high and angry. As Colonel Roosevelt proceeded, the yells of the crowd became so deafening that they drowned out entirely his remarks, and so he walked over to where Mr. Gompers was sitting and shaking his finger in his face, spoke directly to him. Mr. Gompers replied heatedly, but his words were lost in the noise that filled the hall, while the police looked about them uneasily. The Russian visitors were plainly astounded. When the two men finally resumed their seats, both were extremely ruffled.¹ Ambassador Bakhmetieff, who was now allowed to speak, declared that the crisis had passed in Russia and that a free people were on the way to a victory which would guarantee the permanence of their freedom. He added:

The fate of the future will depend on whether Russia will emerge from this world's struggle as a firm democracy, solid and majestic in its democratic

¹The New York Tribune.

consciousness, supported by the gallantry of its arms, or whether the Eastern country will succumb in its internal task of political reconstruction, or will collapse in consequence of insufficient supplies or the invalidism of arms. In this dilemma lies the source of the enthusiasm of your greeting. But here are as well the causes of grave thought and the melancholic sorrow of your smile.

Do people realize the magnitude of events which have happened? Do they in a proper way conceive the deepness and breadth of the cataclysm which has taken place in Russia? Do they really expect that the process of transition of 180,000,000 human beings from practically a state of slavery to the most democratic and unrestricted form of existence, a process comprising the complete reorganization of political and social life, could occur without occasional disorder and outbursts of civil strife?

The whole has to settle. Things have to take their place—lose their accidental postures. This process of settlement needs time; needs historical treatment—severe, implacable, but unavoidable.

I am glad to state that in a large measure the period of misunderstanding—I would say confusion—is over. The splendid advance in Galicia has been the best answer to all rumors of separate peace. The achievements of Kerensky and of Brusiloff at the head of a democratic army have demonstrated that a democratic army can fight bravely and with the best of achievements.

ANOTHER DAY'S FESTIVITIES

Next day the Russian Mission was entertained by Mayor Mitchel at a luncheon in Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive at which prominent citizens were present. The northern veranda of the inn, where about 125 were seated, was decorated with American flags. After luncheon the Russians witnessed an exhibition by the New York Fire Department in the City College Stadium and were taken for a tour of the city's park system, ending at the Mall in Central Park, where they were welcomed by a crowd of 20,000. As far as the eye could see, the avenues leading to the Mall were packed with people. Long approaches to the bandstand had been decorated with the flags of the Allies. Just enough breeze blew over the hill to make it pleasant. A mighty cheer arose as the figure of the Ambassador was seen coming through the lines of police, the Ambassador waving his hand in friendly salutation. In opening the exercises, Park Commissioner Cabot Ward said that it was peculiarly fitting to welcome the representatives of the new democracy in a park which included a spot closely associated with the American Revolution.

In the evening a vast audience assembled in Madison Square Garden at a meeting in which forty-eight Russian societies were represented. The interior of the garden was decorated in red—red at the ceiling, red about the balconies, red about the boxes, and red on the platform. High above the platform, conspicuous against the red, hung the white and blue Zion flag. There were banners everywhere. Some of the inscriptions were "Long Live the Provisional Russian Government," "Long Live the Russian Fleet," "Welcome, the First Ambassador of Free Russia," "Long Live the Russian Revolutionary Army."

When the Ambassador and his party arrived, about 8:30,

the crowd rose in a roar of greeting. Thousands of red flags fluttered, and the great audience cheered. Mr. Bakhmetieff walked to the platform, waved his hand several times, and then seizing a bunch of red carnations on the speakers' stand, leaned out over the railing, his face aglow with joy, and led the cheering. The band played the new Russian national hymn, and the Ambassador helped sing it. It was fully twenty-five minutes before the crowd could be quieted.

Ambassador Bakhmetieff began his address by calling for a rousing cheer for the Russian sailors "who helped to save the revolution." Repeatedly he called for cheers for the revolutionary army, and repeatedly they were given. "Just as the revolution saved Russia," said he, "so did the army save the revolution." He spoke in Russian and was interrupted frequently by tumultuous cheers which lasted fully five minutes. He said he had brought to the exiles who had suffered terribly under the old régime, a message of love and gratitude from their native land, "now glowing in the realization of that great dream to which they had all aspired." He described the critical moments of the revolution, the economic, political, and social disorganization which necessarily followed the overturn of the old régime. For a time it seemed as though the revolution might prove a failure, that the obstacles were too great; but the moment of salvation came. This was when Cerebelli, Skobeleff and Tchernoff united and formed the coalition which strengthened the Provisional Government and put the young nation on a solid foundation. It all seemed like a dream, an impossible dream, but in a few months the world would see the Russian Republic realizing its full power of creative strength.

V

IN NEWBURGH AND WEST POINT

MARSHAL JOFFRE'S VISIT

Marshal Joffre on May 11 (which was during his visit to New York) left the city for the day, accompanied by the military members of the French Commission, in order to make a visit to West Point, including a short stay at Washington's Headquarters near Newburgh. At Newburgh the visitors were made the official guests of New York State, and from there went to West Point. Marshal Joffre was greeted at Newburgh with cheers from thousands. At Washington's Headquarters, which stands to-day practically the same place that it was in 1784, and overlooks the river a short distance below the town, Governor Whitman extended the official welcome and pledged all the resources of the State to the cause of the Allies. Marshal Joffre received here from the hands of a little girl a large gold medal, commemorating his visit, that had been bought with a fund made up from dimes contributed by children. From Justice Pendleton, of the Supreme Court, he received official notification of his election to honorary membership in the Society of the Cincinnati. This was the first time in history that a person, not a descendant of a Revolutionary soldier, had ever been elected to membership in this order. Marshal Joffre replied to Governor Whitman as follows:

I thank you for your generous words and for the expressions of sympathy and deep feeling expressed in this splendid reception by the State of New York to my country. I realize that this place where we are assembled is a place of great memories, a place where Washington meditated over what he had done and what he had to do in the future. What you have said about the soldiers of France has deeply affected me. I thank you—first for my country and then for myself. I bid you adieu.

The gold medal given by the children of Newburgh was two and one-half inches in diameter. On one side was shown Washington's Headquarters, on the other an inscription. Marshal Joffre then went to West Point, where he passed most of the afternoon. He had a simple luncheon with officers of the regular army, all West Point graduates, and most of whom spoke French; motored through the beautiful wooded Highlands behind the point, and when it was all over said that so long as he might live his afternoon at West Point would be one of his dearest and most cherished memories. "I have not had in these last three years," said he to Colonel John Biddle, Superintendent of the Academy, "very many opportunities to enjoy myself and be happy, but to-day here at beautiful West Point I have been happy." He seemed as carefree as a schoolboy. "He has been so happy that it's a pity he has to go so soon," said one of his staff officers.

A finer day could not have been asked for. All that morning the whole reservation had been on tip-toe, so to speak, in anticipation of the coming of the highest ranking field commander in the world. Other great soldiers from foreign lands, among them Kitchener, had been officially

received at West Point and had reviewed the West Point cadets, but never before had the cadets been reviewed by a Marshal of France. There were no decorations. West Point was, as it is on every other day in the year, just West Point and nothing more.

When the special train arrived at the little station at the foot of the hill, one saw drawn up the Black Troopers of the regular army stationed at West Point, every one of them a veteran of the Ninth or Tenth regular cavalry. As the head of the cavalry appeared over the crest of the hill, a battery of field artillery, stationed near the Battle Monument, began to thunder out the Marshal's salute of seventeen guns. The entire Corps of Cadets, to the number of 600, was in parade formation and in single file, the line of gray-coated young men forming a great semicircle which extended from the old to the new barracks. The West Point band, massed on the plain in front of the barracks, played the "Marseillaise." Of the cadets whom the Marshal saw, perhaps 200 would be fighting in France before another year rolled around. "It is splendid and wonderful," Marshal Joffre exclaimed, as he looked into the faces of that long line.

For a moment he stopped at the historic house which has been the residence of West Point Superintendents from the days of Robert E. Lee to the present. At 1 o'clock the army luncheon was served in the officers' mess hall in the club building, where awaiting him were the tactical and academic staffs of the Academy, every arm of the service represented. The Marshal felt himself immediately at home. Lieutenant de Tessan stood by, expecting to be called into service as an interpreter, but practically every officer present could converse with Marshal Joffre in his native tongue. The meal was served on a single long table that reached almost the full length of the room, where

everybody sits close, and every meal is a family gathering, the waiters, Filipinos, as noiseless as they are efficient. At this table, and to this kind of meal, the great Marshal and his staff sat down. He was at the right of Colonel Biddle, who sat at the head of the table. Opposite him was Colonel Fabry. The company remained at the table more than an hour and a half. More than 5,000 persons had by this time arrived at West Point, two-thirds of them in automobiles, hundreds going up from New York. Never before, it was said, had so many automobiles been standing at West Point at one time.

It was 2:49 when the shrill tones of bugles announced that Marshal Joffre and his escort were about to leave the mess hall and review the corps. As he was escorted to the reviewing field, the cheers that greeted him were such as West Point hears only on big athletic occasions when West Point has won a game. Across the great parade green passed company after company of cadets, each marching in perfect alignment and every man as erect and as soldierly as Koehler, the "king of physical trainers," could make him. From somewhere a company would suddenly appear and march across the field. A moment later another would come from the opposite direction, and then another would come, until eight were on the plain at the same time, some going this way, others going that, each unconsciously, it seemed, performing all sorts of military evolutions. Time and again Marshal Joffre uttered an enthusiastic word of praise. All this time a band was playing, sometimes an American, sometimes a French air.

For fifteen minutes the maneuvers lasted, and then the corps formed in regimental front for review. Marshal Joffre stepped forward until he stood alone three paces in front of Colonel Biddle and others of the reviewing escort. From end to end along the whole line Marshal Joffre

slowly walked, and looked into the eyes of every cadet. The look was serious, but at the same time sympathetic. As he returned to his post, the crowd gave him a great ovation, and then the eight companies went stepping briskly by in company front, their alignment perfect. The Marshal's face was a study as they passed by. There was real expression, something like eloquence, or high command, in the salute he gave to every company commander as he passed at the head of his unit. In less than half an hour it was all over.

"I have always understood," said Marshal Joffre to Colonel Biddle afterwards, "that the United States Military Academy was the greatest military school in the world, and after what I have seen here this afternoon, I realize that the academy is more than worthy of its great reputation."

Following the review the Marshal was taken for an automobile drive around the reservation. He saw the beautiful chapel on the mountain, had a glimpse of the old cemetery where for more than a hundred years West Pointers have found their last resting place, saw spots where Washington had stood in the days of Lafayette and the Revolution; in fact, had at least a glimpse of everything of interest in the West Point territory.

At 3:30 he left the enclosure to return to New York, the entire corps parading once more as a farewell tribute. Again and again he bowed in acknowledgment of the honor. The Black Horsemen cantered ahead of his automobile on the way down to the station, the Superintendent and other officers following. Until the train disappeared around the curve that leads to Highland Falls all West Point stood at attention.¹

¹ The New York Times.

On the way to New York Lieutenant de Tesson told the newspapermen how happy his chief had been at West Point. "That corps is simply wonderful," said he, "and the Marshal considers it as fine a body of young men as there is in the world. They are already officers and are ready even now for service. Of course, they would need a little further instruction in some phases of war as developed in Europe in the last three years, but they would catch on quickly, for they are West Pointers. The Marshal will never forget to-day at West Point, and the same is true of every man of his staff who accompanied him. The officers were splendid comrades. What more can we say than that?"

When these ceremonies were over, it was learned that, after the cadets had passed the Marshal in review, he was heard to utter, to the surprise of a West Point officer near him, the word "Bully!" which occasioned much merriment when the incident was narrated to others. It was inferred that the use of the word was a consequence of a long conversation he had had the night before in the Frick mansion with Colonel Roosevelt, whose use of this word was now historic.

GENERAL BRIDGES AT WEST POINT

Next day Lieutenant General Bridges, ranking military member of the British Commission, followed Marshal Joffre's example and quietly slipped out of New York for a journey to West Point, where he spent the day as the guest of Colonel Biddle. West Point's famous squadron of Black Troopers was again lined up at the station when he arrived and the corps of cadets paraded in front of the barracks as the automobile arrived on the plain. General Joffre, greatly to his regret, had been able to spend only something less than four hours at West Point, but General

Bridges stayed the whole day. He met every officer on duty at the Academy, reviewed the corps and inspected the buildings. In the afternoon he met all the cadets in the Cullum Memorial Hall and made an address to them. As in the case of Marshal Joffre, West Point had planned no formal welcome, but instead received General Bridges as a brother in arms and an ally in the war. During and after the review, General Bridges expressed admiration for the efficiency of the corps, and thus echoed the words of Marshal Joffre.

VI

IN BOSTON AND IN CANADIAN CITIES

MARSHAL JOFFRE IN BOSTON

From the moment when he stepped from his train at the South Station in Boston, on the morning of May 12, until he departed for Canada that night, Marshal Joffre was applauded continuously. Crowds massed along the streets and, heedless of frequent showers, accorded him one of the most enthusiastic greetings ever given to a popular idol in that city. From the legislators at the State House, the Faculty and students of Harvard, and from leading business and professional men assembled at a banquet given by the State, his welcome was everywhere unstintingly cordial. On the Common, where perhaps 100,000 persons gathered, he was told that school children of Boston and New England desired to present through him a fund for the care of French children whose fathers had died for France. This sum had reached \$175,000 and contributions were still pouring in.

At Harvard, surrounded by a brilliant throng in academic robes and military uniforms, he was invested by President Lowell with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. President Lowell said that his "calm courage at the Marne wrung from defeat a victory that saved France, and with France the world." Later he was driven to the Stadium, where he saluted the Harvard Regiment and received six French army officers who, wounded in the war, had re-

cently come over and been active as military instructors for Harvard students. At a banquet he announced in a short speech that this would probably be his last public appearance in an American city:

At the end of our stay in your wonderful country, it is with deep regret that we take our leave. I want to tell you how intensely we feel the warm personal sympathy and kindness which we have met on every hand. We are obliged to leave Boston and the neighboring States that are so very dear to us for what our forefathers did here.

After being the principal figure at a joint legislative session at the State House, Marshal Joffre on the same day was the guest at a luncheon in Faneuil Hall, and later led a parade of National Guard companies and high school cadets through streets along which places had been reserved for thousands of school children.

MARSHAL JOFFRE IN MONTREAL

Marshal Joffre left that night for Montreal. As Marshal of France, he was more to French Canadians than even a Canadian hero could have been. He arrived a few minutes before 11 o'clock a.m. Close to half a million people lined the streets, squares and parks to greet and honor him. In a mass of flags and streamers there sounded over the city the noise of bells and human voices mingled with the hoarse shouts of motor horns. Such a welcome Montreal had never given to any man within modern memory.

With all the promptitude of the soldier trained to lose no time even in non-essentials, Marshal Joffre on arrival got into his blue overcoat at the station and settled himself

back in the reception automobile with the air of one confidently ready for the next move. With his strong hand that expressed capability he made those graceful salutes so familiar in pictures and repeated them again and again. His penetrating, steady eyes seemed even to be gathering information for use in wider fields than those outlined by the clamoring masses who represented almost the entire population of Montreal. The day was made such a holiday as had not been known in years. He appeared, as he had done everywhere else, with the manner of one who had come to see, rather than with the bearing of one who had come to be seen. Gravely and unconsciously he acknowledged plaudits and then surveyed each assemblage with sweeping glances from side to side as far out as his range of vision could extend.

The first greetings offered at the station by Mayor Martin and General Wilson were brief, and soon the procession was on its way up Windsor Street, to make the long round of the city. Along Dorchester Street cheers grew and collected in force, culminating in a full-throated welcome thundered out by returned Canadian soldiers who had congregated about the Khaki League, where the crowd had been stimulated to fresh outbursts. From that time on, a deep-toned vocal adulation attended the car wherein sat the grave and observant soldier.

On Fletcher's Field the expanse of men, women and children stretched as far as the eye could see. Long before the Marshal and his party arrived, people had collected there, hurrying on bicycles, and in carriages, and running on foot in their anxiety to secure promising points of vantage. It was estimated that 200,000 persons were in that neighborhood—soldiers in close formation, in the kilt of Highlanders, picturesquely strung against men in khaki uniforms, Mount St. Louis Cadets, religious brothers in

black cassocks, and civilians in numbers impossible to count. On a platform a little girl presented Marshal Joffre with a bouquet, this platform forming the saluting base, and erected near the slope of the mountain. An address, illuminated on white parchment, was presented to him, but at the request of the Marshal, without being read.¹ After a brief review, Marshal Joffre gave out his message to Canada in a half-minute speech, made to the officers.

I am glad to see you, as you are the representatives of the forces which have sent so many troops to the front—troops, unfortunately, of which many have died. You have sent many overseas, and I feel sure you will continue to send more, for men are needed, badly needed.

A State luncheon was spread at the Ritz-Carlton, where the acting Premier, Sir George Foster, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Provincial Prime Minister, Sir Lomer Gouin, and ecclesiastical, military, political, and civil dignitaries expressed the welcome and gratitude of Canada and the Allies to Marshal Joffre and the soldiers of France. At luncheon, his reply to a toast was:

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the kind words you have said to me, and I thank you, gentlemen, with all my heart for the warmth of the reception you have given me, and I can assure you that the acclamations with which you have greeted me will be heard in France. I know the services rendered by Canada in France. Your soldiers have fought beside our soldiers

¹ The Montreal Star.

and many have died in the fight we are waging. They have always shown indomitable courage, and in them Canada has done her duty. I have just received a despatch from the French Government informing me that they have bestowed the Legion d'Honneur on Major-General Fiset and on Brigadier-General A. E. Labelle. These will come to Canada by the usual means, and I am sorry that I am not in a position to give them now myself to the gentlemen who have given such signal service as to win this decoration.

Your Canadian soldiers have won the admiration of France. I have seen your men in action; they are courageous; they are indomitable and marvelous; they despise death and their bravery is only equaled by that of the soldiers of France.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the demonstration you have given me, and I am happy that I have been able during my stay on this continent to come up to this great city of Montreal for a few hours to meet a people who show us so warmly that we in France have a place in their affections. All I can say is, and I say it with all my heart, "Vive la Canada."

Marshal Joffre, on McGill Campus, came face to face with men who had served under him in France. Some limped, the arms of others were disabled or gone, their uniforms war-worn. To the tune of the fife, the throb of the drum and the cheers of the crowd, these men swung through the gate leading to the Campus with all the enthusiasm which had taken them "over the top" on the day when they got their wounds. Four hundred of them, back from the

front, had come to be seen by, and to see, "Papa" Joffre. They lined up in review formation, one lone Australian hat peeping above the familiar maple leaf caps. Behind came carriage after carriage bearing men unable to walk. Horses seemed to know whom they were drawing, since they stepped out more proudly when the cheers of onlookers reached their ears.

M. VIVIANI IN OTTAWA

Canada, in officially welcoming M. Viviani to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, on May 12, extended him the unprecedented honor of addressing its Parliament as a foreigner. Later, by a cheering vote, it was ordered that his speech, "so full of heart and fire," be preserved in the Dominion's records. Members of both Houses, many of whom had sons at the front, cheered him enthusiastically and joined in singing the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King." After this ceremony he was a guest of the Duke of Devonshire, the Governor General, at Rideau Hall, and later was driven through flag-decked streets, cheered by enthusiastic crowds. Following is the official translation of his speech:

As has been said by your Speaker, Mr. Rainville, in his eloquent address, we could not possibly have passed so close to your country without having an ardent wish to visit it and to pay our respects to its citizens, with whose history our own is so intimately connected.

Hardly had we reached Canada than we, the members of the French delegation, were the object of the most enthusiastic welcome. And as a crowning success, gentlemen, you were so kind as to confer on my fellow-citizens and myself the supreme honor of a

reception within the precincts of this House, and there could be no greater boon, no higher honor, no greater joy, than this provisional adoption into your community.

You may rest assured that our fellow-citizens in far away France, when they are apprised to-morrow or the day after, of the honor which has been conferred upon us, will have towards you a high feeling of gratitude.

You have just requested us, Mr. Speaker, not to forget the reception now tendered to us, and through us, to France; allow me, Sir, to thank you. That debt of gratitude which we owe to your great country, and which the great historical events in which we have participated in common, can only have the effect of increasing—that debt impressed us particularly on that day when we saw passing through the streets of Paris your admirable Canadian soldiers proudly bearing on their helmets the Maple Leaf. At that tragic hour we realized that your motto of former days—"I remember"—was no vain formula, no mere catchword.

Yes, you have remembered, and indeed it is something that strikes one with admiration to witness how this feeling of gratitude, as a rule a personal feeling lying in the depths of the human heart and conscience, diffuses itself throughout democracies and becomes a collective feeling which makes for the greatness of the nation as a whole. I remember, and we have proof that you have also remembered. First of all, your generosity towards France is unfathom-

able. Of course, I could not but omit important facts and be perhaps unfair were I to attempt an enumeration of your generous deeds, and of all that you have done for France: field hospitals without number; the hospital at St. Cloud, in which you have reserved 1,300 beds for French patients, and other hospitals everywhere established with a staff of Canadian nurses and medical superintendents.

I need not point especially to the supreme sacrifice, to which you have just given a pious thought in recalling that some members of this House have fallen at the front in this holy cause; that some are held prisoners in Germany, that you gentlemen of the Parliament of Canada have given fifty of your sons who, without hesitation, have gone over to resist in the name of truth and justice the most formidable avalanche which barbarity has ever let loose on the civilized world.

Yes, Sir, your Canadians have fought along with English and French troops, without paying any heed to racial differences. Under the flags of all the Allies they have all shown a similar courage. It must not be forgotten that in the month of February of 1915, at Ypres, in the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, in a country devastated by floods, after the terrific assault of the German soldiers by means of asphyxiating gases—Germany, the country that has caused science to swerve from its true ends, and, instead of pouring its benefits upon mankind, has visited humanity with manifold evils and crimes—that same Germany has had to meet your Canadian soldiers.

On that terrific day, your sons, rising in their might, saved the situation.

And throughout many battles, throughout numerous and recent victories, the soldiers of Canada stood up heroically against the foe. Even at this moment, we have before our eyes your boys, so alert, so athletic, so brave, the first to storm, victoriously carrying their flag to those heights of Vimy which were reputed to be impregnable.

Hail, to all these soldiers; let us bow our heads reverently before those who fight, those who suffer and those who have laid down their lives for their country. They had a clear perception of what their action meant; when they left this country they were well aware that it was not only Great Britain that they were called upon to defend, that it was not only France that they were going to protect against the attacks of invaders;—their clear vision upturned towards Heaven, detected the higher object; they were well aware that it was the sacred cause of humanity, of democracy, and of justice that they were defending.

Still laboring under the impression left by such glorious and recent events, we have come here to pay you a visit. Your enthusiastic welcome only serves to increase the bitterness of my regrets, as I reflect on its inevitable brevity; but I am confident that you will be at one with me when I state that depth of feeling should not be measured by the length of a visit, but rather by the persistence of the feelings which are thereby instilled in the heart and in

the mind. Such assurances of our feelings which I bring to you, I would much have liked, after visiting your beautiful capital, to carry to other cities; it would have afforded me great pleasure to have visited Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, but our time is limited, and I beg that you may excuse the shortness of our stay, thinking only of the sincerity of the feelings expressed in our message to you.

It would have been a great satisfaction to me to travel at leisure over this admirable country, thinking and dreaming over past events in your history which, at many points, is interlocked with our own national history.

In coming to this country I desire to pay a tribute to Great Britain, that land of freedom, whose sons, wherever they go, bring with them emancipation and liberty; under every sky her mission is not to reduce men to slavery, but to awaken consciences and arouse determinations. I should have assured Great Britain, our noble ally, of our gratitude for having rallied to a man to the rescue of France in this, her supreme hour, because forsooth British statesmen had been parties to a treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality; because England's pledge was not to be denied; because a nation's honor has not two codes, nor a double morality, and because every country should take up arms and fight with all its might to redeem her promise.

I desire, also, to recall the memory of our ancestors, those Frenchmen who came to this country in olden times and who seem to have brought to this soil all

the elegance of manners and the beauty of France and Normandie. I am happy to note in their scions the ancient and strong qualities which are the reputed and proud characteristics of our race. To them I owe my thanks for having maintained in all its purity and perfection that noble French, which language to-day resounds throughout the universe, which you, Mr. Speaker, speak so admirably, and which you know in its absolute purity, partaking as it does of the limpidity of a stream and the resistance of a metal.

It would have been a pleasure to me had I time to note on the bronzed faces of your country people the familiar traits of their brothers, our French peasants; and bow acknowledgment to the virtues which they share in common; thrift, assiduity to the daily task, steadfastness, and everything which contributes to the strength, the valor, and the fame of a nation.

My time is limited, and I must beg your pardon for abbreviating my remarks. However, I would not be doing justice to the utterances which fell a moment ago from the mouth of your Speaker if, at this very moment, and from this time, from this high situation you have assigned to me, though a stranger among you, I did not, following in the footsteps of the speaker who preceded me, attempt through time and space to solve the serious problems brought on us by the war, including the very carrying out of that war.

In the first place, what was the origin of that war? Who is responsible for having started it? You mentioned it in your speech, Mr. Speaker, that bloody war

was let loose on us by the whim of an absolute ruler, a ruler whose will is the only law, who governs heedless of parliament or ministerial responsibilities. It was let loose by the pride and madness of a whole people. It was let loose to destroy the free democracies and peace-loving peoples of the world.

Who among the peoples of the earth were more attached to universal peace than Great Britain and France? France had been vanquished in 1871—and it is no longer an humiliation to us to recall that defeat, since in the meantime we have retrieved ourselves and find ourselves once more in a position to face our enemies. Such was our liking for peace that while with tearful eyes we looked over the war-ridden boundary, while we peered over the border at our provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and while we carried in our breast a bleeding wound which could not be healed, yet so as not to trouble the world's peace, though not forgetful of the past, we kept still. Such was our attitude.

Then, as regards Great Britain, which German slanders charged with having brought on the war, she had not even thought of establishing military conscription; she had not provided a fighting machine, lacking which war becomes impossible; she was thinking of universal peace only, and of providing work for and insuring the freedom of nations.

Both these nations were attacked, France, Great Britain, and also Russia. It was a challenge sent out to the whole civilized world, and then it was a question, not as to whether we were going to fight for

the acquisition of territory, not as to whether we should recover sections of provinces, but as to whether free men would be allowed to enjoy the warmth and light of liberty.

Such is the great struggle which is going on between triumphant autocracy, which already we have struck down on the battlefield; such is the great struggle between triumphant autocracy, bent on ruling over the world, and democracy, whose sole aim is to regenerate it. Such is the great struggle between absolute rulers, who consider as mere possessions the peoples over whom they rule, who aim at laying hands on men's bodies, and democracy, whose object is to elevate the mind, the conscience and the soul.

And notice what wonderful changes have taken place in Great Britain and France. Some time previous to the war those two nations had come closer to one another and had concluded, many years ago, *l'entente cordiale*. This reference to *l'entente cordiale* concluded between France and Great Britain reminds me necessarily of your former Governor, Lord Lansdowne, whom I had the honor to meet in London some years ago, one of the keenest and shrewdest thinkers in Great Britain, and who, no doubt, because he had long lived among you and because he had come to know France through knowing Canada, came back to Great Britain with a desire to establish *l'entente cordiale* and bring the two countries closer together.

Here I am bound to pay my respects to the memory

of Edward VII who was the enthusiastic artisan of the bringing together of those two great democratic and free nations, because his clear insight into conditions generally had satisfied him that such a result was practical and in order. Neither can I proceed any further without paying homage to his successor on the throne who with a strong hand in that tragic moment of history brought about the practical results implied in the *entente cordiale* as formerly concluded.

What an admirable example was set to us by those two countries. Great Britain had remained aloof from conscription; she had applied her whole activity to forwarding industry, trade, and building up her navy. And when the hour of danger came, when she felt that a few thousand men would not be sufficient to resist the onslaught; when she realized that the war would be won not solely through the bravery of her children, through the courage of her soldiers, but that munitions, guns and munition factories would be indispensable; then as by a miracle at the call of the Government, not only in Great Britain but in Ireland and throughout its possessions and colonies—for the British colonies to Germany's great surprise rallied to their mother country in the hour of danger—not only munition factories and guns and projectiles, but thousands and thousands of men, five hundred thousand, one million, one million and a half British soldiers, including your own Canadian boys, stood up and entered the fray alongside their French comrades. Such is the admirable spectacle which Great Britain

presents to the wondering eyes and consciences of the world.

I am quite aware that German calumnies must have reached this country; it is even likely that they have found their way to your minds and hearts; we do not feel humiliated because before the war you may have thought, on the faith of what was so often repeated, that France was a lost country, corrupt, dissolute, frivolous, catering solely to its pleasures, and so much rent by political dissensions that when the great struggle would come, Germany would be facing not men but a divided army, easy to scatter. Well, you have been witnesses of what France is capable; that wonderful France, standing undefeated because her sons keep up both with the traditions of the past and the traditions of the Revolution. You have seen what her genius can effect, the same genius that has emancipated a large section of humanity. We had arms; we had an army. But what could our army do, with only 40,000,000 of inhabitants to draw from, in a struggle against the Germans who for the last forty-five years have been perfecting their war machine in order to hurl it against our country. We gave way at first, both British and French; we gave way before the storm; we were not in sufficient numbers, but we righted ourselves after the battle of the Marne.

How has that been possible? It is because the world's estimate of France was not true.

There are political parties in France; every free democracy is made up of parties who struggle for supremacy, who hold different tenets, who do not

monotonously copy each other's gestures and statements. What counts, after all, is that at the supreme hour all citizens unite in a common sacrifice on the altar of their country; what does count is that every citizen should remember that before belonging to any political party he owes allegiance to his country; no political divisions would be possible.

Well, what country could have done better than France to bring about this great sacred alliance? Everlastingly shall I remember, as the greatest honor that was mine in all my career, that eventful 4th of August, when I entered into the French House of Representatives with the declaration of war that had been communicated to me, as President of the French Cabinet, by Mr. de Schoen on the previous day. My colleague, the Marquis de Chambrun, a member of the French Parliament, will also recall the occurrence. There were all the members standing, quivering with emotion, all the galleries filled with wives and mothers who were going to send to the front their husbands or their sons; everybody standing; no more political parties; no more groups; none but Frenchmen reconciled in their devotion to their country. And as days followed days, all parties rallied to the same flag and put on the same uniform. Catholics no more; free-thinkers no more; Socialists no more; Radicals no more; Conservatives no more, but all children of the one France. All Frenchmen, leaving aside their old disputes, came to the common conclusion that there was no necessity to arouse political differences; that before fighting between ourselves it was first of all

necessary to keep under our feet a free soil, an undivided France. As one man, we shouldered our guns, and it is that wonderful unity, that sacred unity, that has given us and will give us victory.

I join with you, Mr. Speaker, in hailing this victory. It should by all means break forth to the full knowledge of humanity; indeed, if this great effort of ours should not be crowned by victory, then I must say there never was waged a war so disastrous to the nations of the world. In former days nations have suffered grievously through defeat; but such wars were struggles between armies, and differences were settled through a treaty of peace; while in this war we are the spectators of a struggle between conflicting types of minds and nations. At present, I repeat, what is at stake is not territorial aggrandizement—it is more than that—it is the freedom of the world.

You Canadians who listen to me, you freemen who sit in this Parliament, pray mark my words. I realize that you are farther away than we are from the battlefields; the roar of guns does not reach your ears; you do not see the return of large numbers of wounded men; but morally speaking, you are just as close as we are to the fray. Confronting one another we have autocracy and democracy, and should, perchance, the freedom fail to win the war, democracy and universal justice would be defeated at the same time. It was in the cause of justice that at all epochs we drew the sword; it was in the cause of justice that Great Britain and France, together with their noble allies, entered

the war; it is to enable the children of men to enjoy after the war the advantages of a well assured and prolonged peace that we are fighting.

Mothers who now listen to me, it is for your children's freedom, it is to prevent the recurrence of any wars and to secure the peace of the world, that a whole generation is now giving its blood, and making to-day the supreme sacrifice.

Let a pious thought accompany those who go to the front. All laudatory epithets have been exhausted; there is nothing left to say in their praise but that some have given their life for a sacred cause and the others are fighting for the liberty of all mankind. Soldiers of Justice, soldiers of Truth, soldiers fighting for the right, your fame and your courage shall ever be an undying example to Man.

M. VIVIANI IN BOSTON

Boston, on May 13, gave a warm greeting to M. Viviani. Though coming after the city had outstretched its arms to Marshal Joffre, he was feasted, toasted and cheered by thousands. Despite a cold, drizzling rain that fell all day, he was taken through streets decorated with the colors of France, Great Britain, and the United States, and applauded enthusiastically wherever he went. He reached Boston from Ottawa at 9:05 a. m. The visit to the Public Library was the first event on the day's program. Speaking from the grand stairway to an audience that filled every available foot of space, M. Viviani said:

I knew in my heart that your great country could not contemplate the slaughter of innocents, the burn-

ing of cathedrals, and other outrages without throwing in your lot with France and her allies. The present war must be a fight to the finish, and there must be only a thought of victory in the minds of all the Allies. If a German victory were possible, the free peoples of the world, those of America included, would be reduced to servitude.

What a joy to be with you in this center of intellect, to make a defile of gratitude before philanthropists massed in a setting of such marvelous beauty. How admirable these frescoes by Purvis de Chavannes, these decorations by your noble Sargent, who made his first studies in Paris. It seems to me that I am among a population who live by thought, and that I am near to France in this old city of Puritan traditions, where broke in 1776 the wave of liberty started by French philosophers. I salute also your illustrious university of Harvard, that center of patriotism as well as of instruction, which has honored me by voting to grant me the degree of doctor of laws.

I salute the Harvard ambulance service. I salute that young hero, Norman Prince, who has died after having fought not only for France, but for America, because we have the same ideals of right and liberty. I am not surprised that patriotism boils in this city so entirely cultivated. As minister of public instruction, I have seen how patriotism develops with intelligence. You have not only industrial riches; you are the story, the hope, the soul of America.

After the war I hope that a development of the exchange professorships between Harvard and France

will bring us still nearer together. Brunetière, Gaston Deschamps and others have already brought you our true thoughts in the tongue which is the language alike of sentiment and logic, emotion and reality. And, to say nothing of your President Lowell, we have had from you such professors as Barrett Wendell, author of the admirable "France of To-day," and Archibald Coolidge.

Professor Coolidge took advantage of a fortnight's holiday during his term to visit Germany, where he saw so impressive an army that he returned saddened, believing, as he said, that if there should be war France could not resist. But at Nancy, on his way back, he happened to see a review of our 20th corps. "After that," he said, "I felt that you might hope success." This 20th corps was what saved the day for Gen. De Castelnau at Verdun, eight years after Professor Coolidge's prophecy.

Another development much to be hoped for after the war is an increase in the exchange of scholarships, for which Prof. Charles Grandgent of Harvard and others have such promising plans. Certainly we may hope that your students will hereafter come to the Sorbonne in preference to the universities of Germany.

I have never been alarmed at your political or technical neutrality, for I knew well in my heart that you could not contemplate calmly the fusillading of priests, the sacking of cathedrals, the wringing of our hearts by crimes never before equaled. It is against that banditry of an enemy who jumped at our throats,

that Jew and Protestant, Socialist and Royalist, the men of all minds are fighting in Lorraine and Flanders.

If Germany should win, you too would be reduced to servitude, utter submission of word and thought, before the Prussian militarism which is trying to kill the conscience of humanity. But we know that you fight not merely for material ends. Let us draw nearer across the distance, and go forward together to save civilization and democracy.

From the library the party hurried to 306 Boylston Street, where they inspected the local headquarters of the American Fund for French Wounded and expressed gratitude to the workers. A similar visit followed to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, headquarters of the surgical dressings committee. "France will not forget what you have done," M. Viviani said, in reply to addresses of welcome from Charles Curtis, President of the trustees, and Mrs. Frederick Mead. "On my return I shall tell the story of your noble labors, persisted in not only during months, but long years; and I am certain that whatever aspect the war assumes, and despite your participation, you will never forget our wounded as long as they continue to fall on the battlefields." At President Lowell's house M. Viviani expressed his regret at having been unable to attend the exercises in Sanders Theater on Saturday to receive the degree that was to have been given him. Librarian W. C. Lane, Director Archibald Coolidge, Evart Jansen Wendell and others then escorted M. Viviani through the Widener Library, paying particular attention to the collection of French works.

M. Viviani went next to the City Club, where he made

an address which evoked a demonstration that he declared would be one of the pleasantest memories of his mission to America. Encouraged, evidently, by a realization that a large percentage of his 2,000 auditors followed his French words without much difficulty, he spoke for nearly an hour. The City Club in this affair established two precedents—one by giving a dinner to a guest on a Sunday, and another by standing as long as the speaker was talking. The only smile that lightened the grave face of the orator broke over it when, at the conclusion of his address, the presiding officers called for a “rising vote” of thanks. When the laughter had ceased, a show of hands from men already on their feet was substituted. M. Viviani had reached the club shortly before 7 o’clock, and was taken to the great auditorium on the fifth floor, where tremendous bursts of cheering were again and again renewed. No pen-picture could depict the flaming enthusiasm which his address aroused. Many had to catch his meaning from his flashing eyes, the tones of his voice and the gestures with which he reënforced his words as to and fro he paced the platform. He said:

I thank first the chairman of this club, who has given us welcome, and then I thank the members of this club who have applauded us. I am extremely glad to be a guest of this organization, which includes in its membership men of all classes of society.

It is especially of interest for me to be in a country where such a club is possible. In France, and generally in Europe, such gatherings are not yet possible, but may be very soon. To us members of the French commission it has been a wonderful spectacle

to see hundreds and thousands of men gathered in an organization like this.

Your club is a great school of civic life. It gives to men who are at work during the day the opportunity to gather of an evening for the exchange of ideas and for the development of plans for giving them effect.

Boston we regard as the foremost city for intellect in the United States, and it is the last place in your country where we may address a public gathering before returning to complete our business at Washington.

Three weeks we have been in this country, and I want to say that the sincerity and enthusiasm of our reception will not be lost. We have gained a deep impression from your expressions, public and private, and I shall take back to France the knowledge of the splendid reception we have had in America.

Beyond that is our gratitude for the charity you have shown for our wounded soldiers and orphaned children. You have translated your sympathies into action, and to-day I had another evidence of your care for us when I visited the Peter Bent Bingham Hospital.

I learned there—and it is all too insufficiently known in France, that an enormous quantity of material, made by the ladies of Boston, as well as more generally by the ladies of Massachusetts, has gone from this community to aid the wounded soldiers of France.

As to the sentiments expressed in your Public Li-

brary to-day, words would fail to express our gratitude for them. We have literally felt the heart of America and the heart of Boston.

We are all happy to be here and to be able to say our last public words before we return to Washington. Sometimes we feel humiliated at the thought that perhaps we do not merit this outflowing of American sentiment for France, but we are proud of it all the same.

Of course, America has joined France in the war. But that is not so much the paying of a debt of gratitude for the cooperation given you by us during your war for American independence.

Lafayette when he came here did not come so much to help the then young America as to promote the sentiments of liberty and democracy which were then being expressed by our thinkers and the philosophers of the 18th century, men like Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire and others.

The thing now for everybody, in view of the colossal struggle in Europe, is for everybody to do his duty. History will retain from this war only the names of the most prominent statesmen and generals; the names of the thousands of anonymous heroes will be forgotten.

But all these men, as well as all their relations, have the great comfort of feeling that those who fall fall for humanity, and that as a result of the sacrifice, their descendants will be free in the future from the curse of autocracy embodied in German militarism.

You men of America have earned and receive the love of France. Your record in the Civil War shows what you will be in this conflict. You join us in the struggle that is on not only for America, for France, for Belgium, Great Britain and Russia, but for all humanity.

Your flag has 48 stars, one for each state. Each of your states has its own legislature and yet they are all under the federal law. It is not too much to hope that one day all the countries now allied in the European war may form a similar "United States," each retaining its own form of administration, yet all owing allegiance to a common law.

And that will prevent the recurrence of conditions which make it possible for some mad autocrat to play havoc with the whole of Europe.

THE PRINCE IN BOSTON

A demonstration in Boston which many thought rivaled that accorded to Marshal Joffre was given on June 25 to the Prince of Udine and other members of the Italian Commission. "Little Italy," the North End colony, which numbered nearly 50,000 persons, made the occasion a holiday, and fairly bubbled in the exuberance of its welcome. Bands played martial airs at the principal street corners. Young women in white dresses saluted the Prince with a bombardment of flowers as his automobile passed. The day was filled with activities. First on the program was a visit to the Public Library. Then the Prince went to the State House, where he appeared before the convention which was revising the State's Constitution. Later he was whirled through shouting crowds in the North End and on

to the Boston Navy Yard, where he went aboard a cruiser. Crossing the harbor under the escort of other cruisers and submarine chasers, he visited the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation's plant at Quincy, where he saw sixty vessels under construction, among them many warships of various types, from slender submarines to great battle cruisers.

Returning to the city, the Commissioners became the central figures in a Red Cross parade, which included detachments from the regular army, the navy, National Guard, and Ambulance Corps. Prominent among the bodies in line was a company of 129 recruits for the regular army, obtained in Boston in three days, all of them native Italians or of Italian extraction. The Prince, at a banquet tendered by the State and city, said Italy, although a kingdom, was fighting the same fight that the United States had entered upon—"a struggle for democracy and freedom":

When we shall return to Italy, when we shall go back to war, we shall feel encouraged by the recollection of the warm hospitality we have found among you. Whatever be the strength and the insidious devices of the enemy, we must win. The United States will have the great honor of having contributed by their mighty energies to the destinies of the world's democracies. By proclaiming war your illustrious President has associated his name with history. By leading your country to victory, by helping to free the world from the oppression of military oligarchies, he will add new glory and new fame to the already great glory and fame of America.

The members of the commission left late that night for Washington.

VII

LEAVE-TAKINGS AND ARRIVALS HOME

THE LAST TWO SPEECHES BY MR. BALFOUR IN WASHINGTON

Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre all reached Washington again by the morning of May 14. A few hours afterwards, at 11:30 p. m., Joseph H. Choate died suddenly at his home in New York. Mr. Choate had long been recognized as New York's first citizen. Although he had celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on January 25, he had displayed extraordinary vitality as chairman of the reception committee during all the incidents of this welcome to the British and French commissions, even to the last, when on Sunday, May 13, he went with Mr. Balfour to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for the morning service. Widely as the public loss was felt, the time and manner of his death were recognized as having in them something fit and beautiful. His death was believed to have been hastened by his great exertions; in fact, he had made those exertions against the advice of his physician and against his own judgment as to the risk he was taking.

The chief members of the British and French missions prepared soon to return to their own countries, and were to depart unannounced. M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre had interviews with President Wilson on May 14 which were in the nature of farewells. Mr. Balfour spent practically that whole day in resting, but did not depart from

Washington for ten days. He had first to arrange for a permanent British office in Washington in charge of experts in military and naval affairs, and Lord Northcliffe was soon to arrive from London to take charge of important matters with an office in New York.

There yet remained for Mr. Balfour a few more appearances in public. On May 17, he and other members of the mission who had received degrees from Oxford or Cambridge, were made honorary members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at an impressive ceremony at the residence in Washington where they had their headquarters. The election came from the Alpha Chapter of Virginia, which was founded at William and Mary College in 1776. In his speech Mr. Balfour said:

Mr. President and Brethren of the Phi Beta Kappa Society: I, on behalf of myself and on behalf of my friends, thank you for allowing us to take part in this service, the memory of which will rest with us as long as life exists. You have welcomed us as the mission from Great Britain. You have welcomed those members of the mission who belonged to sister universities on the other side of the Atlantic, and you have conferred upon us the highest honor which you can give or it is in our power to receive. We most sincerely thank you for what you have done.

In the eloquent and moving speeches which have to-day been delivered by your President and others who have taken part in the ceremonies, little has been said of matters strictly academic. They were present to our minds, but they lay, and rightly lay, in the background. You who are present represent, and in a lesser degree I suppose we can claim to repre-

sent, the academic life and training of the two great countries, and the fact that we should meet together and deal in the main with matters which are international and political, rather than with matters which are in the strictest and narrowest sense academic, shows the great truth, or what I deem to be a great truth, that learning and study, if they be divorced from the realities of life and social life, lose more than half their worth.

I understand, and others this morning have reminded us, that this meeting is a symbol of all that represents the culture and education, or most of what represents the culture and education, in these two great nations that are now united in the pursuit of one great common cause. Let us take it for granted, then.

The history of the society, of which we are the youngest members, is a happy illustration of the truth which I have just insisted upon; for, if I rightly understand the history of the society, it was born in the stress and conflict of a great national crisis. The crisis we are living through to-day is possibly a greater crisis than that which struck this country in 1776. It is one the importance of which extends far beyond the boundaries of this community and touches the whole world, not in America alone, not in Europe only, but wherever the ideals of Christian civilization have come to flourish.

Gentlemen, it surely is a great thing to feel that all of us who have in common a university training, whether it has been carried out here or in Britain,

have the same noble traditions which have been maintained for all these centuries; it is a great thing to feel that we are one. You, Mr. President, observed, with truth, that we are largely if not wholly of a common stock, but that blood is but a poor cement—I think that was your phrase—is but a poor and weak cement, if that which it is meant to cement is not bound together by ties, spiritual ties, more fervent and more gripping than anything that could be conferred by any accident of heredity. That surely is so.

Whether they are students of American universities or whether they are students of British universities, they have a bond of union stronger than language, than literature, than law. Stronger these bonds are and should be. They have the bond of common hopes, of common purposes, of nations making common sacrifices for one great end, and that end is not only that of American universities and British universities, not merely the future culture of economic progress of these two great and free communities, but in addition to these causes, in themselves sufficiently great to fill the minds and kindle the imaginations of even the most sluggish, we can surely say for ourselves that we have in our guardianship gathered here to-day that we have in our keeping, the future freedom of the world, and success in our efforts means the future civilization of the world.

These are thoughts which I should hardly have ventured to refer to on such an occasion as this, before a society so strictly academic in its character as this,

had not the example been set in the noble address of your President and others, and I should otherwise not have trespassed beyond the relatively narrow bounds of purely academic interests and ventured to go into those wider spheres of policy and humanity which are in all our thoughts at this great and solemn moment of our history.

On behalf of my friends and myself I beg to thank you for the greatest honor which you could possibly confer or which we could possibly receive.

The only other foreigners who had ever been elected to honorary membership in Phi Beta Kappa were Ambassador Jusserand and Lord Bryce, formerly British Ambassador to the United States.

On May 19 Mr. Balfour made his visit to Richmond, as described in an earlier chapter.¹ On May 22 American cotton manufacturers, who had gathered in Washington to appoint a War Committee for cooperation with the Government, were addressed by Mr. Balfour. Introduced by Secretary Daniels, he received an enthusiastic welcome, and said:

None of us suspected when this great war was started that the United States, thousands of miles away, would be drawn into it. And yet I think in looking back that the logic of events was irresistible. From the beginning there has been but one choice, and that choice inevitable. The United States has not hesitated to take it, and now that she has taken it she will not withdraw, I am confident, until the objects sought are attained.

¹ See pages 64-72.

Germany, by her insensate policies, has forced this country of unbounded resources to throw all her power, all her wealth, but, more than that, all her moral strength, into the issue. America seeks no vulgar ends, no territorial aggrandizement, no mean gain. All of us would feel defeated and dishonored if we do not leave the world free from the menace that is hanging over it, that has been growing every decade, yes, every month, more dangerous.

Only the historian of the far future will be able to see all the causes and all the cross currents of this monster struggle. We here to-day cannot project our gaze sufficiently to envisage it all. The world's history has been full of the outpourings of blood, the squandering of money and the wastage of resources in war, and in almost every case the impartial historian has been able to find something to say for both sides. I do honestly feel, however, that there will be no hesitation or doubt possible in this present war.

As the war began with the cynical, outrageous oppression of a little nation away down in the Balkans and went through the brutal violation of another small country to the north, so it is continuing. No excuse can be offered for the cold-blooded, calculating aggression which has marked the course of the military autocracy which has plunged not only Europe but every quarter of the civilized globe into untold suffering and raised up for itself an undreamed of vengeance.

The British Navy at this time paid tribute in Washington to the memory of Admiral Dewey, a floral wreath being placed on his tomb by Rear Admiral de Chair and Com-

mander Lawford, under instructions from London, to commemorate the friendship between the two great fighting forces, as well as to express the British Navy's gratitude at the recent arrival of American destroyers in British waters. The wreath, which was laid in the presence of Admiral Benson and other American officers, bore this inscription:

A tribute to the undying memory of George Dewey, Admiral of the United States Navy, with the respectful homage and esteem of the British Navy.

Admiral Dewey probably was closer to the British Navy than any other American naval officer, because of the historic incident in Manila Bay in the war with Spain, in 1898, when a German squadron, under Vice Admiral von Diederichs, acted in a hostile manner towards the American ships in the presence of a British naval commander who gave unmistakable signs of his readiness to give support to Admiral Dewey if necessary.

The conferences in Washington were now entering their final stages. American and British alike were extremely gratified that there had been no disagreement or obstacle raised to their success. By working night and day, all leading phases of the war problems that the United States desired to take up had been considered and agreements reached. Mr. Balfour on May 24 delivered a farewell address to the American people through the Washington correspondents, who had gathered for the purpose at the National Press Club. It was the last speech made by the British statesman in the United States. He had that day called on President Wilson at the White House for the last time. Following is his speech before the newspaper correspondents:

Gentlemen, I came to the United States conscious, of course, of the importance of the mission with which I have been entrusted by the government; conscious that the mission from the very nature of the case was one of the most important in which either of our two countries has ever concerned itself; conscious that the very condition of the world in which we lived gave weight and importance to every action, to every word, and to every report of every word which might take place during its existence.

The kindness with which we were received, the warmth of the welcome which reached us from all parts of the country, soon made it plain the strictly and narrowly business side of our mission was not the only one which was important at the present juncture.

For my own part I have felt more deeply than I find it easy to express the kindness of the reception which you have given to the mission in general and to myself in particular. That kindness has been shown me, lavishly shown me, in Washington. It was shown not less fully and not less lavishly in New York and in Richmond, and I only mourn that the inevitable exigencies of public business make it impossible for me to visit other parts of the United States, to communicate directly and personally with men in the Middle West, in the Far West and in other portions of this colossal territory, which is already occupied by the most powerful community in the world, and which is, I think, destined in the future to have an abiding influence for all that makes for peaceful civilization and freedom, and has certainly

shown on the present occasion that a great community can be moved to perform great sacrifices for an ideal which has in it nothing of selfishness, nothing of the petty appetite for power, nothing but a pure and unstained desire to benefit the cause of civilization and of mankind.

Gentlemen, you have shown, during the month's experience which I have had of your labors, that the American press is animated by the highest patriotic principles; that it is incapable, or has shown itself, so far as I am concerned, as incapable, of misrepresenting or perverting in the smallest particular anything which I may have said or done. I know that it is to you and your friends that any word I have spoken, be it worth listening to or not worth listening to, at all events, reaches unperverted those for whom it is intended. For that I wish to express to you my most grateful thanks.

I came with high hopes to Washington. Those hopes have been far surpassed by the reality. I expected, from what I knew of American friends on the other side of the Atlantic, that I should be received with kindness, with courtesy and with sympathy; but the kindness, the courtesy and the sympathy which I have received are far in excess of anything which I dared hope for or anything which I can pretend even to myself to have deserved.

It is a sad thought to me that the moment of parting has come, and that those whom I looked upon as my friends, before I knew them, and who have become my friends in very truth and indeed since I

know them, I shall be separated from, at all events, during the continuance of the present war. After that, may it be my happy lot to return in a less responsible and official position to renew the connection for a moment severed by the tragic events in which we are all equally concerned.

But, gentlemen, the mission could not stay here forever. It has received a welcome—a welcome which none of its members will forget—and to me falls the pleasant duty, on my own behalf and on behalf of my friends, of saying to you, and to all whom you can reach, how deeply we thank the American public for what they have done.

There are those who have said that the preparations made by the United States are proceeding slowly and haltingly, and that a country which has been in the war for some forty days ought to have done far more than has actually been accomplished. For my own part, I think those who speak in accents like that know very little of the actual way in which public life is and must be carried on in free countries.

At the beginning of the forty days of which I speak no preparations had been made; the country was anxiously, indeed, watching the events. It had not begun to make any of the preparations necessary for taking part in a gigantic struggle.

I think that what has been performed in those forty days is most remarkable. It is quite true that the action of the executive government may be delayed, and has been delayed, by the fact that certain measures before Congress took some time to pass, and some

of them have not yet passed. But I have lived with representatives assemblies all my life, and who is it that supposes that representative assemblies are going to make great and new departures in public policy solely at the waving of a wand? Such expectations are vain. It is useless to entertain them.

I am quite confident—I, perhaps, feel more confident than, it seems to me, one who has had no personal experience of American politics should feel—but, speaking for myself, I feel quite confident that Congress will not refuse to the President and the government of the country all powers, great as they are, which are absolutely necessary if the war is to be successfully pursued.

I am not only persuaded that it will give those powers, but I am persuaded that when those powers are given, they will be used to the utmost, with as little delay as the imperfection of human institutions and of human beings allow, to throw the great and, I believe, the decisive weight of America to the full extent into the great contest.

In that belief I shall leave these shores. In that belief I shall make my report to the allied governments, so far as I can reach them, on the other side of the Atlantic, and in that belief I look forward with a cheerful confidence to days which will undoubtedly be days of trial and difficulty, but beyond which we surely can see the dawn of a happier day, coming not merely to the kindred communities to which we belong, but to all mankind and all nations which love liberty and pursue righteousness.

Mr. President, I will say no more. I thank you. Through you I thank every well wisher in America for all that you have done for me and for my friends. I wish you a farewell. I wish for a reunion at no distant date, under happier circumstances, when we can meet, not feeling that we have to deal with a great crisis which requires all our capacity, all our courage, and all our perseverance, but that we can look back upon trials already successfully passed, upon a duty happily accomplished, upon a permanent peace for ourselves and for the rest of the world.

MR. BALFOUR IN TORONTO

Mr. Balfour unannounced left Washington that night and crossed the Canadian border the next morning. Toronto hailed with glad acclaim his coming. No speech he made there was more reassuring to the people of Canada than the happy, buoyant confidence expressed in his face as he rode through the streets of Toronto. The route from the Union Station to Queen's Park became an avenue of cheering, in which Mr. Balfour seemed to join rather than to take the ovation for himself. His fresh, handsome face beamed with contagious pleasure, as he waved his hat and bowed from side to side. It was not the stiff bow of the intellectual aristocrat, but the hearty abandon of a boy. The line of route was thronged with people, King Street and Yonge Street being packed on either side. University Avenue and the approach to Queen's Park presented a pleasing spectacle, crowned as the scene was by a clear blue sky. Spring herself provided the decorations, with fresh garlands of leaves and a green carpet of flower-bedded lawns.

Long before the party arrived, public and high school

cadets to the number of 4,500 had been drilling and forming. Mothers, fathers, and whole families had been seeking points of vantage from which to view the procession. Little tots in negligee trotted aimlessly after red-coated cadets and bugle bands, not knowing what the fuss was all about, but probably enjoying the occasion as much as any one. Cadets lined both sides of University Avenue. High school boys in khaki took up positions at the College Street end, the line of khaki tapering off to a point at Queen Street. Cadets broke into cheering and, as the procession moved along, crowds flocked into Queen's Park, which must have contained nearly 30,000 people. The boom of guns then announced that the British statesman and his associates had entered the Parliament Buildings. The report of the last salute had scarcely died away when Mr. Balfour emerged from the front entrance and was escorted to the platform. He received a tremendous ovation, the assembled throng including hundreds of representative people from different parts of the Province who had stood for more than a hour waiting for this great moment.¹ Mr. Balfour spoke as follows:

Prime Minister, Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen: The two addresses to which you have just listened do not and cannot leave me and my friends unmoved. And in those addresses there was, I think, no sentence that moved me more deeply than the one read out by the Prime Minister, in which he bid me not forget that when I came to Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, I must feel myself not only among friends, but among countrymen, and that I must regard this great city and this new and growing country, with

¹The Toronto Globe.

all its undeveloped possibilities before it, as if it were an English county or a Scotch county where I was born, educated and brought up.

Ladies and gentlemen, I did not need that invitation to entertain this sentiment. I have left on the other side of the border a nation of friends. I come into Canada to a great free country, composed not only of friends, but of countrymen. We think the same thoughts, we live in the same civilization, we belong to the same Empire, and if anything could have cemented more closely the bonds of Empire, if anything could have made us feel that we were indeed of one flesh and one blood, with one common history behind us, if anything could have cemented these feelings, it is the consciousness that now for two years and a half we have been engaged in this great struggle, in which, I thank God, all North America is now at one. We have been engaged in this great struggle through these two years and a half, fighting together, when necessary making all our sacrifices in common, working together towards a common and victorious end, which I doubt not will crown our efforts.

Ladies and gentlemen, your Mayor has referred to the efforts made by this city in the common cause. May I as a countryman of yours, though not a citizen of Toronto, may I say how profoundly the whole Empire feels the magnitude of the effort you have made, and how we value it for itself and for an example to all posterity, an evidence to the whole world of what the British Empire really means, not only for the

whole of that civilized body of nations of which we form no inconsiderable part.

Ladies and gentlemen, these are proud thoughts; they will some day be proud memories. We are associated together in a struggle never equaled yet in the history of the world, and I rejoice to think that in that struggle on which posterity will look back as the greatest effort made for freedom and civilization, the British Empire in every one of its constituent parts, and surely not least in this great Dominion, in this proud Province, and in this city not least, has shown what the unity of the Empire really means, and how vain were the anticipations of those who thought that we were constituted but a fair-weather Empire, to be dissolved into thin atoms at the first storm that should burst upon it.

We have, on the contrary, shown that the more storms beat on the fabric of our Empire the more firmly it held together, and were so far from shaking it in any single part. Events that have recently occurred, that are occurring and will occur in the future, will join every part of it together forever in memories which will remain with us, the actors in this great drama, until we die, and which we shall be able to hand to our children and our grandchildren as long as civilization exists.

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Prime Minister, Mr. Mayor, I beg for my friends as well as for myself to thank this great Province, this great city, most deeply for the manner in which you have received us on this great and historic occasion.

MR. BALFOUR IN OTTAWA

From Toronto Mr. Balfour went to Ottawa, where Parliament in joint session on May 28 gave him a notable reception. He spoke first in French briefly as follows:

Messieurs les Présidents, honorables messieurs du Sénat, messieurs de la Chambre des communes: Il m'est inutile de dire combien je suis touché de l'accueil qui vient de m'exprimer le Président du Sénat et le Président de la Chambre. Je les remercie cordialement de leurs généreuses paroles de bienvenue.

Vous me pardonnerez sans doute si je ne m'exprime pas en langue française avec la facilité que je désirerais. Mais je m'en console en me souvenant que vous venez d'entendre un maître de l'éloquence, le grand Viviani, digne représentant de notre grande et chère alliée, de ce pays où se battent en ce moment les soldats des deux races, française et anglaise, menacées d'un péril commun.

Notre Canada a été créé par le génie des deux races—anglaise et française. Chacune de ces races a conservé sa langue, sa religion, son caractère national. Côte à côte, elles ont vécu, elles ont grandi, et à ce moment des milliers des plus braves parmi les fils du Canada sont allés outre-mer et ont prêté leur concours pour chasser les Allemands de la terre de France et pour délivrer le monde de la menace du militarisme prussien.

Mr. Balfour's formal English speech was then made, as follows:

Mr. Speaker of the Commons, Mr. Speaker of the Senate, Honorable Gentlemen: I turn to a language which I do not admire more than the one I have been somewhat imperfectly speaking, but one with which I am very much more familiar. Perhaps you will allow me to make the rest of my speech in accents that come more familiarly to my tongue.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is with the profoundest emotion that I enjoy this opportunity of meeting the two Houses of the Canadian Parliament in joint session. Many of your most distinguished members are, I think I may venture to say, personal friends of my own; I have seen them and have enjoyed their company in the Homeland, and now that I come here and have again the opportunity of renewing my friendship with them it is not merely a personal pleasure to interchange ideas and to come in contact with them as those responsible for the government of this great community, but there is a special emotion in feeling that I come at one of the greatest crises not merely in the Imperial history of Great Britain, but in the world history of civilization.

Gentlemen, I do not believe that anything more unexpected to the outside world has ever occurred than the enthusiastic self-sacrifice with which the great self-governing Dominions of the British Empire have thrown themselves into this great contest. The calculation, of the ordinary foreign politician, and especially of the German politician, was that the British Empire was but a fair-weather edifice, very imposing in its sheer magnitude and in the vast surface

of the globe which it occupied, but quite unfitted to deal with the storm and stress of war; destined to crumble at the first attack, and, like a house built on the sand, to fall to a great ruin. I do not think myself that that was nearly so foolish, or so obviously idiotic, a miscalculation as some of those others in which our German enemies have indulged. On the face of it, to those who are ignorant of the inner spirit which animates the British Empire from one end to the other, it would be impossible to conceive of a great State which apparently was less well fitted to deal with the terrible stress of war. Take up the map and you see large tracts of the world colored red. They are separated by vast oceans, they encircle the globe; and while the fact that the sun never sets upon the British Empire may be proof of its magnitude, it is no evidence of its strength. Moreover, remember what the foreign speculators about the British Empire must have thought before the war began. They said to themselves: This loosely constructed State resembles nothing that has ever existed in history before; it is held together by no coercive power; the Government of the Mother Country can not raise a corporal's guard in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or wherever you will; she can not raise a shilling of taxation; she has no power to do so.

But, they forgot that power which a certain class of politician never remembers—the moral power of affection, sentiment, common aims and common ideals. Even those of us who most firmly believed that the British Empire, a new experiment in the long his-

tory of the world, was going to succeed; even those who, like myself, took a sanguine view of the future of our great Empire, must have felt—so loosely was it knit, so vast were the areas that it covered, so improbable that this immense body should be animated by one soul, or that the indirect thrill of a common necessity should vibrate, as it were, from pole to pole and everywhere meet with a response—that such a dream was difficult, and such an ideal hard to carry into effect. When, unexpectedly, without giving an opportunity for preparation or discussion or propaganda, war burst upon the world, even those animated by such a feeling might well have doubted whether this great Empire—each unit of which had it in its power to hold aloof had it so desired—would act as one organization animated by one soul, moved by one purpose and driving towards one end. It seems to me almost a political miracle, but the miracle has occurred; and no greater event in my opinion has ever happened in the history of civilization than the way in which all the coordinated democracies, each one conscious of its separate life, each one not less conscious of its common life, have worked together with a uniform spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause in which they believed that not merely their own individual security, but the safety of the Empire and the progress of civilization and liberty itself were at stake.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me to be interesting to compare the picture which I have just endeavored imperfectly to draw of the British democracies working freely together, each under its

own institutions, each according to its own lights, towards a common and unselfish end, with what is happening, and has happened, in the Central Powers of Europe. There you find also many communities, independent, or nominally independent, of any alliance, working together towards objects which they, at all events, conceive to be in their own interests. But how different is that bond which unites them, how different are the ideals which they pursue! At this moment, if all the stories which reach us from every source have the least grain of truth in them, you have Germany fighting for her own self-centered ends, encircled by a set of states which she has brought under her control, who love her not, whose interests are really not identical with hers but which she has got into her grasp, and which doubtless, if they could, would carry out their policies in their own fashion.

The greatest of all these powers is Austria, and yet we all know, or all of us who have access to authentic information know, that Austria is not working with Germany as we are working with France or as the different units and elements of the British Empire are working with each other. Germany has so contrived her diplomacy and has so arranged her material forces that Austria perhaps has not a will of her own; but if she has a will of her own she is quite incapable of carrying it out. What is true of Austria is true, with qualifications and differences, of the other allies who are fighting on the side of Germany. It is true of Bulgaria and it is true of Turkey. All of these are

animated not by a desire for legitimate self-defense, not by a desire for freedom, not by a determination to reach any common end or to carry on any great civilizing work, but they, one and all, are merely pawns in the German game, moved as the German military party desires, not allowed to use their own resources for their own ends, not permitted to have ideals of their own or to pursue them for themselves, but all dragged into this great vortex of German ambition; all designed in the first place to supply the forces by which the war may be won, and, if the war is won, as I presume there may be some in Germany who think it will be won, by the Central Powers, then predestined to fall into their ordered places as satellites of the central Prussian sun, as subordinate powers destined to minister to her greatness, to her enormous wealth, to her economic control over all other nations, but always in strict subordination to the dominant power.

That is the ideal of the Central Powers, and it is because the world has begun to discover that that is their ideal; because the world now knows that the war was deliberately arranged by the Prussian military party that the provocation which was its nominal excuse was deliberately contrived; that the moment was carefully chosen, and that the ends were the selfish ambition of this military class—it is because the world has discovered this, that wherever you find a free democracy, wherever you find the spirit of liberty abroad, wherever you find that great spirit of self-development on national lines, there you will find

friends of the Allies, there you will find enemies of the Central Powers.

Ever as the months go on, it becomes more evident that this is a world war between the powers of democracy on the one side and the powers of autocracy on the other side. We in this room, whatever shades of differences may separate us, can, in such a contest, take only one side. We can only be on the side of democracy.

We are convinced that for every human combination which has reached the degree of civilization and development that has been attained by all the great western communities, there is but one form of Government, under whatever name it may be called, and that is the Government in which the ultimate control lies with the people. We have staked our last dollar upon democracy, and if democracy fail us we are bankrupt indeed. But I know that democracy will not fail us.

I do not pretend, I do not think anybody who has ever studied the history of the past or has looked with impartial eyes upon the present which will soon be history, for a moment deceives himself with the idea that democracy is an easy form of Government. Gentlemen, it is the only form of Government, but it is not an easy form of Government. It has inherent difficulties; it has always had them, it always will have them, and I am not sure that every race is gifted enough to surmount these difficulties. That the great countries that represent western civilization not only can overcome these difficulties but have largely over-

come them already, I think is assured. But do not let us imagine that the task, however successfully it may have been accomplished up to the present time, is one which does not require our constant efforts lest, where failure is easy, failure should occur.

After all, when German militarism laid it down, as it has always laid it down, that democracy is not capable either of a far-sighted policy or of vigorous coordinated effort, it made a great blunder—but it made a blunder for which there is some excuse. It recognized how hard has always been found,—not now particularly but always,—the task of managing a great community of free men and directing and concentrating all their efforts and all their sacrifices, at any given moment, upon one great object. That can be done, no doubt, simply and effectively by a military autocracy. It can be done more easily; it can in appearance (though I think only in appearance) be done much more effectively. But when democracy sets itself to work, when it really takes the business in hand, I hold the faith most firmly that it will beat all the autocracies in the world.

But it will not beat them easily; it will not beat them without effort; it will not beat them unless it is prepared to forego, temporarily it may be, those divisions which, in a sense, are the very life blood of a free, vigorous, and rapidly developing community. That is the paradox and the difficulty which lies at the root of democracy. You cannot have a democracy without a collision of opinions—at least I think not. You cannot have a democracy without parties, be-

cause parties are, after all, but the organization of differences of opinion, and the paradox and the difficulty of democracy is how this normal and this healthy habit is to be got over when, in moments of great national crises, the efforts of every section and every party must be subordinated to one overmastering purpose.

I am addressing a body of responsible statesmen who know how institutions are practically worked, who get their knowledge not from books but from experience; and they are the best audience in the world for dealing with matters which perhaps may seem to you too abstract to be proper subjects of discussion on such an occasion as this. But I, who have seen the democracy of the Homeland at work since the beginning of the war, who have then had the happy opportunity of seeing on this continent another great democracy girding itself for the struggle to which it is now finally committed, and who have the inestimable privilege of meeting this gathering of my fellow countrymen in the greatest of our self-governing Imperial elements—I who have had these advantages am deeply impressed both with the power of a democracy to overcome the difficulties of which I speak, and of the necessity for its overcoming them. I suppose you have your difficulties, as undoubtedly the United States has had its difficulties, and as most assuredly we in the Motherland have had our difficulties. If those difficulties seem at any given moment to be hard to overcome, do not for a moment let your faith fail you. You are worthy representatives of

those principles of constitutional freedom which in their modern developments are the invention of the British race, and which, on the whole, have been practised with at least as much success by the British race as by any other race in the world.

That Canada is with the Allies through all difficulties to a final and triumphant conclusion of this great conflict is the message which you, Mr. Speaker of the House of Commons, and you, Mr. Speaker of the Senate, have asked me to convey to the Motherland. In the truth of that message I firmly believe. I know that the democracies of the old world as well as of the new—whether they belong to the British Empire, or are outside of it; whether they speak the English language, or the language of other free nations—will come out of this struggle not merely triumphant in the military sense, not merely conquerors where victory is essential to civilization, but strengthened in their own inner life; more firmly convinced that the path of freedom is the only path to national greatness; and with the lesson fully learned, that patriotism will always overcome the dangers and difficulties inherent to a democratic constitution, and that the strength which is derived from having behind effort the consent of a free people, is greater than all the strength that can be secured by the most elaborate, the most tyrannical, and the most well thought-out system of military despotism.

I most gratefully thank you for having listened to me. I shall carry back from this meeting the message which has been entrusted to me by the Speaker of

the House of Commons and by the Speaker of the Senate. And I shall do more; for I hope, however imperfectly, to convey to my friends in the Motherland the tidings that the spirit which animates their children here is not less ardent, not less resolute, not less firmly devoted to the achievement of a final victory than that by which they themselves are ruled.

MR. BALFOUR IN MONTREAL

To say that Montreal turned out en masse to welcome Mr. Balfour on May 30 might be to overstate the facts, but that part of the population which did turn out made up in enthusiasm. The reception at the station took up only a few minutes, after which the party were escorted to waiting automobiles and conveyed to the Windsor for luncheon. In one of the greatest demonstrations in the history of the Canadian Club, they were accorded a royal welcome at this luncheon. Every bit of space in the big room, the adjoining rooms, the aisles and the gallery was filled. It was several minutes before Mr. Balfour could begin his speech. Every one stood up and cheered, many moved their serviettes and in the balcony ladies waved handkerchiefs and joined in the applause. Mr. Balfour's address was as follows:

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: Let me in response to the reception that you have given me—let me tender my sincere thanks for the honor which the club has done me in electing me one of its honorary members. That the honor is a great one is sufficiently obvious to anybody who will glance around this room and read the names of those who have honored this occasion by their presence.

It gives me profound satisfaction to be admitted as a member of one of the institutions which is, I believe, especially characteristic of Canada; an institution which is not only characteristic of Canada, but which seemed to me, upon its own merits, to be quite admirable and eminently worthy of imitation in other countries. To be admitted, I say, as a member of such an institution is an additional cause for gratitude, added to the many causes of gratitude which I have already had occasion to receive since I crossed over into this great Dominion.

Your chairman, in introducing the toast, was good enough to refer to history which might be accounted ancient history, were it not for the fact that the effects of the transaction to which he referred are vitally important at the present world crisis.

He indeed made one slight slip, and attributed to me the honor which properly belongs elsewhere, for I was indeed of the opposition. I was not a member of the Government which made the arrangement with Russia, although I was the head of the Government which made the arrangements with France and with Japan.

It is not too much to say that in my judgment the work thus done, partly by the party of which I am a member, although parties no longer exist on the other side, and partly by my friend Sir Edward Grey—that work, I say, made the present resistance to the world domination of Germany possible. Had those arrangements with France in the main, and with Japan and Russia—had these arrangements not been

made I do not believe it would have been possible to complete the organization of resistance in time to meet the danger which burst upon a wholly unprepared world. Do not interpret what I say as suggesting what is wholly false, namely that these arrangements were made with a hostile intent to Germany. Germany circulated that misstatement, as they have circulated many other misstatements, for purposes which are perfectly obvious, and which ought to take in nobody.

I speak with knowledge and with authority, when I say that so far as the arrangements with Japan, so obviously entirely outside the German question—putting that on one side as obvious and irrelevant—I say that the arrangements with France were not directed against Germany, but it was intended to bring together two great peoples, which ought never again to be enemies, but between whom small, petty, but none the less dangerous causes of friction, were always arising—were in the absence of this settlement always arising, and were always looked upon with pleasure, and were always aggravated as far as possible by the Central Powers of Europe.

Ladies and gentlemen, there never was an arrangement more sincerely intended to promote the cause of peace. It has promoted the cause of peace; it has promoted the cause of international friendship, and one of its most important, but quite indirect, results is that when Germany showed that in her opinion the time had come when she could assert her predominance over the civilized world, it was found pos-

sible, and even easy, for every free community in the British Empire—for the whole of these two great organizations to unite together to resist an attack equally fatal—which were it successful, would have been equally fatal to the liberties of both.

Well, so much for the past, of which your chairman has reminded you. As regards the present: You know that my mission, in every part of it, and in every respect, was connected with the war, and nothing but the war. To help as far as may be, to co-ordinate the efforts of those who are engaged in the common task—that was our business, and to that business we have devoted ourselves. I rejoice to think that in the course of the work with which we were entrusted by the Home Government, it has been found possible to spend a period—all too brief, but none the less valuable—among our own countrymen in Canada.

I say nothing of the kindness and the warmth of sympathy with which we were received in the United States, for on that subject I have already often spoken. I only refer to this great Dominion, and I can truly say on behalf of my friends and myself that we have been profoundly moved and touched by the welcome which you have given us. We go away (and I am afraid it is the last day on which I shall have an opportunity of addressing a Canadian audience), we go away enriched with many happy memories; we go away inspired by the consciousness that here on this side of the Atlantic your hearts beat in unison with ours, and separated though we be from

you by thousands of miles of stormy ocean, there is no separation of sentiment or will or ideals or efforts. We go away again enriched by the increased consciousness of the fact that the value of a great Empire like our own—the value of its separated and yet united parts—is not to be measured in figures or estimated by statistics.

The value of Canada to the Empire and of the Empire to Canada is not to be measured in men or money or ships, or any other of the material element that go to make strength or power to constitute strength. I do not undervalue those. I am ready to admit that the utilitarian side of empire, as of all other human affairs, is not the side which you can neglect, but while you cannot neglect it, it is dangerous, it is false, to overemphasize it.

The union of the various parts of this Empire has a profounder moral significance than any which these dry facts can possibly give us. There used to be—I am glad to think there is no longer—but there used to be a school of politics in Great Britain—a school which from many points of view, I think, has earned the gratitude of free peoples, but its numbers never could get into this question of colonies and Dominions and fabric of Empire; they never could get beyond those narrow and shallow utilitarian calculations. They utterly misunderstood, in my judgment, not merely the psychology of Englishmen and Scotchmen living at home, but the psychology of the descendants of Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen living elsewhere.

Nothing is more instructive, nothing is more inspiring, than that feeling that man is not differently placed as citizens of the Empire in Canada from the position of the citizens of the Empire, let us say, in Middlesex; nothing is more inspiring than to feel that the environments, the likenesses of character, the training of hopes and beliefs is so fundamentally and essentially one that you can leave the crowded thoroughfares of London and be transported into the farthest west and meet a man and discuss public affairs with him, and you would feel you were on the same plane, that you looked at things from the same point of view, and that you had the same notions of liberty, of public liberty and private right, as if you had talked with a man on the next street in your own home town or village. That was a great glory in time of peace; it is a great strength in time of war.

And war is upon us in a shape and of a character as has never yet been upon any people since the history of the world began to be recorded. I am not going to discuss the development or the present position, or the future prospects, of the war. That is a theme too great, perhaps for any single occasion; certainly quite inappropriate to this occasion, but one observation I may permit myself. It is that the difficulties of war were quite different at the beginning of the struggle from what they are as the struggle draws to its conclusion. When war broke out it found us at home unprepared; it found, I think, even our more military allies not over well prepared.

I imagine that it found you in Canada even less

organized for immediate warfare against a great power than we were ourselves. All our efforts, therefore, at the beginning, were devoted to improvising that colossal organization without which the war could not have been carried on with the success with which it has met. I believe that history will say that in spite of many blunders; in spite of many mistakes; in spite of many shortcomings, the organizing effort made by Great Britain and by the Dominions and dependencies of Great Britain, is one of the most remarkable efforts that have ever been made in the history of warfare.

The situation, remember, was one scarcely contemplated by either military or naval writers and thinkers. I have been concerned for many years in discussing questions of national defense with the experts—with naval and military experts of the Crown. And in all these years we constantly discussed the defensibility of Great Britain, the defensibility of India, the liability of our lines of commerce with our Dominions, being attacked or injured, and other cognate problems.

Never did we discuss—never did we seriously face the necessity which has now come upon us, and come upon you, of keeping a colossal land army on the continent of Europe—partly on the continent of Europe, and let me add, not on the continent of Europe alone, but in Egypt, and in Mesopotamia. We never contemplated the possibility that that strain would be put upon our resources, or that our organization

should be so modeled as to deal with that particular necessity.

The whole, therefore, had to be improvised—the munitions, the finding of men, the training of men, the designing of guns, or the vast financial problems which suddenly burst upon the commercial world. All these had to be dealt with without premeditation, without long forethought and under circumstances of the greatest imaginable stress and difficulty.

Those were the troubles we had to face when the war began. They have been faced not unsuccessfully.

The problems and difficulties which meet us as the war draws towards its termination are necessarily of a different kind. They are of a kind which every combatant feels, which I am confident our enemies feel far more than ourselves, but which all of us necessarily feel keenly—the difficulties that arise from the relative exhaustion of men and material. It is inevitable.

But what I want to say to you about it is that it is not a subject for discouragement, but one which will only stir to more vigorous efforts every one of the great communities concerned. When my friends and I return to the Mother Country, we shall, I have no doubt, find that rationing, as it is called, is in full swing, that it is not possible for any man whatever be his means, to live in the manner to which, in happier days, he was accustomed. Sacrifices are being demanded of every individual and of every class, and those sacrifices are being cheerfully made and will be cheerfully made.

We are near the seat of war. It is our coast, or rather the trade as it approaches our coasts, which is chiefly menaced by that mode of naval warfare which our enemies adopted when they found it hopeless to dispute with us the command of the seas, and, therefore, no doubt, the largest weight of individual effort and sacrifice falls somewhat more heavily upon the inhabitants of the British Islands than it does upon those situated further from the immediate field of action.

But I know how great are the sacrifices you have undergone, and I know the sacrifices you are prepared to undergo, are no more to be measured by any selfish standard than those which your countrymen in the northland are undergoing and are still further prepared to undergo.

We know that this great contest is drawing towards its final and concluding act. We know that this latter stage must be marked more and more by suffering and sacrifice and that the weight of such things must press more—far more—heavily upon our enemies than upon ourselves. We know that upon our endeavors and upon the strength of our determination depend not merely the more transient issues but the permanent effects which will result from this great struggle, which must be worked out and which for good or evil are going to mold the whole future history of civilization.

I am not going to touch further upon any general question. But you will perhaps allow me to take this opportunity, for my friends as well as for myself,

in saying a few words of farewell. In the near future we leave your kind and hospitable shores. We carry with us memories we shall never forget. We return each in our several positions to do what we can to further the great cause in which all of us alike are engaged. We leave behind us friends who will always be our friends and we know that they all in their several positions are as resolved as we are to do their portion towards the common work.

That is an inspiring thought, which diminishes the pains of parting, and although we cannot with confidence say that the end is immediately in sight, you will allow me to state in conclusion my own firm and unalterable faith that when we meet again—and may it not be long—we shall have left behind us the darkness, the clouds and the difficulties which now surround us; we shall look back upon great events and great deeds in which we have, every one of us, borne a humble part, it may be, but one of which we shall be proud, and of which our children will be proud, and we shall be able to look forward with a serene and reasonable confidence to carrying out the great business whether it be of Canada, or of Great Britain, or of the Empire as a whole, in peace and in freedom and full of a consciousness that our faith is in our own hands and that we are not to be dominated by any power, however well organized, however well trained to the work of destruction.

We shall resume successfully and in freedom that peaceful progress which will be the highest factor in the civilization of mankind.

On the same day in the presence of the heads of McGill University, clad in rich academic gowns, in the convocation hall of Royal Victoria College, degrees were conferred on Mr. Balfour, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, Rear-Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, and General G. T. M. Bridges, the hall packed to the very doors, and beyond. Mr. Balfour's address was as follows:

Mr. Principal, Members of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen: Our visit to Montreal has been unhappily brief, but the hours, few as they are, have been crowded with kindness, with warmth of feeling on the part of those whom we are visiting, and—I speak for my friends as well as for myself—I do not think that we are ever likely to forget the way in which this great city, and this great university, have received us.

Ladies and gentlemen, if anything could add to the gratification with which I have received the highest honor, which it is in the power of any university to bestow, from a university which stands so high in the academic hierarchy as this university—if anything could add to the gratification of receiving this personal honor, it is the fact that the university has been good enough to associate my colleagues with me on this interesting occasion. We have worked together during these all-important weeks for a cause which is dear to the heart of every one I am addressing, and it is a great addition to the gratification which I, as head of the mission, necessarily feel on such an occasion, that so distinguished a sailor, a soldier and a diplomatist have been associated with me on this occa-

sion. I do not think it, perhaps, my business to talk about my colleagues, but may I just add a few words, to what has been so admirably said earlier in the course of these proceedings?

May I say this about my friend, Admiral de Chair? It is, perhaps, not known to many of you here that he was the admiral during the long, early months of this war, who was in command of the cruiser squadron which practically carried out singlehanded the blockade of Germany. Night and day, through summer and winter, in the stormiest seas to be found anywhere on the face of the globe, that squadron under his command carried out, untiring, unchecked, and with unqualified success the great task with which they had been entrusted. We are all of us familiar with the great work of our battleships and battle cruisers as shown at the Falkland Islands, and in the great battle off the coast of Denmark, which are immortal monuments to what the British navy as a fighting force can do. You also know the heroic and romantic stories about what our submarines did in forcing the Straits at Gallipoli, entering the Sea of Marmora, defying the batteries on shore, and the nets of mines in the depths of the ocean, and contributing very largely to the manner in which an enterprise, not, unhappily, destined to succeed, yet remains a great landmark of what is possible for British arms to do, and involving memories which in Australia, in New Zealand, and in other great Dominions far overseas, will forever remain as a record of what England's sons overseas can accomplish in the way of heroic endeavor.

While we remember and know these things, there are two great branches of naval activity on which perhaps our ordinary thoughts are least occupied. One is the unflinching service rendered by our merchant marine in the face of dangers never contemplated in former times as incident to the life of a sailor, and not less than this is the work of that cruiser squadron to which I have referred, whose labors were more continuous, more important, and more successful than any other branch of His Majesty's naval forces.

Of my friend, the gallant general, who was associated with us in this degree, I need say nothing more than this, that he bore a heroic part in that great land struggle on the western front, beginning when the British forces were—as modern armies go—but a handful of heroes, and which continued growing month after month as the war went on, until now they amount not to tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands, but are gauged by far larger figures than those, and that in every phase of that struggle from the earliest to the latest, in all the changing experiences of this amazing war the general has shown himself the gallant and the competent soldier which his friends, who knew his earlier career, fully expected of him.

The value of the functions which he and the admiral have performed cannot be exaggerated because they bring to those who have and could have no experience of modern warfare either on sea or by land, a knowledge of what modern warfare really means.

And, believe me, the study of strategy, the careful examination of all the records of the past, the service manuals, the drill ground, the maneuvers and all that was thought sufficient to teach a competent officer his duty before this war began, all that—I won't say it was useless—but I do say all this is utterly insufficient to enable any man to lead others to victory or to secure the success of the cause for which he is prepared to lay down his life. That special knowledge can only be secured by experience. There are no two gentlemen in the service of the Crown more competent to give to others in a clear, intelligent and persuasive form what the results of modern experience in warfare really are.

Lastly, may I say about my old friend, the British ambassador at Washington, that—as he told the world at luncheon to-day—he has been careful, unlike some other diplomatic luminaries, to do his work and not to advertise it. You sometimes hear it said as a sort of obvious commonplace, that when the war begins, the functions of diplomacy finish. Never was there a shallower or a more inaccurate remark. I think that if you were to go around to the British chancellories in all the neutral, friendly and allied countries you would find in every one that the labor has been multiplied tenfold and twentyfold until it is almost impossible to find accommodation for the staffs absolutely necessary to carry on the day-to-day work of the respective officers, and, as their labors have increased, so in equal proportion have increased their responsibilities. It would be very undiplomatic

if I were to discuss the secrets of diplomacy on an occasion like the present. It is very easy to talk of admirals and generals, much easier than of diplomats. But you may take it from me who know something of these matters, that the responsibilities thrown upon His Majesty's representative at Washington have been of the gravest and most serious character, demanding the utmost knowledge, tact, discretion, the clearest perception of all the various trends of public opinion, and that these qualifications, difficult indeed to secure, have been admirably exemplified in the present holder of that great office.

I have touched on naval matters, military matters, diplomatic matters, and you will ask me what these have to do with the labors of a university. Indeed, the connection is not obvious or immediate. But, after all, we know quite well why we are here to-day. We are here to-day because of the war. We know that you are gathered together because you are profoundly interested in the war, and you know that the university has honored us because they were good enough to think that we had in our respective measures and up to the limits of our capacity done what we could to contribute to the success of the war. Has then, the war any direct academic interest? Is it intimately connected with academic life? In one sense it clearly is not. Learning is the work of peace, and in an ordinary university the amount of time given to a study which can be described as primarily adapted to prepare for the navy, the army or the diplomatic service is small indeed.

And yet, I believe that it is the academic life, or rather in the academic life, that we have seen most clearly displayed the high qualities which have made capable the carrying on with success and honor this great struggle, unprepared though we technically were to meet it. The response which every university in Great Britain immediately showed when the war broke out, the response which you and other great Canadian universities made when first the news came that a struggle between democracy and autocracy had at last broken out, is a clear proof, if proof were needed, that the academic studies as they are conducted, at least in our country, may not train men to fight in the narrower and technical sense of the word, but do make them capable in the first place of appreciating the magnitude of the national cause, and in the second place inspires them with that devotion to public duty which compels them to throw themselves instantaneously with all their strength and all their soul into the struggle. If the courts of Cambridge and Oxford are almost deserted except perhaps for the ladies; if at Edinburgh the native students are few and far between; if you have sent abroad, and other Canadian universities have sent abroad to fight at the front all your best and all your bravest. It is because these universities have shown themselves to be what all universities should be—creators of noble characters, creators of men who are not merely prepared to go into the world and battle there for their private interests in some competition in the competitive struggle, worthy or unworthy, but men who will

fully realize that while individual and personal work is the foundation of all possible human society, there are national and social ideals far above it, which also have a claim on their allegiance, a claim which at all events you have shown and are ready to admit.

I have spoken long and wandered far afield. May I simply say in conclusion that there is one function which a university, in a sense, performs to a degree which no other institution, or no other secular institution, attempts to perform. It binds the past to the future, and it binds it through the education of the young. It is, therefore, the place which of all others ought to be the seed ground of hope, and when I look at a university or any great body of students, I always say to myself, "Can we look on these people and not feel hopeful of the future?"

It is a fact that they are students, largely absorbing the knowledge of what the past has to teach, but it is also a fact that they are young, and are being taught to prepare themselves for the work of life. They do not look merely back on the past. They are not merely students of the great deeds, or the great writings or thoughts of others; they are the men who are themselves to carry on the work of the world, and in them is the promise of the future as well as the knowledge of the past. A university, therefore, is an institution for perpetually keeping bright in us the spirit of hope, and of confidence, and there is no place where the spirit of hope and of confidence may be cultivated with greater success than in a Canadian university.

You have every element which can go to make a great future. You have the conscious convictions that your community strikes its roots far back into the noblest history in the world, the history of England and of Great Britain. And, in addition to that consciousness of your past and that of your forefathers, you have the knowledge that there is a bright day before you, a vast territory in which nature has given you the amplest opportunities for showing what you can do both as pioneers of industrial civilization and as members of great and growing communities.

No man can say what the future of Canada is not going to be. The prospects are unlimited, but, believe me, however far you attempt to throw your gaze into the future, however long and glorious the history of Canada may be, those who look back on the way in which this great community has recognized its duties, not merely to the Empire, of which it forms a part, but of that civilization of which it is, and is going to be one of the greatest supports, will say that the moment when Canada threw its efforts into this war stamped Canada as having all the attributes of a great nation, for no nation can be great if it does not show that the training we give our youth at school and at the university is one which makes citizens and heroes as well as students? A university is a great molder of character, and a great creator of character.

SUCCESS AND PURPOSE OF THE MISSIONS

Thus ended the round of visits by the British and French commissioners to American and Canadian cities. Marshal

Joffre had said little at the end, but that little was unmistakable in its meaning. "A memory most dear, which I will cherish until my dying day," was his comment on the great welcome. "There was never anything like it!" exclaimed Viviani. "After this, they can attack me as much as they like." Mr. Balfour, in his last public speech in New York, delivered in Carnegie Hall, had said: "This certainly is a most glorious termination of one of the most glorious episodes in the history of international relations. This linking together of the two English-speaking countries creates happiness not only for the present generation but for generations yet unborn." Mr. Balfour here gave expression to thoughts which for days had been in the minds of Americans. As in George Canning's time, so now in ours, the new world had been "called in to redress the balance of the old." The event recalled a famous prophecy made by Count Aranda, Spanish Commissioner at the signing of the Treaty of Peace in Paris in 1782: "A federal republic is this day born a pigmy, but the day will come when to these countries here it will be formidable as a giant, even a colossus."

German newspapers strangely represented this welcome as having been "cold," and said the French had blundered in sending to America Marshal Joffre, who "could not speak a word of English." Marshal Joffre had probably won every non-German heart in the country. As he now said of his visit: "A memory most dear," so had he said in the Senate Chamber a few days after his arrival, in his first public utterance in America, "Vivent les Etats Unis." Never was a famous world hero so democratic, so utterly unspoiled, so unconscious of his fame. He often reminded Americans of their own Grant, each a great soldier with a simple heart.

As to the purpose of the Missions and what they had ac-

complished, it could be said that their objects had been threefold—to reach a complete understanding as to the prosecution of the war by the United States; to arrange for military and naval cooperation between the United States and her allies; to discuss the financial assistance America would give, and to adjust questions of trade and shipping. On all points a satisfactory agreement had been reached. Mr. Balfour and the French Commissioners came with no suggestion of any political alliance, and President Wilson had made it known at once that there was no necessity for any formal compact. In other words, the understanding arrived at was what has sometimes been called “a gentleman’s agreement.” The United States were drawn into the war much in the same way that Great Britain was driven to take up arms. No more than England had we gone to war for gain. Having been made to draw the sword, America was not to sheathe it until Prussia had ceased to be a menace to the peace of the world.

M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE IN PARIS AGAIN

In Paris, enormous crowds, cheering tumultuously, welcomed home, on May 23, the French Mission. Premier Ribot and other members of the Cabinet were at the station. “Why, this is like New York,” said Marshal Joffre, as the automobile which conveyed him from the St. Lazare station was halted on account of the density of the crowd. Police lines were broken through by throngs of spectators, who surrounded the automobiles, waving flags and handkerchiefs. M. Viviani, discussing afterwards his departure from Washington, said: “I told President Wilson how deeply touched I was by the manifestations of the sympathy of the American people to which the President replied, ‘We are brothers in the same cause.’”

The French commissioners had arrived safely at Brest,

the naval station in northwestern France, after a pleasant voyage devoid of encounters with either mines or submarines. In leaving Washington they had chosen a night special train and had gone to the station singly, so as not to attract attention. In New York, the port of their embarkation, they boarded at midnight an armed ship, already in mid-stream, which sailed immediately. Marshal Joffre during the voyage answered two hundred and thirty of some eight hundred unanswered letters, which had been brought on board by his aide. M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre had received altogether a few thousand letters from Americans and regretted much that it had been impossible to answer all, particularly those from children. They undertook, however, to acknowledge all communications containing money, the total amount received for various charities being about 2,000,000 francs.

One of M. Viviani's first duties in Paris was to present to President Poincaré a letter addressed to him by President Wilson. This missive, which was an unusually long document of its kind, was understood to embody the President's general acceptance of the French Government's suggestions as to the form American intervention should assume and to express profound sympathy with a friendly, though informal, partnership between the two nations. What the French call "material"—artillery, wagon trains, motor trucks, and drivers, all the technical corps that go to make up a combatant body—were to be supplied by the French for the present, but eventually, by the next spring at latest, Marshal Joffre had hoped to see an American expeditionary force, several hundred thousand strong, as complete in every detail as the British army in 1916, taking its place in the battle front in France.

"We could not have been treated more kindly on this

side of Paradise," said M. Viviani. In an interview in the *Temps*, he said further of his visit:

President Wilson is a man of high intellect, whose mind has been refined by study, and whose penetrating vision perceives all shades of American opinion in the vast country, with its 110,000,000 people, where all races are intermingled. He possesses in the highest degree two masterly qualities which mark the statesman, namely, patience, wherein no event can draw from him a premature conclusion, and, when he has reached his conclusion, action, from which nothing can make him recede.

I have also had the honor to be received on several occasions by Secretary Lansing and Secretary McAdoo. You will not expect me to disclose by the slightest allusion the importance and gravity of the views exchanged, but that which I can describe is the cordiality and simplicity, the virile tenderness with which the chiefs of State welcomed us. I could cite hundreds of evidences of attachment shown to us by men unknown and by men of most illustrious position.

No one, even in imagination, can conceive of the privileged situation our country occupies in the pulsating heart of vast America. The fraternal friendship born between the two countries in the days of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Grasse has continued for 140 years; it is maintained and strengthened with touching care by the American Nation. It is between the portraits of Washington and Lafayette that the President of the American Senate and the Speaker of

the American House of Representatives are placed in the Presidency of these high assemblages. I am absolutely certain that this enthusiasm came from the heart, and that this fraternal sympathy, which is exalted to the point of being a heroic brotherhood, will be rendered effective by constant cooperation.

MR. BALFOUR REACHES LONDON SAFELY

After the receptions in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal—the latter on May 30—the public heard nothing of Mr. Balfour until June 8 when a cable despatch from London announced that he had arrived home safely. Mr. Balfour's voyage had been so wrapped in secrecy, as far as the public were concerned, that when he arrived home few in England had been aware that he was due. His safety brought much satisfaction to officials in Washington who had surrounded his visit and that of M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre with greater precautions and secrecy than probably ever were undertaken before in this country. He spoke in terms of warmest appreciation of his visit. "I have been more kindly treated than any man ever was before," said he.

On June 20 Mr. Balfour spoke of his mission to members of the House of Commons at a luncheon in the dining-room on the Terrace at Westminster. Besides Members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers, the American Ambassador, Walter H. Page, and a few colonial representatives were present. Former Premier Asquith presided as a token of the nonpolitical character of the occasion, with Mr. Balfour on his right and Ambassador Page and Premier Lloyd George on his left. Other members of the Cabinet sat at a central table. After a cordial welcome home, voiced by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour said:

I undertook the headship of the American mission with some reluctance and diffidence. I felt it so easy to do harm, and perhaps not so easy to do good. But, looking back, I feel that no harm has been done, and much good. My colleagues performed their various tasks with great skill—tasks which involved the bringing together of the tremendous forces of the United States and Great Britain.

The success of the mission was not due to the personal qualifications of your representatives, but to far deeper and more permanent causes, which must give us all great cause for gratification. I say nothing of the hospitality of the United States, which is proverbial. I need not dwell on the boundless kindness shown us, which was so obviously from the heart. The American people would have given us that same hospitality under any circumstances.

What moves me, and all of Britain, and France, too, is something deeper, namely, the tremendous and spontaneous enthusiasm of America for what is now our common cause and the deep feelings of sympathy which manifestly animate the entire American community, North, South, East, and West. It might have been in the power of emissaries who were either unfortunate or indiscreet to check that manifestation of feeling, but it was not in the power of individuals, however endowed, to create it. It did not come from the Mission. The Mission was the occasion of its exhibition and not the cause of the exhibition, and that is the real value which has issued from any such public efforts of the Mission. The result of those efforts

has been to give to the great American community the power of showing in the strongest, the most effective, and the most moving fashion what they felt of the great cause in which, as they knew, our Allies in France and we ourselves in this country have been engaged for nearly three years—the cause of world freedom.

That is the real significance of the Mission of which I was the head. That is the great result which it is having and has had—a result the value of which cannot be measured by its effect on this war, great as this effect is likely to be, but which will, I hope, outlast in the history of the world the life of even the youngest of those whom I am now addressing. I regard this Mission not as the cause, but as the indication, of one of the most beneficent developments of international relations which has ever occurred in the history of the world. Most alliances, as students of history know, are based upon the temporary hopes and temporary agreements of aim between nations which join together each for its own purpose, and whose alliance lasts only so long as the same end benefits both countries. Such alliances are inevitably doomed. They are based upon temporary necessities, and when the occasion is over they vanish, leaving behind, it may be, friendly or unfriendly relations, but not leaving behind anything necessarily as a permanent basis. I hope, and I believe, that the co-operation in this war between Great Britain and America is not based upon the fact that each has something to get out of the war for itself, but is

based upon a deep congruity and harmony of moral feeling and moral ideas. That is its origin, and so also will be its history. It will endure as long as our two nations are content to pursue these great ideals, and I pray God it may be forever.

You may perhaps think I am drifting somewhat away from the subject of the great struggle in which we are all engaged. But, believe me, the considerations I have been bringing to your notice have, in fact, reference, and an immense importance, in connection with the present struggle. As our alliance and cooperation with the United States are based upon these great moral considerations, and not upon any desire of this country or of the United States to use the war as an instrument of expansion, so we may be quite certain that, as the United States have gone in with us for these great ends, they will never leave us till these great ends are accomplished. There is nothing of which I am more certain than this—the United States, having put their hand to the plow, are not going to turn back. They watched the course of events from the inception of this terrible war in August, 1914, and, having studied the history which had led up to it, having carefully contemplated the whole play of international forces in recent years, they have come to the conclusion that with the victory of the Allies is bound up the future of civilization, as they and as we conceive it.

It is a conflict between two ideals, both of which profess to be civilized—the German ideal, and what, at all events in this connection, I may call the Anglo-

Saxon ideal. They are clear, as we are clear, that it is the second ideal which should regulate our policy, and they are not going to abandon any effort, or to refuse any sacrifice, any more than we are going to abandon any effort, or refuse any sacrifice, which may bring to a happy fruition a policy on which we are all convinced depends, not only immediate prosperity for us and our children, but the whole trend of international and civilized evolution, as far as human eyes and human powers of foresight can venture to penetrate the future. These are not the fruits of the Mission, but I think the Mission gave an occasion for the emphatic expression of them, and if that be valuable, and surely it is valuable, then we who took part in that Mission may congratulate ourselves on its result.

VIII

THE ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN FORCES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

OUR FIRST PREPARATION FOR WAR

Coincident with the coming of the Entente Commissioners, or following soon after their arrival home, important work had been carried through in Washington in preparing the country for actual war. A brief enumeration of certain features of this early work may fitly close this record.

On April 13—nine days after “a state of war” was declared—both Houses of Congress passed unanimously a bill providing for the raising of \$7,000,000,000 for use in assisting the Entente Allies, and to pay our own first war expenses.

On April 28 Congress passed an Army Bill, which raised the regular force to its maximum war strength, and called for a draft registration of all men in the country between 21 and 31.

On May 4 Admiral Sims, with a flotilla of destroyers, arrived in British waters, and began at once to participate in the war on German submarines.

On May 18 the first contingent of a United States Army medical unit reached England.

On June 5 a registration for a selective draft was taken throughout the country, and about 10,000,000 men responded. From these were to be drawn 500,000 men for actual service, with another draft of 500,000 to follow later if found necessary.

On June 8 General Pershing and his staff arrived in England, and on June 13 reached Paris.

On June 15 were completed the subscriptions for the first instalment of \$2,000,000,000 of the \$5,000,000,000 Liberty Loan, the amount of the instalment being over-subscribed by more than \$1,000,000,000, and the number of individuals making subscriptions 4,000,000.

On June 26 a flotilla of transports, having on board some thousands of regular American troops, arrived at a French port in two contingents and were received in the midst of an enthusiastic demonstration.

GEN. PERSHING IN LONDON AND PARIS

General Pershing, on arrival, was accorded receptions in Liverpool, London, Boulogne and Paris, which were wonderful recognitions of the honors that had attended the visits to this country in April and May of Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani, and Marshal Joffre, and of the action already taken by the United States in aid of the Entente Allies. When on June 8 he arrived in Liverpool, he said to a number of British newspaper men and through them to the British public:

We are very proud and glad to be the standard bearers of our country in this great war for civilization and to land on British soil. The welcome which we have received is magnificent and deeply appreciated. We hope in time to be playing our part—and we hope it will be a big part—on the western front.

His ship was the White Star boat *Baltic*. The voyage was without special incident. He went aboard the *Baltic* from a tug which conveyed him to the side of the ship as she stopped off Governor's Island, after leaving her pier

on the North River. Very few persons in the whole country knew anything about his departure. Several days later some American destroyers came out from England, picked up the *Baltic* and escorted her through the danger zone. No enemy craft of undersea variety was seen during the voyage or even made its presence felt.

The British did their utmost to pay honor to the visitors. General Sir Pitcairn Campbell and other officers received them in Liverpool with a guard of Welsh Fusiliers, having their regimental mascot (a white goat), and with a band parading on the pier. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the guard stood at present arms, with all the British officers at salute. They were taken to London by special train, to which a state carriage was attached for General Pershing, and were received in London by Lord Derby, Secretary of State for War, General Lord French, commanding the home forces, and several other high officials from the War Office, and by Ambassador Page and Admiral Sims. General Pershing shook hands with the grimy driver and stoker on arrival at Euston Station. Among many honors accorded him in London was a luncheon with the King at Buckingham Palace.

After five days he departed for France, and landed at Boulogne, welcomed with cheers from French territorials and British sailors and soldiers. He was met at the quay by General Pelletier, representing the French Government; Commandant Hue, representing the Minister of War; General Dumas, commanding the northern region; Colonel Daru, Governor of Boulogne; René Besnard, Under Secretary of War; Major Thousellier, representing Marshal Joffre; Vice Admiral Bonarch, representing the navy, and by a British Admiral. British soldiers and marines, lined up along the quays, rendered military honors as the vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, preceded by destroyers and

accompanied by hydroplanes and dirigible balloons, steamed into the harbor. Military bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" as General Pelletier and his party boarded the boat to welcome General Pershing.

The scene was one of striking animation. The day was bright and sunny, the quays crowded with vast throngs made up of townspeople and soldiers from all the Entente allied armies, French and British troops predominating. The shipping in the harbor was gay with flags and bunting, many merchant craft hoisting American flags. Along the crowded quays the American colors were seen everywhere. A great wave of enthusiasm broke forth as the tall, muscular figure of General Pershing stepped upon the quay. As the band played the "Marseillaise," he and the members of his staff stood uncovered. M. Besnard, in greeting him in behalf of the French Government, said Americans had come to France to fight with the Allies for the same cause—that of right and civilization. General Pelletier extended a greeting in behalf of the French Army. General Dumas said:

Your coming opens a new era in the history of the world. The United States of America is now taking its part with the United States of Europe. Together they are about to found the United States of the World, which will definitely and finally end the war and give a peace which will be enduring and fruitful for humanity.

Visible evidence of the war greeted General Pershing and his staff as soon as they touched French soil. A war transport, filled with African laborers, docked a few minutes after his ship reached her pier. As his special train passed out of the station a hospital train was being un-

loaded on the opposite platform. Soon after he stepped ashore General Pershing said to newspaper correspondents:

Undoubtedly this is a most impressive day for all of us—the arrival of the vanguard of the American forces in France. It has impressed us all very deeply. We more fully appreciate the significance of our entry into the war, after having stepped on the shores of France, than ever before, and now it will be a very serious thing for us. I feel warranted in saying that America is in the war to do her share, whatever that share may turn out to be, whether great or small. I feel every assurance in saying that that can be fully counted upon.

In Paris he received a tumultuous welcome. At the station he was met by Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani, Ambassador Sharp, Paul Painlevé, Minister of War, and General Foch, who gave the finishing thrust at the Marne. As the General's figure came to the small door of the car in the Gare du Nord, he was seen to stand there erect, motionless, and expressionless, his eyes fixed above the heads of the reception party, which occupied a cleared space on the platform. When the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," the General's right hand was instantly at salute and remained so until the "Marseillaise" had been rendered. His was a statuesque figure—the incarnation of West Point training and tradition, as fine a specimen of American physical manhood as could be wished for. When the music stopped, he stepped abruptly down the steps of the car to the platform, where Ambassador Sharp introduced himself and M. Viviani gave an effusive, whole-hearted welcome. As General Pershing turned a little to the right, he saw standing there "Papa" Joffre. The two hands of each

instantly went out to the other's two, and there they stood face to face without a word, a splendid smile wreathing the face of the great Marshal, his eyes fixed in their gaze on the American General. After that came handshakings with M. Painlevé, representatives from the Elysée, and with General Foch.

As the party moved toward the gate, there was a shout which took an American observer back to the shouting in New York for Marshal Joffre. This yell was repeated over and over again, and became even more tremendous when the party reached the street. Here the people were either very old or very young, the women greatly outnumbering the boys and old men. Literally every face wore a smile—not the happy, care-free smile of old fête days, but a smile that came out of a suffering heart.¹ The party drove in open carriages through one of the grand boulevards, General Pershing riding with Minister Painlevé and Marshal Joffre with Ambassador Sharp, to a hotel on the Place de la Concorde. General Pershing later in the day gave out a statement for publication, as follows:

I came to Europe to organize the participation of our army in this immense conflict of free nations against the enemies of liberty, and not to deliver fine speeches at banquets or have them published in the newspapers. Besides, that is not my business, and, you know we Americans, soldiers and civilians, like not only to appear, but to be, business-like. However, since you offer me an opportunity to speak to France, I am glad to make you a short and simple confession.

As a man and as a soldier I am profoundly happy,

¹ The New York Times.

indeed proud, of the high mission with which I am charged. But all this is purely personal, and consequently might appear out of proportion to the solemnity of the hour and the gravity of events now occurring. If I have thought it proper to indulge in this confidence, it is because I wish to express my admiration for the heroism of the French soldier, and at the same time express my pride in being at the side of the French and allied armies.

It is much more important, I think, to announce that we are the precursors of an army that is firmly resolved to do its part on the Continent for the cause the American nation has adopted as its own. We come conscious of the historic duty to be accomplished when our flag shows itself upon the battlefields of the Old World. It is not my rôle to promise or prophesy. Let it suffice to tell you we know what we are doing and what we want.

No conquering hero returning home could have had a more tremendous reception. Paris, and particularly the French authorities, had planned and hoped for a great demonstration, but it is doubtful whether even the most optimistic pictured the almost frantic crowds that all but blocked the progress of the automobiles. Men and women cheered themselves hoarse and flung masses of flowers into the cars. Parisians declared that the only event in their lifetime that approximated the reception in enthusiasm was the one accorded to King George of England, in the autumn of 1914. From hundreds of windows American flags were waved by men, women and children. Thousands of French girls, with flags pinned to their breasts and their arms filled with flowers bought from scanty savings,

fairly fought for a chance to get near enough to the cars to hurl their offerings into the laps or on the shoulders of the astonished American officers. Americans apparently had not imagined the heights to which Parisian enthusiasm could rise. Boys, men and girls, and even old women, struggled to jump on the running-board of General Pershing's car and shake hands with him. Not General Pershing alone, but every American who was recognized was burdened with flowers. Crowds shouted themselves hoarse with cheers for America. From every housetop along the route, from every window, from every elevation, and from thousands upon thousands who choked every thoroughfare near the line of march there came a welcome that no American in Paris could ever forget.¹

The next day was a continuous succession of enthusiastic popular demonstrations, given wherever the American commander made his appearance. Great throngs filled the Place de la Concorde early in the day, hoping to catch a glimpse of him at his hotel. Hundreds of French soldiers on leave from the front, mingled in the throngs and gave hearty greetings to the troopers of the Second Cavalry who accompanied him. A large American flag waved over the hotel. Everywhere French and American colors were intertwined. After General Pershing had made a formal call on Ambassador Sharp he was escorted with military honors to the Palace of the Elysée to be presented to President Poincaré who at 12:30 o'clock gave him a state breakfast. Other guests were Premier Ribot, General Painlevé, Marshal Joffre, Minister Viviani, and Ambassador Sharp.

¹The Associated Press Report.

WITH M. VIVIANI AND MARSHAL JOFFRE AT THE CHAMBER OF
DEPUTIES

General Pershing attended that afternoon a session of the Chamber of Deputies, where the setting was worthy of the occasion, the large sweeping hemicycle showing hardly a Deputy absent, and the public galleries packed. In the diplomatic box facing the Tribune sat Mr. Sharp. Time after time as M. Viviani eloquently described the part America was ready to play at that solemn moment of destiny, the House rose to its feet, with General Pershing looking down on a sea of upturned, cheering faces of Deputies. The sitting began with an ovation for General Pershing, during which, for six or seven minutes, he had to stand in acknowledgment of the applause. M. Ribot then went to the Tribune and outlined the course of events in Greece, ending in the abdication of King Constantine. When he referred to the result as "extremely consoling," and added that "another source of comfort had come from America," the whole house rose and again applauded General Pershing and Mr. Sharp. M. Ribot added that President Wilson had said that we must conquer or submit. "I think we are all agreed," said M. Ribot, "that we shall conquer." Prolonged applause showed how France was behind M. Ribot. M. Viviani followed M. Ribot with an account of his mission to the United States in company with Marshal Joffre:

Willingly I bow to the invitation that the chief of the cabinet [Mr. Ribot] extends accompanied by the favorable reception of the Chamber of Deputies. And I would ask permission of the members to group now some impressions of the mission with which I was charged.

You will not expect from me a circumstantial recital of the glorious welcome, of which we merely mortal representatives were the recipients for France, the Immortal. Nor shall I recount in detail the affecting meetings with President Wilson, whom I shall always remember as tranquil, calm and firm, the man who after Washington and Lincoln, holds in poised hand all the grandeur of the American nation.

Yet, if I omit the splendor of receptions and pause not to rehear the cheers that rose from millions of voices to hail our beloved and imperishable France, I wish nevertheless to point out to you an act of justice, which for long your mind had in contemplation.

Solely because I am one of you, and in waiver of century-old rules, it has been my unforgettable honor to be the bearer of the word of France's parliament to the United States and I aimed to span the wide distance that separates the two countries to convey for you to the American Republic the fraternal greeting of the French.

What is the cause of the various vigorous and stalwart feelings of the American soul that decided the country to enter into the war? Is it merely gratitude felt for the French and for Lafayette? No one here or elsewhere can understand the place France holds in the great heart of the United States. No oration lacked a memorial to the young general and there was no building, draped with flags, on which the distinguished and aristocratic portraits of Washington and Lafayette were not united.

It is a great achievement that a country maintain jointly pride and gratitude. And as I saw and listened, I, a son of the French Revolution, I said to myself the skeptics are wrong, for France, generous and noble has not in vain conceived and defended during centuries her high ideal of justice and honor. To-day her sons need only to lean down to harvest her undying seed in the field of humanity.

Is it admiration for France? Here we must mete justice to our friends of America who have not been duped by Germany's clumsy insinuations. They realized that our people, despite heated and legitimate strife in times of peace, would not show themselves in war a race feeble, corrupt and fallen.

Was it our courage? That we have forever inscribed in the annals of glory. Yet it was not our courage. The soul of the people of the United States was stirred to the depths by our silence, our composure, our dignity—it was our very people standing upright and alert, people of the workshop and the furrow. The battle of the Marne was the thrill, Verdun the staying power. The spectacle of this capital in dread, yet calm,—worthy of the Paris which German calumny had labeled the capital of frivolity—vibrant with victory, though more dignified and calmer even, as if she were withholding her whole enthusiasm for that day when by force of our arms Right shall be forever established in the world.

I understand the clamor of enthusiasm with which I was heard and the word of the governor chosen by

several millions—"Justice, if it takes the last dollar, the last man, the last heart-beat." The United States entered the war because it gauged its meaning absolutely, its character of morality and democracy. After study, understanding and preparation, and by testimony of which we in France had no actual need, the United States decided that the responsibility for the war devolves upon the Central Empires, that the blood-stained hands are those of Emperors become criminal and that the time had come in which to settle the conflict between autocracy and democracy.

As long as there shall exist in the world a perverse force of mendacity, and predatory aggression democracies will survive in peril of the menace, after ten, twenty or thirty years, of the whirlwind of fire and sword of German brutishness. There can be no peace for us without victory, unless we lose respect for our graves, for our cradles, or unless we are prepared to see in barbarous rhythm every thirty years, the sons of our sons taking their place in the same death heaps as their fathers.

But the United States has come into the war, determined valiantly to see it through, rendering us immediate assistance and resolved to cooperate with us for victory, thus ranking itself with our allies as the champions of universal Right. Universal Right! Could France have suffered that her heritage of human right, justice and liberty be taken from her? No. For three years we have been at war; political and economic burdens have become heavier; and be-

side the cradle mothers think of the grave. Undeniably we have known every anguish.

And afterward? Mr. Ribot has reminded us of what the future holds in store. We must be victorious or submit to the enemy. There is no other choice.

AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB—HIS SWORD AND GRAND CROSS

A dramatic climax came next day when at the Invalides were presented to General Pershing that he might hold them for a moment, the sword and grand cross cordon of the Legion of Honor that belonged to Napoleon, the most signal honor France could bestow on any man. Before that day not even a Frenchman had for years been permitted to hold those historic relics in his hands. Kings and Princes had been taken to the crypt that holds the body of the great Emperor, but they had only viewed his sword and cross through plate glass. Until that day these relics had not been touched since the time of Louis Philippe.

General Pershing and his staff were conducted to the crypt by Marshal Joffre, who followed the precedent laid down by Napoleon, that only a Marshal of France might remain covered in his presence. After the great key had been inserted in the brass door of the crypt, Marshal Joffre and General Niox, Governor of the Invalides, stepped aside to permit General Pershing to face the door alone. Taking a deep breath, he stepped suddenly forward and with a single motion threw his arm straight out and turned the key. In a tiny alcove at one side of the crypt the Governor of the Invalides then unlocked the sword case, drew out the sword, raised it to his lips, and presented the hilt to General Pershing, who received it, held it at salute for a moment and then kissed the hilt. The same ceremony was followed with the cross of the cordon of the Legion of

Honor, General Pershing holding the cross to his lips before passing it back to the Governor. One of the staff officers said when the ceremony was over: "It was more than a historic moment. It was an epic one. General Pershing at the tomb of Napoleon will live in French history, as does Washington in prayer at Valley Forge. It would take some Victor Hugo to write about it properly."¹

AMERICAN REGULARS REACH FRANCE

American regular troops arrived at a French port on June 26 and 27. They were met by frantic cheers from crowds that had gathered for hours before to welcome them. Enthusiasm rose to fever pitch when it was learned that the transports and convoys had successfully passed the submarine zone, news supplemented a few days later with details of two battles with submarines in which some of the submarines were sunk. Five torpedoes had been fired at the transports without hitting any of them. The troops were in excellent shape, enthusiastic over their successful trip and their reception, and eager for action. With the harbor dotted with convoys, the streets of this seaport were filled with soldiers in khaki and with bluejackets. This advance guard contained thousands of seasoned regulars and marines, trained fighting men still wearing the tan of long service on the Mexican border.

A new record had been set for the transportation of troops. Considering the distance covered and the fact that all preparations had to be made after the order to sail came from the White House on the night of May 18, it was believed that never before had a military expedition of this size been assembled, transported and landed without a mishap in so short a time. The only rival in magnitude

¹The New York Times.

was the movement of British troops to South Africa in the Boer War, but that was made over seas unhampered by submarines, mines, or other obstacles. All the American troops had been armed and equipped by the United States. At their camp on French soil were soon to be stored supplies enough to keep them for months.

General Pershing's forefathers were Alsatians, Frederick and John Pershing coming to America in 1749, landing at Baltimore. Frederick was the ancestor of General Pershing, who was the fifth in the line. In 1855 the General's father settled in Laclede, Mo., where the General was born. A public road in Alsace leading from the little town of Beauman is still called the Pershing Road. Frenchmen heard of the General's Alsatian ancestry with unconcealed joy, Alsatians with many a thought of it as an augury of a soon-to-be-realized Alsatian dream of almost fifty years. A delegation from the Alsace-Lorraine Republican Committee called on him on June 29 and told him how proud they were that a descendant of their little country had come to France from America to fight for the triumph of their inalienable rights and for the restoration to France of her lost provinces. General Pershing was visibly moved when he replied that he was most happy to greet representatives of the valiant people who had suffered so deeply because of fidelity to their country. He had a warm place in his heart for Alsace, the land of his fathers.

General Pershing was soon evoking from Parisians sincere comments on the energy with which he had taken up his tasks and in which he had shown the unceremonious directness of others among the world's conspicuous commanders. The thing to be done was the important thing to him, not the formalities it might surround itself with. Once, when a question was raised as to who should "call first"—that is, he or the person whom he wished to meet—

his earnest comment was, "The real point is, I must see him."

Marshal Joffre, as one commentator put it, had now "enlisted in the service of the United States for the duration of the war." France had really lent him to us, so to speak—him its first soldier, its only marshal, in order that he might help General Pershing by placing at his disposal all that he and France had learned from experience in three years of war. Not alone was this information and Marshal Joffre's advice to be of great value to us; Marshal Joffre's services, rendered in this way, were to be of perhaps greater value in their effect on public opinion in this country. He soon became known as "the godfather of the American Army"—a term of affectionate regard, similar in spirit and sympathy to the appellation of "Papa" Joffre, which he had received from Frenchmen early in the war. At the same time a convenient and familiar term was found for our private soldiers. As the British had been called "Tommies" and the French "Poilu," so now the Americans were known as "Sammies," and again as "Teddies."

General Pershing and Marshal Joffre came at once into close cooperation, meeting constantly in Paris, now at the headquarters of one, now at those of the other. Crowds gathered at either place whenever these two were known to be in consultation. Once when both were at General Pershing's headquarters and Marshal Joffre was leaving, General Pershing was seen to accompany him out of the building and across the sidewalk to his automobile, where he opened the door of the car and after seeing the Marshal well seated, closed the door himself, each saluting the other as the car rolled away. Parisians saw something fine, something unusual, in that.

MARSHAL JOFFRE INTERVIEWED

Marshal Joffre on July 3 gave to an American newspaper correspondent¹ a personal interview in Paris, at which, in reply to questions, he made a few comments on his visit to the United States and on the arrival in France of General Pershing and the regular troops:

I met General Pershing in America and was at once struck by his poise. My acquaintance with him here has confirmed my earlier impression. Forethought and steadiness seem to be characteristic of him. I do not think he would act hastily or rashly. He weighs his actions carefully. Of course, he is a fine soldier, with admirable training. In my judgment, America could not have placed an expeditionary force in better hands. As America has put so much of her resources in this enterprise, and as she is going to be all powerful in finishing this war, she is particularly fortunate in securing a leader who thinks before he acts. We have talked much together, and I like his ideas on military matters as much as I admire his fine personality.

The arrival of General Pershing and his staff made an impression in France of the seriousness and strength of America. Now that the troops have landed the impression is renewed and strengthened. It shows that you are getting to work in good earnest. It is a fine beginning. I can only say, keep it up, increase the speed, and never stop until you have

¹Charles H. Grasty, representing the New York Times.

accomplished what you set out to accomplish. The arrival of American troops on time and without a mishap reflects credit on your Government and encourages the belief that the submarine does not present a barrier to the transport of troops across the ocean that cannot be overcome by the organization and utilization of your resources.

All that has happened confirms my judgment of America as formed before and during my visit. I was very much impressed by the rapidity with which Americans made up their minds and still more by their quickness of action afterward. What I want to see, what I expect to see, is continuity of action on a rising scale; no letup for a single moment. The way to win the war quickly is to bring to bear every ounce on and behind the fighting line. Peace will come through the hardest possible fighting at the earliest possible moment. With her resources of men and finance America will strike the finishing blow that will bring an end of hostilities.

I came back from America convinced of what that country was doing and could do. What I said there I repeat now. Bring men here; bring them as fast as possible. Train them in trench and other European methods here within the influence of actual war. That is the one school for a soldier. We want men, men, men. Not alone for actual fighting, but for work of all kinds. It is natural that the ranks of labor in France should have suffered depletion in these three years. We need men to work on roads, men to build and repair railroads, men for the telegraph

and telephone, men for lumbering, every sort of capable labor—not all of it necessarily military or militarized, but all contributing as truly and honorably to winning the war as the fighting itself.

The deepest impression, perhaps, that I obtained of America was that of the combination of the two contrasting qualities in the American character. Although the people are great in their material interests and achievements, they have lofty and noble ideals. I mention two proofs. America comes into this war without a shadow of direct material interest and purely to secure and establish the independence of nations. The second proof is the veneration in which those who have striven for high ideals are held by the people. The names of Lincoln, Washington, Grant, and Lafayette are universally revered.

The crowds I saw in New York and those which welcomed General Pershing here are difficult to compare. The New York crowd can make a greater volume of sound because it is bigger. We have been cut down by war. But I do not concede that any crowd could feel a deeper enthusiasm than ours on June 13 felt for General Pershing. I want very much to go back after the war and take Mme. Joffre with me.

A GREAT FOURTH OF JULY

On July 3 a battalion of American regular troops that had landed from one of the transports a few days before, arrived in Paris to take part in a parade on July 4, in celebration of the American Day of Independence. Wildly enthusiastic crowds packed the streets through which they

marched, waving American and French flags, while girls pinned bouquets and flags on soldiers' coats, and French soldiers on leave grasped the hands of Americans and marched beside them. Several times groups of shop girls on their way to work slipped through the police lines and kissed some of the soldiers—to their obvious embarrassment. A number of children knelt in the street as the regiment's flag was carried by. They were orphans from an institution in the neighborhood.

To celebrate the Fourth of July, Paris turned out a crowd that probably no American city ever surpassed for size, enthusiasm and profusion of Stars and Stripes. The battalion that was about to leave for training behind the battle front, had that day its first official review in France, and became the center of the celebration. Everywhere the American flag was seen on public buildings, hotels and residences; on automobiles, cabs and carts; on horses' bridles and on the lapels of pedestrians' coats. All routes leading to the Invalides, where a ceremony was to take place, were thronged before the battalion appeared. About the court of honor where it was to be drawn up with a detachment of French Territorials, buildings overflowed to the roofs with crowded humanity. Standing in the center were descendants of French soldiers who fought in the American Revolution. Inmates of the French Soldiers' Home—the Invalides—erect and soldierly in appearance in spite of gray hairs, stood behind as a guard of honor. Alongside was a delegation from Le Puy, the city nearest to the old landed estate which was the birthplace of Lafayette, carrying a lace-adorned flag for presentation to the American troops.

The enthusiasm of the crowd reached its highest pitch when General Pershing, escorted by President Poincaré, Marshal Joffre, and other high officials, passed along to

review the Americans drawn up in square formation. Cheering broke out anew when the American band struck up the "Marseillaise," again when the French band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and when General Pershing received flags from the President. Salutations of "Vivent les Américains!" "Vive Pershing!" "Vivent les Etats Unis!" spoken over and over again by the crowd, greeted the American standard bearers as they advanced. The crowd had waited for three hours to witness a ceremony that was over in fifteen minutes.

Outside, a greater crowd, covering the entire Esplanade of the Invalides, took up the cheers as Pershing's men marched away. The Cours de la Reine, the Alexander III bridge, leading to the Place de la Concorde, was black with people. Thousands of French soldiers, on leave from the front, were seen scattered along the route. Hundreds left the sidewalks and rushed forward to shake hands with the Americans. Other hundreds in trench-worn uniforms, stained and dingy, joined the marching troops on either side in columns. Some of them wore bandages on their heads; others had their arms in slings. Children ran forward throwing flowers in front of the marching Americans. Flowers were tossed through the air from sidewalks or came fluttering down from windows, to be caught up by American soldiers, who stuck them into the muzzles of their rifles, or tucked them into their belts. From every window women and girls waved handkerchiefs or flags. Children from all the primary schools in the quarter had been assigned to best places. Thousands of them called out "Teddy!" "Teddy!" "Teddy!" and threw flowers to the soldiers.

Various other events, such as a great public meeting at the Sorbonne, the placing of a wreath by the Municipal Council at the foot of the statue of Washington in the Place des Etats Unis, and one by the French Society of

Army and Navy Veterans, marked the day. It was said at Police Headquarters, by officials familiar with demonstrations, that at least a million people must have seen the parade along its line of march. When the last man had passed, great crowds surged to the middle of streets, breaking through the police and military guards and blocking traffic for a long time afterwards. More people were massed in the Tuileries Gardens than were seen on the Esplanade at the Invalides. Few could get even a glimpse of the parade as it came back from the Invalides, but all joined in a tremendous outburst of cheering that did not diminish in volume until the last man in the line had disappeared from view down the Rue de Rivoli.

At the cemetery in Paris where Lafayette is buried, the battalion passed through the arched gateway leading to an old convent, and thence to the little burial-ground adjoining. Here were gathered three or four hundred other persons, including prominent Americans and Frenchmen. In the presence of Ambassador Sharp, General Pershing and Marshal Joffre, a wreath was placed by the Americans on the plain stone slab above the grave. General Pershing, who occupied one of the few seats about the tomb, said he had intended to say nothing, but he felt so deeply the significance of the occasion that he did not desire it to pass without some expression on his part. He spoke earnestly of the determination in this war of the American people and the American Government, fighting as they were alongside their allies in Europe, to maintain the just cause of liberty and democracy. General Pershing's remarks were received with tremendous cheering. This cemetery is known as the Cemetery of Picpus, and lies in the old St. Antoine neighborhood, south of the Place de la Nation, and not far from the Bois de Vincennes. Some of the oldest families in France have buried their dead in Picpus. A part of it

was formerly known as the Cimetière de Guillotinés, 1370 victims of the revolution having been buried there in 1793. The chapel, or oratory, which the cemetery adjoins, belongs to the nuns of the Sacré-Cœur de Jésus et de Marie. Lafayette died in 1837, his wife, the Comtesse de Noailles, who is also buried in Picpus, in 1807.

Next day the battalion was off for the American training camp behind the fighting line. President Poincaré, at the conclusion of the day's ceremonies, sent a cablegram of felicitation to President Wilson.



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